JAMES FAGAN SCHARNBERG

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A

COMPLEAT

AND

Humorous ACCOUNT

Of all the REMARKABLE

CLUBS and SOCIETIES

IN THE

Cities of *London* and *Weſtminſter*,

From the *R——l-S——y* down to the *Lumber-Troop*, &c.

Their Original with Characters of the moſt noted MEMBERS, containing great Variety of entertaining Diſcourſes, Frolicks, and Adventures of the principal Managers and Members, a Work of great Uſe and Curioſity.

Compil'd from the original Papers of a Gentleman who frequented thoſe Places upwards of Twenty Years.

The SEVENTH EDITION.

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THE HISTORY OF CLUBS, &c.

Of CLUBS *in General.*

THOUGH the Promotion of Trade, and the Benefits that arise from Converſation, are the ſpecious Pretences that every Tippling-Club, or Society are apt to aſſign as a reaſonable Plea for their unprofitable Meetings; yet moſt conſiderate Men have found by Experience, that the general End thereof, is a promiſcuous Encouragement of Vice, Faction, and Folly, at the unneceſſary Expence of that Time and Money, which might be better employed in their own Buſineſs, or ſpent with much more Comfort in their ſeveral Families.

FOR notwithſtanding their formal Orders, exemplified at large by ſome Scrivener's Apprentice, and oſtentatiouſly hung up in laquer'd Frames, as the Laws of the Society; the ridiculous Chaplets that crown the empty Noddles of their officious Stewards, and adorn their Temples like Fiddlers in a Muſic-Booth; their honorary White Wands, which like a Church-Warden's Pew, they wear as Badges of their fantaſtical Authority; contemptible Ceremonies, which heretofore have been frequently ſupported in all ſuch Sort of *Bacchanalian* Communities, preſuming thereby to govern one another with ſuch a ſolemn Decorum, as might preſerve Peace, Unity, and Sobriety; and puniſh all Immorality and Prophaneſs, by *Pecuniary* Amercements, that they might have the more to be drunk with at their next Quarterly Feſtival: Yet, in Spite of all the Care that ſuch Sort of Cabals could ever take for the Prevention of looſe Talk, miſchievous Cavils, and inordinate Tippling, the principal Felicities that ever were enjoy'd by the giddy Members and Promoters of ſuch Suck-bottle Aſſemblies, have been inebrious Health-drinking, and impertinent Tittle-tattle, much rather becoming a Set of Alley-Goſſips, or a Gang of Swill-belly'd Wine-Porters, than a formal Body of ſuch reputable Members, who are bound by their Stations which Providence has plac'd them in, to have a greater Regard to a ſober Life, a regular Deportment, and the Welfare of their Families, which can never be truly obſerved by any Man, who imprudently engages in ſuch Sort of Meetings, and is as much intent upon his Club-Night, as a *Wood-ſtreet* Serjeant upon a Sheriff's Feaſt.

BESIDES, how ridiculous is it for ſuch mix'd Societies to have their ſet Meetings at Taverns and Alehouſes, in Hopes, by the Efficacy of a few inſignificant Orders, to preſerve themſelves within the Bounds of Diſcretion and Sobriety, when the only Way to keep our head-ſtrong Appetites in due Subjection, is to avoid thoſe Occaſions that may tempt us to give a Looſe to our inordinate Deſires; for certainly, no Number of

prudent

prudent Men would constitute a Meeting at a public *Bawdy House*, and there propose, by a Table of Laws against Fornication and Adultery, to fortify weak Nature against the Temptations of the Petticoat, and be able to limit themselves to a reserv'd Modesty, through the Fear of forfeiting, perhaps, a Six-penny Trifle, a Punishment not adequate to those sinful Pleasures they are liable to be tempted to. Therefore, is it not equally senseless for a Body of Men to hold their Nightly Congressions in either a Tavern or an Ale-house? Places that fatten, and grow rich by the vicious Habits of unwary Mortals; and there vainly hope, where their Virtue is undermin'd with whole Cellars full of Temptations, to keep themselves secure from the bewitching Prevalency of the inebrious Grape, or from a more baneful Excess of those dropsical Juices extracted by adulterating Brewers from our grosser Malt, especially when such tippling Societies have nothing to awe them in the Height of their Jollity from a Pursuit of Drunkenness, and a shameful Lapse into all the Follies that attend it, but a few lame Laws of their own making, which themselves, at all Times, have the Power to dispense with: Nor have the Penalties of their Orders, if duly executed, any other Tendency, than to lay up a Store, to promote, at another Time, those very Vices which they amerce at present; so that there is so great an Incoherency between the Penalties they inflict, and the End they propose by it, that it is impossible a sober Decorum should ever be preserved in those Societies who establish constant Meetings in such Houses, where the utmost Arts and Subtilties are daily practised to decoy their Benefactors into a ruinous Extravagance. Therefore, a Man may as reasonably propose to secure himself in Peace, by haunting a Bear-Garden on the public Day of their confus'd Revels, as to wisely govern himself within the Bounds of Sobriety, by making himself a Member of a Tavern-Convention, or what is more scandalous, though less expensive, an Ale-house Club.

BUT, beside the Inconveniences already mentioned, there are many hidden Seeds of Mischief often lurk in the dark Recesses of such pernicious Assemblies, only known to those leading Persons who have been the Promoters of them. It may be frequently observ'd, That in all such Societies, there are one, or more, of the principal Members, who, in respect to their Riches, some Offices that they hold, or for a Knack of Prating, which they have happily acquir'd beyond the rest of the Company, are highly reverenc'd by their meaner Associates, who having not arrived to equal Parts, or Fortune, are therefore too apt to listen to the former, as the very Oracles of Reason; so that whenever those Cocks of the Fraternity, who set themselves up to be the Prolocuters of the Society, are unhappily disposed, through Pride Ignorance, or Interest, to espouse any Faction, either in Church or State, or diffuse an Heterodox Notion, tho' never so repugnant to the Principles of Christianity, no sooner is the Fool's Bolt shot upon the Door of Understanding, but the Character of the Person adds a Sanction to the Mischief, and the wicked Seeds of Sedition and Dissention are speedily disseminated among the weaker Brethren, not only to the Hurt of themselves, but to the Injury of the Public; for it is by such Societies, that corrupt Statesmen, assisted by their evil Agents, promote and advance their dark Intrigues and ambitious Designs, which prove not only fatal to those purblind Votaries, who have no Knowledge of the secret Workings of Great Men, but often precipitate a whole Nation into a Deluge of Misery.

THUS when the leading Members of such Clubs and Societies, prove Men of Ill-design, or if not so, either fond Encouragers of their own Errors or Mistakes, when once they find they have Reputation, Argument, or Cunning enough to impose their own interested Suggestions, or partial Sentiments, or Reports, upon the rest of their Associates, they never fail to use their utmost Endeavours to seduce them to have a fair Conceit of their foolish Undertakings, and to bring them to a good

good Opinion of what they [illegible], [illegible], knowing in their own Conſciences that neither their Plots, or their Factions, have [illegible]; [illegible] a ſtrict Regard to ſome Beneſit, which they propoſe their Deſign ſhould tend to [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible] the great Promoters of Party-Clubs and Meetings, that they may have the better Opportunity of broaching ſuch Matter as may be preliminary to the Project they have in Hand, and draw in whole Societies [illegible], to be ignorant Abetters of ſome dangerous Rebellion, hammer'd out in the dark, to gratify the Revenge of ſome diſguſted Favourite, or to advance the Intereſt and Deſigns of an impatient Set of diſcarded Courtiers, who could never prepare the Publick for their Purpoſe, had they not Agents abroad to work upon the Ignorance, and to take Advantage of the blind Credulity of ſuch unguarded Societies, that they [illegible] be expos'd to the fatal Decoys of thoſe crafty Underſtrappers, who [illegible] the People, and make them fit to nouriſh thoſe evil Seeds that are to be ſcatter'd among them. Nor do ſuch buſy Agents ever want Means to procure their Admiſſion into any publick Company they have a Mind to biaſs by their treacherous Inſinuations.

By ſuch Sorts of Artifices the worſt of Men are made popularly good, and the beſt often aſperſ'd, and loaded with [illegible] Calumny; and wherever they come, only ſuch Healths propos'd as may advance the Reputation of their deſigning Maſters, and all ſuch rejected, by Way of Contempt, who [illegible], their honeſt Policy have in any wiſe obſtructed the Ambition of the former, that, like the Buckets of a Well, the one Side may ſink the lower, while the other riſes.

By theſe Sort of Stratagems, firſt publick Societies, and next, whole Nations, are often miſled into dangerous Errors; and Tavern-Clubs have been frequently made the proper Vehicle, in which our politic Empericks have conveyed their Poiſon into the Heart of the Kingdom. Nor, indeed, have there been any Plots

or

or Conſpiracies in any Reign, but what have been firſt Hatch'd, and then nouriſh'd in theſe Sorts of Societies, to the Ruin and Deſtruction of many unwary Fathers of poor innocent Families; Men that have been drawn in, with an Foreſight of the Danger, to follow ſuch Bell-weathers, who have been the firſt Erecters of the hellish Machinators, and afterwards the Betrayers of their own wicked Projects, that themſelves might eſcape the Nooſe, by ſacrificing others to the untimely Halter; and this has been the Fatality that has often attended ſuch Societies, who have firſt began as Clubs, and afterwards, by the Artifice of ſome ill Brethren, have been corrupted into Factions.

But to treat in particular of ſuch Sort of Cabals who have heretofore fomented, or thoſe who at preſent make it their principal Buſineſs to widen, with freſh Wedges, our national Diviſions, it could not be done juſtly, without reviving, at an ill Time of Day thoſe ridiculous Promotions, tumultuous Emulations, ſpit-fire Huzzas, and noiſy Miſcarriages, on all Sides, that ought for ever hereafter to be bury'd in Oblivion, unleſs the violent Proceedings of one inveterate Party, ſhould provoke another to the like Recrimination. However, let all Sides deport themſelves as they think fit; and their politic Clubs and Societies purſue the Dictates of their petulent Humours with what Warmth they pleaſe, I ſhall have nothing to ſay to any of them in this Treatiſe, any further than what I have already hinted, that every modeſt Reader might have a neceſſary Caution, in a few Words, againſt ſuch dangerous Meetings, which have been the Bane of many a well-meaning, but imprudent Man; for when ever the Foxes come among the Geeſe, they ſeldom quit the Flock till they have made a Slaughter; and wherever the latter hold their conſtant Aſſemblies, the former, in Diſguiſe, will creep into their Company, and play either the Part of State Spies, or factious Seducers, to the Injury of the Innocent.

My

My Design in Hand is foreign from every thing that can give Offence to either Party or Person. But as all Arts have been made merry by the fantastical Whimsies, and ridiculous Affectation of such Societies, as have made themselves a Town-talk by their Follies, inebrious Extravagancies, &c. I happen'd to believe, it can be thought no Breach of Modesty, or good Manners, to expose the Vanity of those whimsical Clubs, who have been proud to distinguish themselves by such amusing Denominations, that the most morose *Cynick* would be scarce able to hear their Titles without bursting into Laughter: Nor have the frantic Customs, jocular Diversions, and preposterous Government of such fuddle-cap Assemblies, being less remarkable than their several Distinctions. Therefore all that I shall promise is, *A merry History of the divers Club, and Societie, but famous and infamous, that for Sixty Years and upwards, have been publickly noted about* London, *for advancing and encouraging all those Vices, Immoralities, Follies, and Indecencies, that they ought to be asham'd of: The same illustrated with abundance of pleasant Stories, Jests, Poems, and comical Transactions, pertinent thereto, that the World may see herein the old Proverb verify'd,* viz. That Birds of a Feather will flock together.

The VERTUOSO's *Club.*

THIS eminent Club was at first establish'd by some of the principal Members of the *Royal-Society*, and held every *Thursday* at a certain Tavern in *Cornhill*, where the Vintner that kept it, has according to his Merit, made a fortunate Step from his Bar to his Coach, and has surrendered his House to so diligent a Son, whose prudent Management, winning Deportment, and indefatigable Industry, have made him a singular Example to the whole Fraternity, and will, undoubtedly, be attended with the like Prosperity

that has so justly rewarded the Pains and Vigilance of his generous Father. The chief Design of the aforementioned Club, was to propagate new Whims, advance mechanic Exercises, and to promote useless, as well as useful Experiments. In order to carry on this commendable Undertaking, any frantic Artist, chemical Operator, or whimsical Projector, that had but a Crotchet in their Heads, or but dream'd themselves into some strange fanciful Discovery, might be kindly admitted, as welcome Brethren, into this teeming Society, where each Member was respected, not according to his Quality, but the Searches he had made into the Mysteries of Nature, and the Novelties, though Trifles, that were owing to his Invention: So that a Mad-man, who had beggar'd himself by his Bellows and his Furnaces, in a vain Pursuit of the Philosopher's Stone; or the crazy Physician who had wasted his Patrimony, by endeavouring to recover that infallible Nostrum, *Sal Gramum*, from the Dust and Ashes of a burnt Hay-cock, were as much reverenc'd here, as those mechanic Quality, who, to shew themselves *Vertuoso's*, would sit turning of Ivory above in their Garrets, whilst their Ladies below Stairs, by the Help of their He-Cousins, were providing Horns for their Families.

No sooner were the patch'd Assembly met together on their Club-Night, but every Man, in Hopes to advance his Reputation, would be so wonderfully busy about one Experiment or other, that the very Elements could not rest for 'em. And the whole Company divide themselves into so many several Cabals, that they sat like Train Band-Men at a Captain's Treat, where there are four or five appointed to a Bottle. Some by those hermetical Bellows, called an *Æolipile*, would be trying, with an empty Bottle, whether Nature would admit of a *Vacuum*. Others, like busy Chandlers, would be handling their Scales to nicely discover the Difference in the Weight between Wine and Water. A third Sort of Philosophers would be condensing the Smoak of

their

their Tobacco into Oil upon their Pipes, and then aſſert the ſame, in Spite of her nine Lives, to be rank Poiſon to a Cat. A fifth Cabal, perhaps, would be a Knot of Mathematicians, who would ſit ſo long wrangling about ſquaring the Circle, till, with Drinking and Rattling, they were ready to let fall a nauſeous Perpendicular from their Mouths to the Chamber-Pot. Another little Party would be deeply engaged in a learned Diſpute about Tranſmutation of Metals, and contend ſo warmly about turning Lead into Gold, till the Bar had a fair Claim to all the Silver in their Pockets, whilſt the reſt, whoſe Wits lay chiefly in their Riches, ſat liſtening to edify by the noiſy Contention.

So have I heard [illegible] wealthy Dons
Defend among Apollo's Sons,
The Rhiming Crew, thoſe pert Repeaters
Of Panegyrics, Songs, and Satyrs;
And [illegible] hearty Aſſes
To pleaſure Fools o'th' upper Claſſes,
Who only recompence their Wit,
With ſome poor [illegible] Treat,
And for their merry Puns and Strains,
Reward their Guts inſtead of Brains.
Who therefore would exhauſt his Store
Among the Rich, to ſtill be poor,
And barter Wit, which few poſſeſs,
For that which is in [illegible]?

By the working Brains of this notable Society, many wonderful Diſcoveries have been made, to the Amuſement of the Public; and as many whimſical Undertakings advanc'd, that have languiſh'd on this Side their intended Iſſue, as ever were projected among the Straw in *Moorfields*, ever ſince the Palace of *Bethlehem* was firſt built for the kind Entertainment of thoſe very Orphans which the City Chamber had diſtracted; ſo that they wiſely took Care to be provided of Gueſts, before they raiſed their Hoſpital.

AMONG the many Maggots that had the Honour to crawl out of the fertile Noddles of these fanciful Vertuoso's, the Invention of the *Barometer* has, in Part, a Title to the Clubs Paternity, for they had the Reputation of *the first Lucky Thought*, though Mr. *Tompion*, the Watchmaker, brought the Project to Perfection, so as to make it useful. But Mr. *Patrick*, in the *Old Bailey*, who, for several Years, has been the principal Maker of that Instrument, has pluck'd the Feather out of all their Caps, by giving the *Barometer* of late, very great Improvements.

The dunce Mason the Foundation lays,
But he that crowns the Work deserves the Praise:
Hopkins *and* Sternhold *did much Fame acquire,*
Till Tate *and* Brady *tun'd the Heavenly Lyre:*
Dryden *and* Shadwell *held the Bays for Years,*
But both resign the Crown when Garth *appears;*
The greatest Hero must his Helmet vail,
When one more mighty turns the tickliſh Scale:
The glitt'ring Stars are by the Moon outshone,
And she submits her Glory to the Sun;
Nor would his Lustre dazzle human Eyes,
Should o'er his Head a greater Light arise.

BUT besides this notable Invention of the Weather-Glass, by which our Gentlemen and Ladies of the middle Quality, are infallibly told when it's a right Season to put on their best Cloaths, and when they ought not to venture an Intrigue in the Fields without their Cloaks and Umbrella's, they have been famous Promoters of many merry Conceits, that at once deserve both Laughter and Admiration, as in particular: The conveying *Hamstead* Air into the City of *London* by subterranean Pipes, as they do the *New River* Water, for the Benefit of all sickly and consumptive Families. The new Art of Navigation, containing infalliable Rules how to make a Ship sail in the very Teeth of the Wind: Also how to turn Brine into fresh Water, and make it as

as wholesome for the Body, and as pleasant to the Palate, as Brandy, Punch, or *French* Claret. The Way to bring Fowls to be cheaper than Butcher's Meat, by making Mutton Custards with Sheeps Trotters for my Lord-Mayor's Table, in order to prevent the Consumption of Eggs, which must consequently promote the Encrease of Poultry. The Art of good Husbandry: Shewing how a Man may brew without Water, bake without Fire, and live, like a Prince, upon Three-half Pence a Day, and as often as he dines have six Dishes to his Table. The Nuptial Calender, exactly calculated for the Meridian of *London*, wherein a marry'd Man may look at any Time, and see how often he has been made a Cuckold: To which is added, a very useful Table, by which he may discover, Who, How, Where, and When, and all the other Particulars of his Wife's Backslidings. The visible Circulation of the Gudgeon's Blood, by the Help of a Microscope and a Wax Candle, from whence a young Anatomist may draw a Thousand false Conclusions, and become a Bubble to *Spectacle-John*, for shewing him the Experiment. The ready Way to melt Pewter without Sea Coal, Char-Coal, Wood, Turf, old Rags, or Cinders, by kindling a vehement Fire, with two Liquids, upon Plate, Dish Spoon, or Porringer; originally invented for the cleanly broiling of dried Sprats, and Red Herrings, for the *Royal-Society*. The new Art of Cookery, by that excellent Contrivance of a portable Kitchen, called, by some, *a Digester*, and by others, *a Dog Starver*, by the Use of which, a Man may stew a Leg of Beef, at a Half-Penny Charge, till the Flesh is dissolv'd into Strong-Broth, and the Bone become as soft as butter'd Apple-Pye. An inexpressible Number of these Kind of Curiosities have been the famous Products of their exuberant Noddles, and the Applause of such Gentlemen who are as whimsical as themselves, the accustomary Rewards they have obtained by their Labours.

So have I seen an Antiquary,
A Bag of rusty Trinkets carry:
Old tarker'd Coins, defac'd by Time,
With scarce one Letter round the Rim:
Stamp'd on all a Something like a Head,
With Eyes defac'd, and Nose decay'd,
Suppos'd the Phiz of some old Hero,
Augustus, Julius, Otho, Nero,
Or of some strange forgotten Prince,
That plu'd the Tyrant Ages since;
Yet when he shews his wealthy Baubles,
On Tavern, or an Ale-house Tables,
Among old-fashion'd Fools, and Sots, like
Himself, are plaid with Things antique:
The least of Coxcombs all agree
To praise the Dross, as well as he;
Scorning in Opinion, place
High Value on the ruby Face.

Thus Vertuoso's make a Pother
About their Whims, to please each other;
And sound'rous Maggots will advance ye,
That have no Being but in Fancy.

THIS Club of Vertuoso's, upon a full Night, when some eminent Maggot-monger, for the Satisfaction of the Society, had appointed to demonstrate the Force of Air, by some hermetical Pot gun, to shew the Difference of the Gravity between the Smoak of Tobacco and that of Colts-foot and Bittany, or to try some other such like Experiment, were always compos'd of such an odd Mixture of Mankind, that, like a Society of Ringers at a quarterly Feast, here sat a nice Beau next to a dirty Blacksmith; there a purblind Philosopher next to a talkative Spectacle-maker; yonder a half-witted Whim of Quality, next to a ragged Mathematician; on the other Side a consumptive Astronomer next to a Water-Gruel Physician; above them, a Transmutator

[illegible] Metal, next to a Philoſopher Stone-Hunter; at the lower End, a prating [illegible], next to a clumſy-[illegible]; at the upper End of all, perhaps, an Æthereal Chymiſt, next to a whimſical-headed Lecturer; and theſe the learned of the Wiſe-akers wedg'd here and there with quaint Artificers, and noiſy Operators, in all Faculties; ſome bending beneath the Load of Years and indefatigable Labour, ſome as thin-jaw'd and heavy-ey'd with abſtemious Living and nocturnal Study as if, like *Pharaoh's* Lean Kine, they were deſigned by Heaven to warn the World of a Famine; others looking as wild, and deporting themſelves as frenzically, as if the Diſappointment of their Projects had made them ſubject to a Lunacy. When they were thus met, happy was the Man that could find out a new Star in the Firmament; diſcover a wry Step in the Sun's Progreſs; aſſign new Reaſons for the Spots of the Moon, or add one Stick to the Bundle of Faggots which have been ſo long burthenſome to the Back of her old Companion; or, indeed, impart any crooked Secret to the learned Society, that might puzzle their Brains, and diſturb their Reſt for a Month afterwards, in conſulting upon their Pillows how to ſtraiten the Project, that it might appear upright in the Eye of Reaſon, and the knotty Difficulty to be rectify'd, as to bring Honour to themſelves, and Advantage to the Public. But beſides the Spirit of Invention, that, by the Help of good Claret, ſo inſpir'd the Society, the whole Company were ſo infected with an Itch of Curioſity, that if a Man ſunk'd a Pipe, and could not give a Reaſon for the Blueneſs of the Smoak, he that aſked the Queſtion would think him an unworthy Member of ſo Philoſophical a Club, who did themſelves the Honour to conceit they were the wiſeſt Body in the Kingdom. In ſhort, they have been plagued and peſter'd with ſo many Banters and Lampoons, as if the Muſes were fearful they ſhould invade *Parnaſſus*, and make their poetical Kingdom ſubject to the ſtrict Government of Philoſophers.

Apollo's

Apollo's Sons are Poets born,
Tho' finish'd in the Schools,
And have their Wit should shew their Scorn,
To those who deem 'em Fools.

Philosophers think Poets mad,
And Poetry but Froth,
In fruitless Jingle finely clad,
To please and tickle Youth.

But Poets know Philosophers
More empty Fables feign,
Since Nature, whilst the World is hers,
Still makes their Searches vain.

For tho' they're grave and wise in Dress,
And boast their Studies past,
Yet, Sceptic like, they must confess,
They nothing know at last.

Then why may'nt Poets, like the rest,
Help carry on the Cheat,
Since all the World is but a Jest,
And Knowledge but Conceit?

WHEN our Assembly of Vertuoso's were in the Zenith of their Glory, and the Town was amus'd Weekly with some new Experiment, or wonderful Discovery, which the Philosophical Conjurers pretended to have made by their deep Inspection into the Secrets of Nature, an unlucky Gentleman, who had travell'd into *Ægypt*, where the Inhabitants, by eating much Manna, and other purgative Diets, were forced, when they went to Bed, to wear Plugs in their Fundaments, to keep their laxative Bum-fiddles from dishonouring their Sheets; which unsavory Stopples, as soon as up in a Morning, it was their Custom to discharge in their neighbouring Ditches, or in such like Conveniencies, and to empty their Vessels of those troublesome Grounds which had been

been very uneasy under their close Imprisonment, and all Night long been struggling for a Vent. The Gentleman being accustomed for the Benefit of the Air, to walk the Fields in the Morning, and seeing a great Number of the Fundament Plugs lie along in the Ditches had the whimsical Curiosity to pick up some of the cleanest, which the Rain had wash'd, and the Sun dried, and putting them in a Bag, brought them over to *England*; and residing in *London*, happened to hear of the Fame of our Vertuoso's Club, and how welcome any foreign Novelty was to the inquisitive Wise-akers. Upon which, by the Assistance of a Friend, he got Admittance into the Society, taking along with him his *Egyptian* Cargo of stinking Suppositories, reporting to their Wisdoms, that the same was a Drug of such singular Efficacy, that the Natives where it grew, by Vertue thereof, would stop any Sort of Flux, or Loosenes, in a minute; he therefore submitted it to the Judgment of so learned a Society, in Hopes, by their Skill in all Physical Products, they might make it useful to their own Country. With that they were handed about to the most judicious of the Members, every one nibbling at the sharp End that had lain stewing in the Dregs, some nodding their Heads, as if they had found by the Taste, what Analogy it had with some other Species that was noted for its Vertue. Others spitting out what they had chew'd and mumbled, for fear the Secret should produce some poisonous Effect. One declaring, it must be a great Dryer, because of the Spiciness of its Taste. Another, that it was certainly a powerful of Antiscorbutic, because so full of Saline Particles. A Third, that he believed it was Antivenereal, because its biting Taste had some Affinity with Guaicum. A Fourth, asserting it a great Narcotic, for that it had numb'd his Tongue, by conveying it to his Palate. Thus the Jest went round, till every Member of the Club, who had the least Skill in Physic, had most gravely delivered his judgmatical Opinion. At last a pert Physician, who was crowded among the rest, was, so

curious as to ask the Gentleman how the Natives us'd to take it? To which the Traveller answer'd, always at the Fundament over-Night, and shot it out again the next Morning; and that those very Pledgets he had handed to the Board, for ought he knew, had been fifty Times applied to the same Uses. With that one began to spit, another keck, a third spew, a fourth, in a Passion, crying, *Z——s, Sir, I hope they did not wear them in their Arse?* *As sure*, reply'd the Gentleman, *as you have had them in your Mouths.* Upon which, the merry Traveller having gather'd up his Plugs, and returned them to his Sachel, was, by the enraged Members, expell'd, or rather spew'd out of the Company, for the odious Indignity he had put upon the Society.

MANY such Sort of Jests, by the Ridiculers of Ingenuity, used to be put upon this grave Assembly of philosophizing Vertuosos, till, at length, quite tired with the Affronts of the Town, and their own unprofitable Labours, they dwindled from an eminent Club of Experimental Philosophers, into a little Quacal Cabal of Half-pint Moralists, who now meet every Night at the same Tavern, over their Six-penny Nipperkins, and set themselves up for nice Regulaters of their natural Appetites, refusing all Healths, each taking off his Thimble-full according to the Liberty of his own Conscience, paying, just to a farthing, what himself calls for; and starting at a Minute, that they may have one Leg in their Beds exactly as *Bow-Bell* proclaim the Hour of Ten.

Thus the grave Searchers into Nature,
So skill'd in Earth, Air, Fire, and Water,
That no strange Earthquake could arise,
Or pointed Lightning gild the Skies;
No Hurricane its Force expand,
Or Inundation drown the Land,
But they could give good Reason why,
The Winds or Waters rose so high.

Yet theſe more wiſe, when o'er the Bottle,
Than 'Cartes, Lock, *or* Ariſtotle,
Could not ſecure their Reputation,
Againſt that Vulgar Defamation,
But dwindled from a Club ſo noted
For many Arts they had promoted,
Into a quaint penurious Set
Who drink by Rule, and eat by Weight.
So antient Rome, *who once was fam'd,*
For all the Arts that could be nam'd,
Is now become a Den of Monks
Fat Fryers, and religious Punks;
Which ſhews that no Community,
Public or private, long can be,
From fatal Revolution free.

* * *

Of the Knights of the Order of the GOLDEN-FLEECE.

THIS rattle-brain'd Society of Mechanic Worthies, were moſt ſolemnly eſtabliſh'd ſeveral Years ſince, by the whimſical Contrivance of a merry Company of Tippling Citizens, and Jocular Change-Brokers, that they might meet every Night, and waſh away their Conſciences with ſalubrious Claret, that the mental Reſervations, and fallacious Aſſurances, the one had uſed in their Shops, and the deceitful Wheedles, and Pock[illegible] Ha[illegible], by which the other had outwitted their Merchants, might be no Impediment to their Night's Reſt, but that they might ſleep without Repentance, and riſe the next Day with a ſtrong Propenſity to the ſame Practice; ſo ſin on, *de Die in Diem*, till they came to be Aldermen. Though they had conſented to form themſelves into a regular Society, yet they ſcorn'd like a Bread and Cheeſe Club, held by Handicrafts in an Alehouſe, to have their Orders hung up

up in a gilt Frame, like a Quack's Bill in a Phyſical Coffee-houſe; or to be under the formal Government of a Brace of addl'd-headed Stewards, but agreed among themſelves, that every new Member ſhould pay Entertenſence, as an initiating Fee, and be ni[illegible]m'd, by two Godfathers choſen out of the Society, who, as he ſat in his Chair, were to bid him riſe up Sir *Timothy Turdpot*, or by any ſuch like Title that ſhould come into their Noddles; and by this Ceremony dub him a Brother, and a Knight of the moſt noble Order of the *Golden-Fleece*.

No ſooner had the new Worthy thus paſſed his Adoption, and received his Honour, but the Regiſter was called for with abundance of Formality, and his Title enter'd in great Order, that he might take his Place at the Board, and ſo become a new Laughing-ſtock, for his Name ſake, to the reſt of the Fraternity, who were all dignify'd with as whimſical Diſtinctions as the Wit of their Godfathers could invent, and make applicable to the Follies of their Godſons. Therefore, as the Titles ſo conferred, were generally adapted to the Merits of the Worthies who had the Honour to bear them, I have thought it not amiſs to amuſe the Reader with a Copy of their Regiſter, that, in a great Meaſure, he may be able to judge of the excellent Qualifications of the Worſhipful Knights of the famous Golden Order, whoſe Names, at leaſt, will be as good an Entertainment as the *Dramatæ Perſonæ* of a whimſical Farce

A Liſt of the Knights of the Noble Order of the FLEECE.

Sir *Jeremy Saucelox*,
Sir *Timothy Addleſtate*,
Sir *Rumlus Rattle*,
Sir *Humphry Cledpate*,
Sir *Goliah Fightall*,
Sir *Brazy Prateall*,
Sir *Crazy Careful*,
Sir *Noiſy Blunder*,
Sir *Sigall Paylittle*,
Sir *Bumper Reelhome*,

Sir

Sir *Maudlin Smocklove*,
Sir *[illegible] Flatcap*,
Sir [illegible],
Sir [illegible],
Sir [illegible],
Sir [illegible],
Sir [illegible],
Sir [illegible],
Sir [illegible],
Sir *Lurkin Guzzle*,
Sir *Dapper Pert*,
Sir *Peter Squabble*,
Sir *Puny Milkſop*,
Sir *Skinny Fretwell*,
Sir *Poſitive Start*,
Sir *Swagbelly Situp*.
Sir *Whimſy Careleſs*,
Sir *[illegible] Grunt*,
Sir [illegible],
Sir *Crocky Grimlock*,
Sir *Ninny Sneer*,
Sir *Thwackem Bluff*,
Sir *Baby Dandle*,
Sir *Nicholas Ninny*,
Sir *Gregory [illegible]*,
Sir *Snapum Catchpenny*,
Sir *Pauper Readywit*,
Sir *Damnum Surly*,
Sir *Peter Puzzle*,
Sir *Samuel Snapall*,
Sir *Barnaby Buſy*,
Sir *Ciſly Squeamiſh*.

When their Golden Worſhips, thus notably diſtinguiſhed, were met in a Body at their general Rendezvous, and had ſaluted one another by their *King-ſtreet* Titles, then their brittle Fuzees were charged with Sot-Weed, and every one began to puff a ſalutary Whiff, to warm the ambient Air, and beget a drowthy Ardour in the Guts of the Fraternity, that ſuch Sort of Healths might be freely circulated, as were moſt agreeable to the dubb'd Society, having little other Buſineſs to exerciſe the Faculties of their worſhipful Members, beſides drinking plentifully; ſmoaking inceſſantly; telling Stories lamely; talking Politics wildly; diſputing Principles warmly; and, at laſt, to dwindle into luſcious Bawdy, which every one took his Turn to expreſs moſt feelingly.

So buxom Goſſips, when they meet,
To give themſelves a private Treat,
And at ſome Paſtry-Cooks regale,
With Pidgeon-Pies, and Bottl'd-Ale,
At firſt, put on their modeſt Airs,
Like Nuns juſt ſtepping to their Pray'rs;

But,

But, when the Glaſs has been about,
Crown'd with a Dram, or mixt with Stout,
Then free Damns, and Bawdiſh Jeſt,
Reveals the Secrets of the Breaſt;
[illegible] Diſguiſe,
Shew by their Tongues, as well as Eyes,
That the [illegible] Dregs of Nature,
Still lurk in ev'ry humane Creature;
Only they're ſtifled here and there,
By Intereſt, or Religious Fear:
But when good Liquor interpoſes,
God Bacchus *is too hard for* Moſes.

This fantaſtical Order of dubb'd Fuddle-caps, were no ſooner eſtabliſhed, but they encreas'd as faſt as *Moorfields* Rabble upon an *Eaſter* Holiday; for the great Ambition that abundance of City Rattles had to the Honour of Knighthood, though ſo whimſically conferred, that the Ceremony of their Inſtallment, and their ridiculous Titles, made them a publick Laughing-ſtock to their whole Acquaintance; yet fancying, like Farmers, when a Bird has ſhit upon their Heads, that there was ſomething prophetical in the ſham Dignity, they crowded in apace to be dubb'd Coxcombs of the Worſhipful Society, in Hopes the counterfeit Diſtinction, by the Power of Sympathy, might, at one Time or other, bring them to be blown upon by the Breath of Honour, as many a Country Clod-pate, who has been called Alderman in his Apprenticeſhip, has luckily, hereafter, aroſe in good earneſt to the Golden Chain, as if the Preſages of his Friends had been the Riſe of the Looby, as the Predictions of the Aſtrologers are often the very Cauſe that the ſucceeding Event happens to anſwer their Propheſies.

Thus Fools, who credit Planet-Gazers,
And think the Knaves wiſe Albumazars,
Conform their Lives to what they tell 'em,
And then believe the Stars compel 'em.

For many Years [illegible] the Noble Order of the *Fleece-Knights* continued their Society at the *Golden-Fleece* in [illegible], till Sir [illegible], one of their principal Knights, and chief Leader and Controller of the *Rattle-brain'd Community*, ſtepping a little beſides his Senſes, for a deplorable [illegible] that had happened in his Family, took Leave of his Brotherhood, as he had of his Wits, and laid his Honour in the Duſt, where Diſtinctions ceaſe, and all Men are reduc'd to the ſame peaceable Level which they had long enjoy'd before their firſt Creation. And then the dull Fraternity, thro' want of a merry *Zany* to exerciſe their Lungs with a little ſeaſonable Laughter, and unhappily neglecting to be ſhav'd and blooded, fell into ſuch a Fit of the Melancholly Dumps, that ſeveral of the Order were in great Danger of a Straw Bed and a dark Room, if they had not [illegible] their nocturnal Revels, and forſaken frenzical Claret, for [illegible] Water-Gruel; and were Company, for the [illegible] of their own Families: So that upon theſe Misfortunes, the Knights put a Stop to their Cellar Drinking, laid aſide their Inſtallment; proclaim'd a Ceſſation of Bumpers for ſome time, till thoſe who were ſick had recovered their Healths, and others their Senſes; and then, the better to prevent the Debaſemens of their Honour, by its growing too common, they adjourn'd their Society, from the *Fleece* in *Cornhill*, to the *Three Tuns* in *Southwark*, that they might be more retire from the Bows and Compliments of the *London* Apprentices, who uſed to ſalute the noble Knights by their Titles, as they paſſed too and fro about their common Occaſions. Beſides, they have a further Conveniency by their diſtant Removal; for ſhould any of them be in Danger of having their Honour invaded by any importunate Creditor, a light Pair of Heels will ſoon carry them into a neighbouring Sanctuary, where no impatient Dun, or Catchpole Rapparee, dare either tug them by the Sleeve, or take them by the Collar.

In faithless Times, when Crowds miscarry,
'Tis good for wise Men to be wary,
The timorous Hare, that's oft pursu'd,
Delights to harbour near a Wood.
Then who can blame the Knights for chusing,
So fit a Place for rendezvousing?

To shew what a great Regard they had for one another's Conversation, though most of them live at a remote Distance, yet the Geese, like Foxes that prey far from home, waddle every Afternoon o'er the Cornplaguing Pebble of *London-Bridge*, to the *Tom-Turds-Arms* in *Southwark*, which ought, for their Pains, to be the Banner of their Order, with this Motto, *viz.*

Let Honour still be due to Jason's Knights,
Tho' Tom-Turds-Arms *the* Golden Fleece *beskites.*

Under this Circumstance their eminent Society remains at present, still maintaining all their antient Formalities that may promote Cachinnation, only their Penal Laws of Forfeiture are quite laid aside, because they prov'd an Oppression to those poor Knights, whose Estates have been impaired by Wagering and Stock jobbing. The accustomary Salutation, when any of the Society happen to meet by Accident, though in the public Street, is, *What Title, Brother? Sir Timothy Addlepate*, crys the worshipful Member, or whatever Distinction he has the Honour to bear; who presently returns the like Compliment, of, *What Title, Brother? Sir Jeremy Sauce-box*, perhaps, replies the other. *Z——s*, says a merry Gentleman, who, at a Time of their Greeting, happened to be passing by, *Your Worships accost one another, as if you were Knights and Aldermen of the City.* Another Time, an arch Drawer at the *Three Tuns*, having affronted some of the Noble Order by a surly Answer, insomuch that a cholericKnight, very full of Resentment, told the Drawer in a Passion, he was a saucy

ſaucy *Sir Jackanapes. Indeed Gentlemen*, replies the Youth, *I am highly oblig'd to you, for you honour me as much as if I was one of your Society.* Abundance of ſuch Sort of Rubs they meet with from their Acquaintance; yet with a chearful Reſolution, they ſtill continue their Farce, and maintain their Fooleries, and value the Scoffs of the World no more, than a Neſt of puzzling Minters do the Reproaches of their Creditors, but are as proud of their ſham Honour, as a Stage Hero is of his tawdry Buſkins; and glory as much in their imaginary Titles, as a Company of old Soldiers do in their Scars and Scratches.

'Tis ſtrange! that Men with Reaſon bleſt,
Should make themſelves a common Jeſt;
And meet to ſtigmatize each other,
That ev'ry Fool may have his Brother.
What Mortal, that has Senſe or Thought,
Would ſtrip Jack Adams *of his Coat?*
Or who would be by Friends decoy'd,
To wear a Badge he would avoid?
And fondly to the World proclaim,
His Weakneſs by ſome Apiſh Name.
For who can hear a Man ſaluted,
By th' Title of Sir Crazy Hothead?
And not conceive the ſilly Aſs,
Deſerves the Name he does embrace;
And that 'tis well adapted to him,
That others may the better know him.
He therefore that is proud to take
A fooliſh Name, for Folly's Sake,
Shews plainly by his Indiſcretion,
He well deſerves the Apellation.

Thus as the puniſh'd Child, in Courſe
Muſt kiſs the Rod, to pleaſe the Nurſe,
So the dubb'd Aſs, t'oblige his Mates,
Oft hugs in Jeſt, the Name he hates.

Of the NO-NOSE *Club.*

A Merry Gentleman, who had often hazarded his own Bolt-sprit, by steering a vitious Course among the Rocks of *Venus*, having observed in his Walks thro' our *English Sodom*, that abundance of both Sexes had sacrificed their Noses to the God *Priapus*, and had unluckily fallen into the *Egyptian* Fashion of flat Faces, pleased himself with an Opinion, it must prove a comical Sight for so many ma'med Leachers; snuffling old Stallions; young unfortunate Whoremasters; poor sacrificed Bawds; and salivated Whetstones, to shew their scandalous Vizards in one Nose-less Society: To accomplish which, he made it his Business, for some Time, to strole about the Town, on Purpose to pick Acquaintance with all such stigmatiz'd Strumpets and Fornicators, as he thought might be proper Members of the snuffling Community, pretending something or other that carried a Face of Interest to all that he talk'd with, appointing every one apart to meet him at the *Dog* Tavern in *Drury Lane*, upon a certain Day, a little before Dinner Time, that they might eat a Bit together, and he would then acquaint them with the Secret. Being a well-bred Gentleman, and a Person that behav'd himself, to all he spoke to, with an unsuspected Gravity; when the Day appointed come, every one was so curious to know the Upshot of the Matter. The Gentleman, against the Time, acquainted the Vintner, who were like to be his Guests, that he might not be surprised at so ill-favour'd an Appearance, but pay them that Respect, when they came to ask for him, that might encourage them to tarry. When the Morning came, no sooner was the Hand of *Covent-Garden* Dial upon the Stroak of the Hour prefix'd, but the No-Nose Company began

began to drop in apace, like Scald Heads and Cripples to a Mumper's Feast, asking for Mr. *Crompton*, which was the feigned Name the Gentleman had taken upon him, succeeding one another so thick, with jarring Voices, like the brazen Strings of a crack'd Dulcimore, that the Drawer could scarce shew one up Stairs, before he had another to conduct; the Answer at the Bar being to all that enquir'd, that Mr. *Crompton* had been there, and desir'd every one that ask'd for him would walk up Stairs, and he would wait upon them presently. As the Number encreased, the Surprize grew the greater among all that were present, who stared at one another with such unaccustom'd Bashfulness, and confus'd Odness, as if every Sinner beheld their own Iniquities in the Faces of their Companion. However, seeing the Cloth laid in extraordinary Order, every one was curious, when once enter'd, to attend the Sequel: At length a snorting old Fellow, whose Nose was utterly swallow'd up by his Cheeks, as if his Head had been troubled with an Earthquake, having a little more Impudence than the rest of the Snuffletonians, *Egad*, says he, *if his Name was Should fall together by the Ears, how long might we all sight before we should have bloody Noses?* *Add flesh*, says another, *now you talk of Noses, I have been looking this half Hour to find one in the Company. God be prais'd*, says a Third, *tho' we have no Noses, we have every Man a Mouth, and that, by the spreading of the Table, seems at present, to be the most useful Member. A nice Trick, I dare engage*, says a Bridge-fallen Lady, *that is put upon us by some whimsical Gentleman, that loves to make a Jest of other People's Misfortunes. Let him jest and be damn'd*, crys a dub-snouted Bulley, *if he comes but among us, and treats us handsomely. If he does not*, says he, *I'll pull him by the Nose till he scrapes himself without one, like the rest of the Company. Pray, Gentlemen and Ladies*, crys an old drowthy Captain of *White Fryars*, who had forsaken the Pleasures of Whoring for those of Drinking, *don't let us sit and choak at the Fountain Head*; and with

that they knock'd for the Drawer, and asked him, *If they might not call for Wine, without the Danger of being slipp'd for the Reckoning?* Who answered, *Yes, for what they pleas'd, only the Gentleman desired it might be the Forfeiture of a Quart, if any one should presume to put their Nose in the Glass.* The Proposal was somodest that it was presently agreed to, so all Sorts of Wines were immediately brought them, to whet before Dinner, and sharpen their Wits, that the shoutless Society might be the better Company for the Master of the Feast. No sooner had two or three Glasses apiece gone round the Company, and put the Mercury on float which lay lurking in their Weather-Glasses, but growing a little familiar, there was such a Snuffling among them, that had a Herd of Swine been snorting o'er their Wash, and an *Irish* Harper playing St. *Patrick*'s Jigg in the midst of them, it could not, for certain, have punished the Ear with a more ungrateful Jargon.

Fall'n Palates now, and Bridge-less Noses,
Eat up by crude Mercurial Doses;
And Tongues impair'd by Salivations,
Or half devour'd by Ulcerations,
After each other drank their Glasses,
And never kick'd or made wry Faces
As if they all knew very well,
Which Way their yielding Noses fell;
Had therefore each the same Protection,
Against Venereal Infection;
And valu'd not what pocky Venom,
Could tinge the Glass that pass'd between 'em:
But Noseless Sir, and Snuffling Madam,
Since all had been alike at Hadem,
Took Care, 'tis true, to drink all up.
But thought it Scorn to rinse the Cup.
So Night-Men, who with Tubs and Pails,
Carry off the Drippings of our Tails
With Hands unwash'd, in sultry Weather,
Will sweat, eat, drink, and stink together.

The Dinner being now ready, the Master of the Feast, conducted by the Vintner, walk'd up Stairs to compliment his flat-nos'd Guests with a hearty Welcome, and to return them Thanks that they had done him the Honour to remember their Words, and, according to his Wishes, to grace the Entertainment he had provided for them with so large an Appearance of both Sexes. Upon which a Brandy-fac'd Bully, whose Carbuncle Cheeks, between Pox and *Peculum*, looked as Blood Red as a fresh Stake cut off from a Buttock of Bull Beef, presuming to be wiser than the rest of the Company, undertook to be Spokesman, and returned the following Answer.

'Sir, I understand by the unfortunate Sportsmen and 'Ladies present, that you were equally importunate 'with every one of us, to meet you here about extra-'ordinary Business that should prove to our Advantage, 'in Hopes of which, you may *plainly* see, in every ones 'Face, that we came in such haste, to give our per-'sonal Attendance that we left our Noses behind us. 'Therefore, Sir, though we appear before you with-'out our proper Ornaments, and have steer'd ourselves 'hither without our Boltsprits, yet we must flatly tell 'you, that we expect to be respected, since Soldiers 'full of Scars, and old Abbey Monuments defac'd by 'Antiquity, are always most venerable. Therefore, if 'you any ways affront us, we shall toss up our Snouts, 'and, perhaps, bring yours upon a *Level* with the rest 'of the Company's; or if you have any Design to 'draw us into Expence, you will find yourself deceiv'd, 'for we are not Persons to be *led by the Nose* into such 'an Inconvenience. We therefore hope, that you 'mean us well; and if so, then by your own single 'Roman you may lead us any whither: For though 'ourselves have no Bucklers to guard our Warlike 'Faces, yet, like Persons who have no Money, we 'love to follow those that have.

By Way of Reply to this notable Speech, the Gentleman told them, that though his meager Jaws were unhappily disgrac'd with such an Elephant's Trunk, yet his Father and his Grandfather made nothing of theirs, but kiss'd them away before they came to be Thirty, yet lived so long afterwards, that they followed their Noses out of this World into the next at Forty Years distance: Therefore he had so great a Respect for all Persons under the same Circumstance, that he was only coveteous of such an Opportunity as they had given him, to convince them of the Friendship he had for all Flat Faces, and though it so happen'd, that his unnecessary Gristle was still standing, yet he had run fair Hazards of making his Countenance *even* with them; and therefore begg'd Pardon, that he should thrust his Nose into such a Noseless Society, being truly sensible, that nothing was more ridiculous in public Company, than for a Gentleman to be singular,

One Nose, among such Noseless Guest,
Was only fit to be a Jest;
And look'd with its aspiring Bridge,
But like a House with lofty Ridge.
Built by some whimsical old Fop,
Amidst a Street that's flat at Top.
A wise Man hem'd about with Fools,
Must bear the Blockheads Ridicule:
The modest Dame, with Wits surrounded,
Must be by Impudence confounded:
The Female Saint in Querpo Hood,
Will hurt the Lass with high Commode.
Why then should not one mighty Nose,
With Patience bear the Scoffs of those,
Who have to me a Nose appear,
Because themselves have none to wear:
And he is always made the Jest,
That to the most unlike the rest?

The

The Dinner being now brought to the Table, and the Scare Crows seated according to their Seniority, as soon as their Food was sanctify'd with a short Grace, they all fell to Grinding and Snuffling, for want of clear Passages, like fat Aldermen at my Lord-Mayor's Feast, who, when tired with their Journey from *London* to *Hampstead*, commonly eat their Custard between sleeping and waking. Among the rest of the Entertainment there happened to be a Couple of fat Pigs, which the Cook, to make a Jest, had merrily sent up with both their Snouts cut off: The Gentleman being offended to see the Pigs Heads so strangely mangled, sent for the Cook up Stairs to know the Reason of it; who answer'd, *He had cut off their Snouts to fit the Pigs to the Fashion; for that he thought it not fit for two such ramping Creatures to run their unmannerly Noses into such good Company that had but one among st them.* A Pox take you, replied an old Snuffler, *for the Son of a Dripping-Pan! The fewer Noses there are in the Company, the more there ought to be in the Pig's, for the Ladies Love, that sat Things always love long Snouts.*

As soon as they had eaten off the Edge of their Appetite, being all highly pleased with their plentiful Entertainment, the Founder's Health was dish'd about in a Bumper, till they all grew as frolicksome as so many Jugs and Bumkins at a Country House-Warming; and then they began to jest and be merry with one another's Iniquities, as if their Sins were their Pride, and their Sufferings their Glory, every one being as free of their past Vices and Intrigues, as Gossips o'er their Ale, are of their Husbands Infirmities, that the single-nos'd Gentleman was so delighted with his Guests, that he gave them his Company most Part of the Day, and sat like *Don John* among his gastly Assembly of defac'd Monuments, just parted from their Pedestals to take a Dinner with the Libertine. Thus, in Eating, Drinking, and Jesting, they pass'd away their Time, till the Wine and the Mercury, by their united Forces, made them totter about the Room like drunken Boors at a

Dutch Wedding: And then the the Founder of the Feast paid theReckoning generously, bid them heartily Welcome, and invited them that Day Month to such another Entertainment, which kind Hospitality he several Times repeated, and called the Society by the Name of *The No-Nose Club*: But the bountiful Promoter, within less than a Year, happening, in Spite of his Nose, to die in a Salivation, the Flat-fac'd Community were unhappyily dissolv'd: The last of their Meeting, at the Request of the Deceased, being to solemnize his Funeral, where every one had a Ring in *Pia Memoria* of their generous Benefactor, whose Remains were honour'd with the following Elegy.

Mourn all ye No Nos'd Bullies of the Age,
Whose batter'd Snouts the World's Decay presage,
And shew, whilst living, how the fairest Face,
Adorn'd by Nature with each charming Grace,
Tho' a chaste Stranger to the Joys of Love,
Must rot when underground, like yours above;
And that fair Bridge which in some Form does grow,
Beneath whose Grisly Arch such Juices flow,
When dead, like your fall'n Noses e'er you die,
Must tumble, and in flat Disorder lie.
Mourn ev'ry Punk, whose ruin'd Front proclaims,
How much she's suffer'd by Venereal Flames;
Who, by her Dents and Scars, deters the Young
From Love's bewitching Sports, for which they long.
Weep all who dare, without a Mask disclose
A sinking Bridge, or Face without a Nose.
Let Grief above your Salvation prove,
Till flowing Eyes your Malady remove,
And quite discharge the Pocky Dregs of Love.
Mourn for the Loss of such a generous Friend,
Whose lofty Nose an humble Snout disdain'd,
But tho' of Roman *Height, would stoop so low,*
As to sooth the [illegible] Nose could shew.
So a [illegible] Beauties, once admir'd
By all the [illegible] by all [illegible]

To treat the gen'rous Humour of her Grace,
Mountain'd a Player with a Pancake-Face,
As if the bad a strong Desire to kiss
The Monkey, till her Nose was flat as his.
Who e'er can Crumpton, for his Fancy, blame,
Since Birth and Honour once pursu'd the same?
O weep! and flux out your lamenting Eyes,
Till flowing Grief each hidden Ulcer dries,
And your contagious Tears corrode your Cheeks,
As Mercury does their Mouths who spit three Weeks:
For sure no Noseless Club could ever find,
One single Nose so bountiful and kind.
But now, alas! he's sunk into the Deep,
Where neither Kings, or Slaves, a Nose can keep,
But where proud Beauties, strutting Beaus and all,
Must soon into the Noseless Fashion fall.
Thither your Friend, in Complaisance, is gone,
To have his Nose, like yours, retir'd to none;
For Worms to Beauty, do as fatal prove
Below, as Pox and Physic do above.

Of the FARTING *Club.*

OF all the fantastical Clubs that ever took Pains to make themselves stink in the Nostrils of the Public, sure no ridiculous Community ever came up to this windy Society, which was certainly establish'd by a Parcel of empty Sparks, about Thirty Years since, at a Public House in *Cripplegate* Parish, where they used to meet once a Week to poison the neighbouring Air with their unsavory *Crepitations*, and were so vain in their Ambition to out fart one another, that they used to diet themselves against their Club-Nights with Cabbage, Onions, and Peale-Porridge, that every one's Bumfiddle might be the better qualify'd to sound forth its Emulation. The Stewards, who were chosen once a Quarter,

being the *Auricular* Judges of all Fundamental Disputes that should arise between the Buttocks of the odoriferous Assembly. The Liquors that they drank, in order to tune their Arses, were new Ale and Juniper Water, till every one was swell'd like a blown Bag Pipe, and then they began to Thunder out whole Vollies, like a Regiment of Trainbands in a vigorous Attack upon *Bunhill-Fields* Dunghill, till the Room they sat in stunk ten Times stronger than a Tom-Turd's Lay-stall: Yet, in their windy Eruptions, they had so nice a Regard to Lapet-Cleanliness, that an old Alms-Woman had a better Pension from the Club, than she had from the Parish, to give her constant Attendance in the next Room, and if any Member was suspected of a Brewers Miscarriage, he was presently sent in to be examined by the Matron, who, after searching his Breeches, and narrowly inspecting the hind Lappet of his Shirt, thro' her crack'd Spectacles, made her Report accordingly; if unsoil'd, then a Spank on the Bum was given to the Looby, as a Token of his Cleanliness; but if the nasty Bird had befoul'd his Nest, then, *Beshit upon Honour*, was her return to the Board, and the laxative Offender was amerc'd for his Default. When ever any Health was begun in the Society, it was always honour'd with the windy Compliment of a Gun from the Stern, and drank with as much Formality, as Commmanders push about the Royal Health, on board their wooden Citadels, every Member's Affection to the Person nam'd, being measured by the Strength and Loudness of the stinking Report with which he crown'd his Bumper, Thus whoever wanted a Fart for a Great Man's Health, was enjoyn'd the Pennance of a Brimmer extraordinary; also look'd upon by the whole Company as an unmannerly Fellow. They were all profitable Customers to the Grey-Pea-Woman, who used to double her Quantity upon the Club Night, for the Benefit of the Society, and attend them as constantly as the Dame with her Firmity does the Hospital Gate every *Smithfield* Market, each charging his Guts with the Fartative-Pills, by shoveling

shoveling down whole Handfuls, that what went in like Bullets, might come out like Gunpowder. Tho' their Weekly Meeting was held in Honour to the Rump, yet every Club Night they drank the King's Health, and then there was such Trumping about to signalize their Loyalty, that the Victualler was forced to burn Rosemary in his Kitchen, for fear the Expansion of the mischievous Fumes should poison his other Customers: So that though the Society was begun and carried on for some Time with abundance of Secrecy, yet they were soon smelt out, and much that the Sound of their Bumfiddles reach'd the Ears of the Neighbourhood, where, in an Alley adjacent, there happened to dwell an arch Fellow, who by long Study and Experience, had acquir'd an admirable Perfection in the new Art of Farting, by clapping his right Hand under his left Arm-pit, where he would gather Wind, and discharge it so surprizingly, that he would give you a Lady's Fart, a Trower's Fart, a Bumkin's Fart, an old Woman's Fart, or a Maid in Tizzle, &c. so very tunably and natural, that they should entertain the Ears without offending the Nostrils, and provoke Laughter by the Sound, without the Punishment of a Stink. And this windy Operator having heard of the Fame of this expert Concert of Wind Music, made Interest to be admitted into the Trumpeting Society, that he might manifest his Excellence among the cracking Performers, still concealing to himself the Mystery he was Master of, that what he did by Art, might pass for the Works of Nature; and though it was his daily Practice to offer his Farts at Taverns, as Paddlers at a Fair do their Scrapes and Sonnets, yet he did not care they should know his Calling, for fear they should except against so mercenary a Factor as should make Farts a Commodity. No sooner had they received him into their toiling Assembly, and, according to Custom, welcom'd their new Brother with a thundering Peal of Buttock Ordinance, but, in Respect to the Company, he faces them with his Arse, and returns their Compliment with such a succession of

Trumps, that he gave them more Diverſity of Sounds in one cleanly Volley, than their whole Concert of Fundaments were able to imitate; upon which he was as kindly embrac'd, with all the Marks of Favour, as if they took him to be a God of the Winds, and his Arſe to be a Miracle, allowing him at once to be an abſolute Maſter of the Science of *Ventoſity*, and reſpected him as much as a School of young Fencers do the Gladiator that teaches them: Every crepitant Member ſtraining his Backſide to come up to the Excellency of their worthy Example, till the old Woman was f rc'd to run home for freſh Diſhclouts, to wipe away the Dregs of their over-fruitful Endeavours, till at laſt ſome of the Members, through their penetrating Judgment, diſcovering the Fallacy, and finding the croaking Harmony they ſo much admir'd to be perform'd by Art inſtead of Nature, in a mighty Paſſion, they ſtunk him out of the Society, for an Emperic and a Counterfeit, though, upon humble Submiſſion, they afterwards admitted him into a ſervile Poſt, and allow'd him Sixpence a Night to be Muſician in Ordinary to their Farting Club.

Since he who by deceitful Arts,
With Arms inſtead of Arſe lets Farts,
Shall be deſpis'd, becauſe his Fun,
Can't fairly call the Sound its own.
Then what muſt he deſerves who ſteals
His Wit, and treads on others Heels?
Whole lufy Tongue makes public Uſe
Of what his Brains could ne'er produce.

THUS the ſtinking Society continued their Farting Concert for ſome Years with abundance of Decorum, till they had brought their Arſes, by the Help of their Muſician, into ſuch excellent Tune, that they could command their Fundaments with as much Dexterity, as the beſt of the City Waits can a double Curtill; inſomuch, that when any of the Members were ſo merrily diſpoſed, as to entertain the reſt with a Song or Madrigal,

Madrigal, the whole Choir of Bumfiddles struck into the Chorus, in such admirable Order, that a Stranger might have thought the whole Society had fed upon *Scotch* Bagpipe, and that the Drones had struck in their Arses, not that I can say they made a sweet Harmony, because the Breath of their Instruments came from such rotten Lungs, that every now and then would follow the Sound, In spite of all Retention. In these sort of Windy Recreations, they used to pass away their Club Evenings, till at length they grew so famous through the whole Parish, that their Neighbours and Passengers used to stop under the Window, and lend an Ear to their Arses, as if their Farts had been as musical as a Noise of Trumpets; and the very Boys and Girls in Imitation of their Harmony, went trumping with their Mouths along the Streets to School, till their Maisters were forced to whip them till they stunk, to make them leave off Farting. No sooner were they thus arrived to the Zenith of their Glory, insomuch that their Repute began to reach the Ears, if not the Nostrils, of the Public, but some of the leading Members of the Crack Fart Community, by extravagantly eating of Cabbage Porridge, to put their Instruments in Tune, flung themselves, some into the Chyric, and others into a Diarrhæa, that several of the best Performers went Farting out of the World, and left nothing to Posterity, but an odious Stink behind them, it being positively asserted, by the Physicians that attended them, that the windy Diets they had eaten to Excess, had begot a Hurricane in their Guts, which had blown the whole Frame of Nature off the Hinges, and for want of a free Discharge through the *Intestinum Rectum*, had extended the *Lattes* into perfect Organ-Pipes, made Bellows of their Lungs, and puffed up the Vessels into such *Turgent Vesicles*, that had quite stagnated the *Diastole Motion* upon the Arteries, and consequently stopped the Pulsation of the Heart, to the Death of the Patients, and though the Wind found Vent just upon their Expiration, yet Nature was then too far spent to be relieved thereby. This Opinion of the Consult

of Phyſicians, raiſing Wind among the ſurviving Society, who attended a Funeral of their Brethren to the Grave, to honour their defunct Members with a Volley of Farts, as the military Heroes diſcharge a Round of Muſquets, at the noble Interment of a Brother Soldier, and finding ſome Reaſons to ſuſpect that the ſame Food would bring them to the ſame End, they had the Wit to diſſolve their Club, change their Cabbage Diet into ſubſtantial Beef, and ſo tie up their Fundaments by Degrees, from their accuſtomary Crepitation.

We read that Tubal Cain *firſt found*
In Cockle-Shells, ſweet Muſicks Sound;
And that the rural Nymphs and Swains,
Tun'd Reeds and Oat Straws on their Plains:
But ſure no mortal Fleſh and Blood,
E'er heard before, ſince Noah's *Flood,*
Of Muſick breath'd from a Gut,
Extended o'er the windy Scut.
Well may ſo many Birds excreet
The Dregs and Feſts of their Wit,
In beaſtly Songs, and bawdy Verſe,
Since Men play Tunes upon their Arſes.
E'en let ſuch Heads and Tails unite,
That one may ſing what th'other's Write;
For ſwelling Rhimes are often found,
Like nauſeous Farts, meer empty Sound.

Of the Man-Killing *Club.*

IN the happy Reign of King *Charles* II. when Peace and Plenty had made the Nation rich, and the People wanton, an agreeable Knot of Town Bullies, broken Lifeguard-Men, and old ſcarify'd Prize-Fighters, uſed to hold a Meeting at a blind Alehouſe on the Backſide of St. *Clement's*, where they honour'd the Aſſembly

with

with the heroic Title of, *The Man Killing Club*; who, over burnt Brandy and *Yorkshire* Stingo, used to boast their Duels, Rencounters, broken Noddle, Scuffles, Bumb-Bailiff Skirmishes, and midnight Adventures, as if they thought it as much Bravery to hazard a crack'd Crown with a Cannibal of the Law, as it was to sally out of *Tangier* for Three-Pence a Day, to kill *Moors* for their Arse-Clouts. Out of this blustering Society, any angry Gentleman, for a small Gratuit, might have been furnished with a bloody Hand, and a strong Pair of Whiskers, who at a Minutes Warning, would have boldly undertaken any Sort of Villany, though to the Hazard of a Halter, for nothing came amiss to the ruffianly Bravadoes, that the Devil could suggest, or his Agents perpetrate, yet if any body questioned their Religion, or their Loyalty, they were more in danger of loosing their Noses, than by an inveterate Pox, and a subsequent Salivation

Bullies like Whores, tho' ne'er so wicked grown,
Are always loyal to the Church and Crown:
The Reason's plain, because alike they dread
Hanging without wrong, Damning often tho're dead.
Therefore in these two Points they put their Troth,
To be more safe, in Time of Need, 'twixt both.
So Bawds speak well of Heav'n thro' Fear of Hell,
And cover impious Lives with Virtue's Veil.

The Reasons why they assumed such a Scare-crow Name, as before-mentioned, where, *First*, Because they admitted of none but such tho-row-pac'd Desparadoes, who had each kill'd his Man. And, *Secondly*, That their Club might be terrible to the Sheriffs Mermidons, and frighten them from attempting to put their Parchment Dabs upon the Shoulders of the Society; for whatever they forc'd, was always chalk'd up in a Dooms-Day Character, and all they could borrow, as good as a clear Purchase. Though every Man among them set up for a Gentleman, and would talk as much of Honour as

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an old Whore does of Conscience, or a Court Pimp of Fidelity; yet not a Man had more Honesty in his Breast, than a Plot-Evidence, or more Honesty in his Nature, than the *Czar of Muscow*. However they were such agreeable Company for one another, that their rugged Features, full of Scars and Scratches, made them look like the rough-hewn Heads of half-finish'd Statues, when the Strokes of the Chisel are left visible in their Faces; or rather, like so many rusty Bombardeers, taken out of our Bomb-catches, to project Fireworks for our next Peace, that an indifferent Physiognomist might as easily have read their Destinies in their Looks, as a Child can see great O in the Middle of his Horn-book. Blood, Wounds, and Slaughter, were the common Topics of their blustering Discourses; Drawing, their familiar Exercise, when hot-headed; but as for Hanging, 'twas as erksome a Subject, as the Talk of the Small-Pox is to such Persons who have generally the Misfortune to die of the same Distemper, as if good Providence, by some secret Impulse, gave Nature a foresight of her own Fatality.

The Mariner is aw'd the most
By Sands, in which at last he's lost,
Shovel, *that triumph'd o'er the Main,*
Dreaded the Rock that prov'd his Bane,
Who, therefore, of the wiser Few,
In Argument, can plainly shew,
Whether we've Power or not to shun
These Shelves, we fear to split upon.

A Gentleman of Fortune, whose chief Dependance was on the Courtesy of Harlots, and the Folly and Extravagancy of such Bubbles which the blind Gypsie should happen to fling in his Way, having heard of the Fame of his Cut-throat Society, and looking upon himself to be every Way qualify'd for such modest Conversation, he cocks up his Castor one Evening, claps his left Hand upon the Pummil of his Sword, and putting

on

on that Impudence that was necessary to recommend him adds the Title of Captain to his own Name, and pays a Visit to the Club, humbly desiring the Favour to be admitted as a Member. In Answer to his Request, one of the Bear-Garden Elder of the hectorian Assembly, told him, *So worthy a Gentleman as he could be very welcome, provided he were qualify'd according to the Laws of their Society.* So desiring him to sit down, they proceeded to examine him, and asked him, *Whether he had killed his Man? without which Instance of his Bravery, they could not possibly admit him.* The new Candidate being a Gentleman of more Honour than to impose a Falsity upon the Company at first Sight, told them the Truth of the Matter, most modestly replying, *That he could not alledge he had killed a whole Man, but that an honest brave Fellow, and himself together, had killed a Man between them.* To which his Examiner reply'd, *That he then had but Title to one half of the Honour, and therefore could not be enter'd without Breach of Orders.* Z——s, says a generous Bully, on the other Side the Table, *it's Pity so worthy a Gentleman should be put out of Countenance, I'll tell you I have kill'd my Man fairly, single Hand, and Captain* Pinkum *and I kill'd another between us; and rather than the Gentleman shall be baulk'd, I'll lend him half a Man, and then he may pass Muster without any Exception.* Which kind Offer was thankfully accepted, also allowed on by the Company, and so the Gentleman paying his Initiation Fee, in a Porringer of burnt Brandy, was accordingly admitted, upon a Promise, that he would satisfy the Debts he had contracted in the Club, as soon as ever he was able. Under this strict Discipline the Petticoat Champions continued their Society for several Years, till the Bailiffs catching some, and the Gallows the rest; so that for wanting a fresh Supply to keep up the Reputation of so singular a Society, the Club dwindled, first into Scandal, and next to Nothing.

No ancient Sodom *or* Gomorrah,
From whence the Priests such Stories borrow,
Or Rome, *with all her valiant Sons,*
Who dealt so much in Blood and Wounds
And did so many Quarrels make,
As if they Fought for Fighting's Sake,
Could ever boast a Club of Ruffians,
Like our Man-Killing Raggamuffins:
Such Bluft'ring, Swearing, Daring Knaves,
They flew their Men by Wholes and Halves,
Proposing little other Gains,
Than Coal and Halter for their Pains,
The true Desert of all such Fellows,
Who hazard Life, to ruin a Gallows,
When distant Armies want their Aid,
Where they may barter Blood for Bread;
And rife, by Dint of Hurly-Burly,
To be as great as Captain Surly.
But 'tis true, that Bully Varlets,
Who fight at home, for Bawds and Harlots,
Prove Cowards, fearful to be kill'd,
Where bleeding Troops maintain the Field.
So cow'rdly Dunghill-Cocks do,
Their Rivals, when their Hens are nigh:
But for more nobler Wars unfit;
They fly the Battles of the Pit.

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The SURLY *Club.*

THIS wrangling Society was chiefly composed of Master Carmen, Lightermen, old *Billingsgate* Porters, and rusty tun-belly'd Badge Watermen, and kept at a mungril Tavern near *Billingsgate-Dock*, where City Dames used to treat their Journeymen with Sneakers of Punch and new Oysters. The principal Ends

that

that the Members propoſed, in this convening themſelves together once a Week, were to exerciſe the Spirit of Contradiction; and to teach and perfect one another in the Art and Myſtery of foul Language, that they might not want Impudence to abuſe Paſſengers upon the *Thames*, Gentlemen in the Street, lath their Horſes for their own Faults, and curſe one another heartily when they happen to meet, and joſtle at the Corner of a Street. He that could put on a Countenance like a Boatſwain in hard Weather, and growl and ſnarl like a curſt Maſtiff over a Bullock's Liver, was a Member fit for the Thwarting Society; and the more direct Anſwers, or ſurly impertinent Returns he could make to any Queſtion, the more he was reſpected for his contradictory Humour, and croſs-grain'd Abilities: For if any grumbling Aſſociate was ſo far corrupted with good Manners, as to make a civil Reply to any thing that was aſked him, he was looked upon to be an effeminate Coxcomb, who had ſuck'd in too much of his Mother's Milk; and for his Affectation of Gentility, was turned out of the Company, for by the Orders of the Society, their whole Evenings Converſation was to conſiſt of nothing but ſurly Interruptions, and croſs Purpoſes. And when any new Candidate made a Tender of his Service to the Noiſy Board, if the Reſponſes that he gave upon his knotty Examination, were not as oppoſite to their Queries, as the petulent Anſwers of a provoked Wife, to the whimſical Interrogatories of a drunken Huſband, he was rejected, as unworthy of any Poſt in the contumacious Aſſembly.

Their Way of drawing new Crabs into their Verjuice Club, was, the Members giving out among their guzzling Acquaintance, that the Society, at preſent, wanted a Stoker, to attend their Fire; a Skinker, to light Paper to ignify their Pipes; a Chalk-Accountant, to keep a Trencher-Regiſter of the Club Reckoning, to prevent their Landlord's double ſcoring at the Bar, or the like: Every Office aſcertain'd to be worth Twenty Pounds *per Annum*, the leaſt Penny; and that any Man might

might be admitted that could but humour the Society in a surly Deportment, for that they were a true Protestant Club, and hated all manner of Ceremonies as Popish Superstition. By this Means they used to decoy the ruggedst Fellows they could meet with, to offer their Service to the Board, so they have had several Candidates of a Night, to make Interest for the same Vacancy, who were called in, one by one, and thus examined by the Elders of the Community, *viz. Do you think yourself qualified to serve this Society, in the Post of a Stoker?* If the loobily Candidate happened to answer, *Yes, Gentlemen. Get you gone, for a saucy ignorant Blockhead. What Fool could recommend such an illiterate Coxcomb to this Honourable Board? No, no, you may turn your Arse upon us, we admit of no Lady's Lap-Dogs into our Service.* Thus they presently dispatched all such who were any ways infected with good Manners, and turned them adrift, as Whores do their Maids, for having too much Modesty. But if a rough-hewn Coal-Heaver, or any such like contentious Codjutate, who had been better instructed how to behave himself, came to offer his Service, and when they asked him, whether he was qualified for the Place, if he had the Breeding to answer, What a Pox was that to them; and that he would have the Office in spite of their Teeth, then he was presently approv'd of, with abundance of Applause, and admitted to his Post, *Nemine Contradicente:* And when thus let into the Secret, for the Credit of the Society, would brag of the Profits of his new Employment, though not worth Twopence, to carry on the Jest, and to draw other surly Fools into the like Disappointment. By these Sort of Stratagems they used to hedge in their Cuckows, till at last they grew so numerous, and raised such a publick Stock, by their Forfeitures and Amercements, that they allow'd Pensions to all such Termagant Widows of their defunct Members, as were able, upon Occasion, to scold three Hours by the Clock, without any Hesitation.

Since

Since such wild brutish Herds we see,
Will have their Acts of Charity;
And, even Rogues, that dread the Gallows,
Have Pity on their starving Fellows,
'Tis strange that those, so far exceeding
In Riches, Grace, and better Breeding,
Should be so slack, amidst their Store,
In Deeds of Mercy to the Poor.

By this Guzzle Booby Society, the Bumping-Post at *Billingsgate* was first erected, to harden the Buttocks of their Members once a Year, that they should never bridle their abusive Tongues, through a cowardly Fear of having their Backsides kick'd for their Ill-manners; but the laudable Custom, of late Years, is so far degenerated from its original Purpose, that now the Block is only made a wooden Bug-bear in the *Whitsun Holidays*, to terrify Passengers out of Full Pots of Ale, and Quarterns of Brandy, that the clod-skull'd Fraternity of Oyster-Porters, who claim the Benefit of this tremendous Stump, may get drunk therewith, and in their quarrelsome Humours, knock one anothers Block-heads against the bump-tail Post, to try which is hardest.

During the flourishing Prosperity of this cavelling Society, the Language of *Billingsgate* was very much improv'd: Nor had it ever been famous for so peculiar a Dialect, had not many spit-fire Aggravations, bawdy Adages, provoking Phrases, quaint Oaths, and thundering Mouth Granadoes, been owing to the Invention of these expert Masters of all Manner of ill Language, who, like Passengers upon the Water, very seldom met, but they made it their Diversion to abuse each other, that their Tongues might be tipp'd with Venom upon all Occasions, like a Courtier of the Law, whose principal Qualification is to bait and blacken an obnoxious Delinquent at the Bar of Justice.

Therefore

Therefore, ſince Orators, who wear
Their proud Diſtinctions at the Bar,
Will condeſcend to foul their Mouths,
With vile Reproaches and Untruths,
To blacken and to leſſen ſuch,
Whoſe Fund, perhaps, affords too much.
Then well may ſuch unthinking Vermin,
As Porters, Watermen, and Carmen,
Aſperſe each other with their Tongues,
To exerciſe their baſer Lungs.

The Atheistical *Club*.

THIS unbelieving Society of irreligious Profligates, met for ſeveral Years at an eminent Tavern in *Weſtminſter*, where, over the Bottle, they uſed to aſſert the Devil's Cauſe, againſt the Prieſt's Prerogative; and argue the wide World into ſo precarious a State, as if the whole Frame of Nature was but one Cake of Atoms, moulded, by meer Accident, into the Form it bears, afterwards hard bak'd in the ſpacious Oven of Immenſity; and that the Heavens were no more than the upper Cruſt, and Hell the Bottom of the Loaf, ſuch Sort of ridiculous, as well as impious Syſtems, they uſed frequently to advance, out of their heatheniſh Maggots; and rather than give Credit to *Moſes*'s Book of *Geneſis*, they would fancy, that the firſt Race of Mankind grew upon Trees, like *Solon* Geeſe, or ſtarted up like Muſhrooms, thoughtleſs and forlorn, till, by length of Time, they were improved from *Tomtbumbs* into Men of Stature, and ſo from ignorant Pigmies became rational Creatures.

The audacious Members of this unchriſtian Society, were chiefly whimſical Phyſicians, half-learn'd Gentlemen, crack-brain'd Philoſophers, and conceited Libertines,

tines, who having overcharged their Brains by reading ill Authors, with more than their Judgments were able to digest, unhappily retained the most pernicious Part, which they carefully improv'd to render themselves singular by their heterodox Notions. Government was so tost'd and tolonis'd among them, as if the venerable Oeconomy was only fit to be made the Rabbles Football, and the Hierarchy worry'd with such unmannerly Contempt, between Jest and Earnest, as if they mistook the Church to be a Monster, and therefore resolved themselves into snarling Whelps to have the Sport of baiting her. Religion they made their Business to banter into Priestcraft, as if every Man's Breast ought to be his holy Tabernacle, himself the Teacher, and his own partial Sentiments the only Gospel by which he was to preach. If the Name of Priest was but started among them, to be sure they joined full Cry after the sacred Function, till they had forced the holy Robe to run the Gantlope through the Company, believing themselves to be infallibly in the Right, because their Club, more impious than *Sodom*, was too wicked to have one Righteous Member in their whole Society to let them know the contrary.

So have I heard a Knot of Fellows,
O'er brimming Flagons in an Alehouse
Accuse the Conduct of the State,
And rail at Men they're taught to hate;
But when their Tale has giv'n Offence,
To Sitters by of better Sense,
And once they're roundly taken up,
They eat their Words, and drink their Cup;
Blush that they nothing have to say,
When thus oppos'd, but rising pay,
And sneak, like burnt-tail'd Dogs, away.

By these dimsighted Conjurers, whose willful Ignorance would behold nothing beyond the Reach and Measure of their imperfect Senses, many dangerous

Principles

were scattered through the Town, to the Discouragement of Piety, the overthrow of Virtue, and the lessening of Obedience to superior Powers, that all Men might set up to be their own Masters, and cast off the Yoke of lawful Authority, which they deemed Tyranny and degenerate into a State of heathenish Brutality, which they accounted Freedom; that their Lusts and Passions might have a Range unbounded, and themselves have the Honour to be thought the wise Patriots, and the generous Restorers of the People's Liberty, who have always been observed to be most wicked, and consequently most miserable, when their Tedders have been stretch'd to an unreasonable Length, and their Offences countenance'd by Connivance and Impunity. It is a pretty Comedy, that such a Society, who have not Gratitude enough to own Him that made them, should set themselves up for State Directors, and pious Instructors of Morality and Good Manners, when they never met, but in Contempt of Heaven, they did their Grand Master, the Devil, more Kindness upon Earth than Twice the Number of his Infernal Emissaries.

Among the rest of the Infidels, who had the Honour to make up this Antichristian Society, there was a famous Physician, that, in spite of his Art, was forc'd many Years since, to try the Grand Experiment, who was so thoroughly confirm'd in the Morality of the Soul, that he would frequently say, that he had no more than a Goose, and therefore thought it not worth looking after; but, says a modest Gentleman, in return to the Doctor, had you but half the Brains of a Goose, you'd be of another Opinion. However, the Physician was very eminent in his Profession, and accounted a Man of Wit, and being drinking one Night in his Atheistical Society, a surprizing Storm happened to arise of a sudden, insomuch that the Flashes of Lightening, and Violence of the Thunder, struck a visible Terror upon several of the Company, and put a great Damp to their prophane Merriment. The Storm increasing to an unusual

usual Extremity, a Gentleman in the Company, under a great Astonishment, happened to thus express himself. *Pox on us! what's the Meaning of Thunders so excessively? Pr'ythee tell us, Sir*, cryes the Doctor, *the Gods Cannes are empty, and they are clacking the Lads for more Nectar.* At such Sort of Repartees he had a ready Wit, especially when the Jest would admit of any Prophaneness, which unhappy Talent had infected the whole Society; that to banter Religion, ridicule the Priesthood, and to make a Mock of what was Good and Holy, were their principal Diversions.

A Knot of merry Gentlemen frequenting the same Tavern, and hearing what a prophane Society used to constantly meet in the next Room to them, they laid their Heads together to consult of Ways and Means how to try the Resolutions of these daring Sons of Thunder, by some surprizing Adventure that might give a startling Shock to their Atheistical Infidelity. The better to accomplish their commendable Undertaking, they appointed a Meeting at Posture *Clark*'s Tavern, in order to engage him in their intended Project, who being singularly qualify'd for the Design in Hand, and being a Man forward enough in such Sort of Unluckiness, he presently consented to give them his Assistance. When they were thus agreed, a Night was appointed for the Execution of their Frolic: Accordingly at the Time prefix'd they met *Clark* at the Tavern, who brought under his Cloak a Bear's Skin, which he had long kept by him for such Sort of Adventures. When they were in this Readiness, having often heard the Vintner wish the Club at the Devil, for bringing a Scandal upon his House, they thought it not improper to make him acquainted with their jocular Contrivance, who was well enough pleased with their Whim in Agitation, and promised to be aiding in all he could, and to give them Notice when it was most convenient for their sham Devil to make his personal Appearance. When they had thus far proceeded, and most of the Libertines, according to Custom, were met together in their Club-Room,

Room, they thought it high Time for Old *Nick*'s Representative to shift off his Humane Apparel, and to lace himself into his diabolical Jacket; which was no sooner done, but the Vintner informed them, that the Club were all very busy in ridiculing Religion, and making a Jest of Damnation, saying, himself would step in and snuff the Candles, that Satan might the better sneak in behind him, upon All fours, and unperceived, put himself in a Corner till he found a seasonable Opportunity of performing what he intended. Accordingly they proceeded with very good Effect, and the Devil possest himself of a convinient Post, without Discovery, where he lay Perdue for some Time, till at last one of the hot headed Members amongst the rest of their Atheistical Discurse, happened to say, that he wondered the Majority of Mankind could be so silly as to believe there were any such Goblins as Ghosts, or Apparitions, since he was well satisfied, that the Devil himself, which the Priests made such a Bustle about, was nothing more than a Poetical Fiction: Upon which Words, the foul Fiend in the Corner made a damnable Yawn, which occasioned the whole Society, in a terrible Surprize, to direct their Eyes towards the Place from whence the Noise was emitted, where they beheld the Bear playing fifty Monkey Tricks, as if he was as mad as a March Hare. *Z———ds*, says one, *there's the Devil indeed, come for some of the Society. That's true*, cries the Bear in a tremendous Voice: *Is it so*, cries a Fat Gentleman, *then take a Lean one*: And away he scour'd down Stairs with the rest after him, as if the Devil drove them, leaving only a *Scotch* Gentleman behind them, who having more Courage than the rest, resolved to be further satisfied; upon which the Bear advances, and raising himself upright, claps his two fore Paws upon the upper End of the Table; the *Scotchman* not caring to sit within his Reach, began to sidle to a greater Distance, upon which the Bear fills a Bumper of Claret, gives the *Scotchman* a Nod, and takes it off at a Gulp: *Marry Sir Deel*, crys the *Scot*,

yet

ye have a gude Sweellcow to your Wem. I always whet before I devour, cries the Bear: With that the *Scotchman* fidled a little further, not yet satisfy'd whether the Devil was in Jest or Earnest; at length recovering a little more Courage, very civilly cried, *Wel ye smack a Pep, Sir Deel? Will you be mine*, replies the Devil, in the hoarse Voice of a Boatswain? *Haud a little, Sir Deel*, cries the bonny *Scot, twaew Words to that Bargain:* Upon which the Bear, who had an admirable Knack of metamorphosing his Shapes, put himself, of a sudden, into a terrible Posture, as if he was just going to seize the *Scotchman* as a Prey; at the Sight of which, away ran *Sawney* headlong down Stairs, as much frighted as the rest.

The Picture of ill Luck having thus dispers'd the Society, whipp'd out two or three Card Matches, which he had brought for that Purpose, and lighting them at a Candle, perfum'd the Room with his infernal Breath, and so return'd to his Company, to make themselves merry with their comical Transaction. The frighted Society were all fled, for Refuge, into the public Kitchen, where, half bereft of their Senses, they stood staring at one another as if they were gallied. The Doctor not happening that Night to come so early as was usual, lost his Share of the Devil's Entertainment; but stepping in with another Gentleman, just as the Frisk was over, being told at the Bar what a sad Confusion the whole Society had been put in by a strange Apparition, was conducted into the Kitchen to the rest of his Associates, where he found them gazing in such a frantic Consternation, that he cried, *Z——s, Gentlemen, has one poor Devil frighted ye all out of your Wits? By my Saul, Doctor*, replies the *Scotch* Gentleman, *had your sen been there, by Chris and St.* Andrew, *I believe the stow Fiend wood have tain yow with him a Pickpack; for, by my Saul, if I had not run for't, I had been but a Morsel with him. Prithee, Frank*, says the Doctor to the Gentleman that came in with him, *let you and I step up, and try if we can have a Sight of this terrible Hobgoblin.* The Gentleman

 agreeing

agreeing, up Stairs they went, where finding a damnable Stink of Sulphur, and seeing every Thing in Disorder, they did not care for staying, but return'd presently. *Did you see the Devil?* cries their frighted Companions. *Not I*, replies the Doctor, *but I believe he has been there, for he has left a damn'd Stink of Fire and Brimstone behind him.* So, all the whole Company being strangely surpriz'd, they just sat long enough to recover their Senses, and so dissolv'd their Club, and never met afterwards; most of them conforming, from that Time, to a sober Christian Life, believing that the Devil, by divine Mercy, was really let loose from his infernal Chains, on Purpose to worry them out of those Atheistical Mazes, in which they had been bewilder'd; so that what was intended for the Diversion of the one Company, prov'd the Reformation of the other.

Thus Libertines, to Vice resign'd,
Avers'd to be by Laws confin'd,
Disdaining Virtue's sober Rules,
Are only fit to govern Fools;
When met together in a Body,
Each strives to be the greatest Noddy,
And to excel his impious Brother,
In some new Wickedness or other;
Because he fears to be their Jest,
If more a Coward than the rest.

So silly Children met to sport,
Will wade and trample thro' the Dirt,
And spite of Parents angry Threats,
Will follow their unlucky Mates;
Left counted Dastards at their Play,
By those who had the Nay Way.

Yet Atheists, though, when o'er their Wine,
They laugh and scoff at Things divine,
And fear no Punishment of Evil,
Because, he never saw the Devil;

Scarce

Scarce one durst tarry in a Room
That's dark, for fear the Fiend should come:
Or cross a Church-yard in the Night,
Lest met by some infernal Sprite:
Which plainly shews they've not the Heart,
To stand by what they dare assert.

So cow'rdly Bullies boast and rattle,
As if they fear'd no bloody Battle;
But skulk like Dastards, and are shy
Of facing Dangers they defy,
Because they find they are not nigh.

The Club of Ugly-Faces.

A Certain Usurer, nam'd *Hatchet*, from whose singular Aspect is deriv'd that common Saying, so oft apply'd to any homely Person, *viz.* That he is a Hatchet-fac'd Fellow, being a Man who always lugg'd about with him at least two Pounds of Nose, beset as thick with magnificent Rubies, as the Gills of a Turkey-Cock going to Battle in the Height of his Jealousy, insomuch that most of his Phiz lay screen'd beneath the Umbrage of that prolific Member, whose stupendious Magnitude was so very astonishing, that a Butcher's arch Boy, with a Tray of Beef upon his Shoulder, meeting with his Noseship in *Newgate-street*, made a full Stop just before him, crying, *Pray, Sir, put by your Snout a little, that my Buttock of Beef, and your fiery Nose, may pass by without Jostling. A good Boy*, replies *Hatchet*; and to humour the Jest, put his Trunk by accordingly. *Thank you, Master*, says the Lad, *for your Civility; but well may Stakes be Six-pence a Pound, since you wear as many upon your Nose, as a Butcher can well cut off the Rump, or Ach-bone of a good Bullock.* Many such Sort of Rubs his unmerciful Bolt-sprit us'd to meet with in the Street; for nobody could

pass by such a Mountain of a Nose, without thinking, or saying something extraordinary upon so flaming a Subject. Thus finding himself a Jest among most People, who were not distinguishable by some Disproportion or other as remarkable as his own, it occasioned him to be inclinable to such Sort of Company, whose ill compos'd Countenances, in case they jested with his Nose, might give him an equal Opportunity of returning their Jokes, that he might make himself as merry with his Companions Infirmities, as they could be in bantering the mighty Buckler of his hard-favour'd Frontispiece: Upon this Account he had chosen in his Neighbourhood three or four Scare-crow Visages, that were scarce to be paralleled in any Parish but his own; and these, in an Evening, when his Cloak and his Tallies were laid by, he commonly selected as his principal Associates, who admitting by Degrees an additional Number of uncooth-look'd Mortals into their cloudy-featur'd Company, at length grew so numerous, that they thought fit to resolve themselves into a regular Society, which was soon after stigmatiz'd by one of their own unlucky Members, and call'd, *The Club of Ugly-Faces*; because the Majority of the Company, especially those who had been *Hatchet*'s Chronies, were scarce any of them handsome enough for a Painter to draw a Devil by. To answer the Tally-man's superabounding Snout, a second had a Chin as long as a grave Patriarchal Beard, and in Shape like a Shoeing-horn. A third, disfigured with a Mouth like a Gallon-Pot, when both sides are squeezed near close together. A fourth, with a Nose like the Pummel of an Andiron, and as full of Warts as the Beak of a Cropper Pidgeon. A fifth, with Eyes like a Tumbler, one bigger than the other. A sixth, with a Pair of Convex Cheeks, as if, like *Æolus*, the God of the Winds, he had stopped his Breath for a Time, to be the better able to discharge a Hurricane. A seventh, with as many Wens and Warts upon his Forehead as there are Knots and Prickles upon an old Thornback. An eighth, with a Pair of skinny Jaws that wrap'd over

in Folds, like the Top of an old Boot, or the Hide of a Rhinoceros. A Ninth, with a Tush strutting beyond his Lips, as if he had been begot by a Man-Tyger. A Tenth, with a Hair Lip, that had drawn his Mouth into as many Corners as a Minc'd Pye, made up by the hufsly Wife of a formal Mathematician. The Eleventh, with a huge Lauderdale Head, as big in Circumference as the Golden Ball under St *Paul*'s Cross, and a Face so fiery, that the ruddy Front of the orbicular Lump, which stood so elevated upon his lofty Shoulders, made it look like the flaming Urn on the Top of the Monument. A Twelfth, with a Countenance as if his Parents when he was young, had clapp'd his Chin upon an Anvil, and gave him a Knock upon the Crown with a Smith's Sledge, that had shortened his Phiz, and struk all his Features out of their proper Places; with many other such comical, clownish, surly, antick, moody, booby Faces, that the wooden Gravers, who cut the Prints for the frightful Heads upon Stone Bottles, and the Carvers, who used to notch out preposterous Cherubs upon Base Viols, and stern whiskers upon Barber's Blocks, were often introduced upon their Club-Nights, by some Interest or other, on Purpose to oblige their Fancy with new Originals, that each might sell their Commodities, for the Singularity of the Faces with which they had adorn'd them.

Since British *Ladies, skill'd in Features,*
Admire Dutch *Dogs for handsome Creatures:*
And Men oft leave their beauteous Spouses,
For nauseous Punks, and dowdy Blouzes:
Why not great Fiddles please your Maids,
For wearing strange preposterous Heads?
Or Barber's Block be priz'd for having
A Phiz to humour Fools while shaving?
For awkward Things effect the Eyes
The most, by giving new Surprize.

That makes so many handsome Lasses,
Chuse empty Beaus with ugly Faces,
As some do Apes for old Grimaces.

Thus every one wearing something as remarkable in his Countenance, as if Nature had design'd them as so many Foils to set off the Beauty of her more perfect Work. They seldom distinguished one another by their Names, but generally saluted each other, when they drank round, after the following Manner, *viz. Here* Nose, *my Service to you*; *thank you* Chin. *Here's to you* Blabber-Lip; *Your Servant Mr.* Squint. *My Love to you Neighbour* Goggle; *I am yours, Neighbour* All-mouth. *Here's to'rds you, Brother* Thinjaws; *I'll pledge you, Brother* Plump-cheeks. In this Sort of Dialect they us'd to put about the Cup till they had made themselves merry; and then like a Parcel of dowdy Strumpets quarrelling in an Alley, they would vie Beauty and upbraid each other with their several Infirmities, thus guzzle down Malt Dregs till every one had his Belly full, and then reel'd home to their Hatchet-fac'd Spouses, and by mutual Drudgery, hammer out Ugly Faces for the next Generation.

Should true Proportion ev'ry Mortal grace,
And Symetry be seen in ev'ry Face:
Beauty no longer would be thought divine,
Nor would its Charms with half the Lustre shine:
No courtly Dame a killing Look could boast,
If once the Fools of Homeliness were lost.
The dusky Sky sets off the Silver Moon,
And neighbouring Clouds adds Blushes to the Sun:
So Ugly Faces make the Fair seem bright,
And give them Pow'r to human Love excite,
As Darkness makes the Persians worship Light.
Therefore 'tis fit the Blare or Goggle Eye'd,
Should get his Likeness on his Shipton Bride,
And that the mighty Nose, enrich'd with Wines,
Which, like a glowing Lump of Coral shines,

Should

Should on ſome drunken Bride's ſergeant Face,
For the next Age beget a monſtrous Race;
That Beauty, when with homely Looks compar'd,
May be for ever honour'd with Regard;
And when ſhe grants what Men [illegible],
Be doubly bleſt for those Delights ſhe gave.
But ſhould one Level run thro' human Race,
And neither Sex could ſhew a homely Face,
Beauty would loſe its Power, Love decline,
No diſtant Spare for Hate or Miſery pine,
Or make a Diff'rence 'twixt Human or Divine.
Therefore let Ugly Faces *ſtill create,*
And get their Likeneſs, not in Love, but Spite,
That ev'ry Slave may have his homely Mate,
Whilſt Beauty crowns the Actions of the Great.

The SPLIT-FARTHING *Club.*

THIS parſimonious Society of Canary-bibing Citizens, held their Weekly Meeting at the *Old Queen's Head* in *Biſhopſgate-ſtreet*; their thrifty Juncto being chiefly compos'd of ſuch penurious Miſers, that ſeldom drank Wine but on their Club-Nights, and then it was to conſult how to improve their Riches, by the Puniſhment of their Guts, and to become, in Time, Lord Mayors and Aldermen, by pinching large Eſtates out of the Cupboards of their Families. The famous Sir *John Packſhorn's*, of ever-curſed Memory; the eminent Dr. *Hook*, of *Gotham* College; *Buggerants Covert*, that died in his own Dung, and left his Wealth to his Catamite, were the principal Members of this Money-loving Club, and ſeveral worthy Followers of their generous Examples, now living, were the reſt of the Society, who enter'd themſelves purely to be inſtructed in the Arts of Parſimony and good Huſbandry. The Dearneſs of Bread-Corn; the Extravagance of their Children; the Waſte

and Prodigality of their half-ſtarv'd Servants; the profitable buying in of Six-Shilling Beer, ſtale Bread, and Wheel-barrow Cheeſe, were the chief Topicks of their Save-Penny Diſcourſes; and how to ſubſiſt a large Family at little Coſt, and to dine themſelves luſtiouſly for Two-pence Half-penny a Head, were the moſt uſeful Projects that were advanced among them. Hot Grey-Peaſe, or bak'd Ox-Cheek, were commonly their Supper Meat: Nor could any hungry Member call for Farthing-worth of the one, or a Penny-worth of the other, till it was firſt put to the Vote, and carried by the Majority, unleſs he would pay for it out of his own Pocket, and that was looked upon by the reſt to be great Extravagance: For the healthful Conformity to one Meal a Day, and that eaten with abundance of Moderation, was a ſtanding Rule among the thin-jaw'd Fraternity, and who ever exceeded that abſtemious Precept without aſſigning a ſubſtantial Reaſon for ſo doing, was condemned for his Voracity, and predicted to die a Beggar, for ſo expenſively humouring his unreaſonable Appetite. If any Smoaker among them left his Box behind him, and wanted to borrow a Pipe of Tobacco of a Brother, it would not be lent without a Note of his Hand, which was commonly written round the Bowl of a broken Tobacco Pipe, to prevent the Waſte of Paper, and always made payable the next Club Night, with ten Corns Intereſt. One would be querying, which was the greateſt Charity, in a Death bed Penitent, to diſcharge Twenty poor Debtors out of *Ludgate* Priſon; to leave Five Hundred Pounds to the Blue Coat Hoſpital; to build an Alms-houſe for decay'd Widows, or a School for indigent Orphans. A ſecond would be aſking the Opinion of the Company, which was the beſt Place for a charitable Foundation, *Bunhil-Fields* Lay-ſtall, or *Whitechapel* Dunghill. A third would be for erecting a new Workhouſe, that the Poor might not fall into a Habit of Lazineſs for want of hard Labour. A fourth would be projecting a new Houſe of Correction, that Beggars might be whipped out of their Rags

Rags and Lice, and forc'd to card Wool, and knock Hemp for Sheeps-head Porridge, and clean Linnen of a Groat a Yard. A fifth, would be laying down a Computation of the Charge, to turn *Gresham* College into a public Nursery, for the pious Education of fatherless Brats, and poor Foundlings; though not a wretched Soul in the whole Company had Liberality enough to give Six-pence to relieve the Wants of a necessitous Relation.

Thus talk as if they meant to be
Profuse in Works of Charity,
And that the Poor should be befriended,
By pious Gifts they ne'er intended;
For if one Bag of drossy Wealth,
Would bribe off Death, and purchase Health,
They'd rather hazard Life and Soul,
To keep Possession of the Whole,
To the last Hour, than give a Part,
For th' needful Help of Men of Art.

What Wretches therefore can comply
To give the Poor, what they deny
Themselves, in such Extremity?

Once a Quarter they had a Miser's Feast; but, to save Charges, they us'd to beg their Venison of some great Man, cheat the Keeper of his Fees, make their Country Tenants send them Fowls and Bacon, and engage the Master of the House to give them the Dressing, that they might stuff their Guts at no other Expence than of Bread and Wine; and go home afterwards without cursing their Mouths for imposing upon their Pockets. Backward Tenants and high Taxes were the greatest of their Grievances; but good Security and large Interest were the beloved Quarries, that the avaritious Hawks were always ready to fly at: Extravagancy they accounted the very Sin against the Holy Ghost, and nothing was approv'd a more commendable

Virtue than exceſſive Covetouſneſs: A News-paper Entertainment, and a ſober Diſh of Coffee, were thought a liberal Treat for a punctual Debtor, upon the Payment of a Sum, tho' with unreaſonable Extortion; and, *How d'ye, Couſin? I am glad to ſee you,* was the utmoſt Hoſpitality that ever was found in their Houſes by a poor Relation. One would highly commend the Frugality of the Man that built him a new Barn out of the Scrapings of his Cheeſe. Another would applaud the good Huſbandry of the Farmer, who never wore any other Clothes than what was made of the Wool that he pick'd off the Hedges. A third would extol the Prudence of the Citizen, who kept a Load of Faggots in his Houſe, to warm his Servants in cold Weather, by handing them up Steirs and down, between the Garret and the Cellar. One would be wrapp'd up in an old Kerſey Coat, made ſeven Years before, by ſome old purblind Botcher, to prevent the terrible Surpriſe of Canvas, Stay-tape and Buckram, thoſe abominable Articles of a Taylor's Bill. Another with a party-colour'd Wig on, fifty times more ſcandalous than a *Welch* Attorney's, which is commonly made of a diſagreeable Mixture, of Goats Beards, Cows Tails, Horſes Manes, with a ſmall Addition of his Wife's Hair, and perhaps his Daughter's. A third with a patch'd Coat on, that had been firſt made by ſome of his Anceſtors, and worn down to the third or fourth Generation, till Age had given it ſuch a greaſy Gloſs, that a Louſe could not crawl up the poliſh'd Camblet, without endangering his Neck for want of ſure footing. A fourth, with his Noddle cover'd with an old flapping *Oliverian* Caſter, that has coſt him near as much in new Vamping, at Two-pence a time, as would have capp'd a Regiment, yet could not frame a Heart to part with ſo much Money at once, as would buy a new one, for fear he ſhould pine himſelf afterwards into a Fit of Sickneſs, or puniſh his Inteſtines with the Twiſting of the Guts, by ſtarving his Body to fetch the Sum up again. A fifth, diſtinguiſhed as a Gentlemen, by a little ruſty old Rapier, that

that might be guess'd, by its Antiquity, to have been kept in the Family, as a Badge of Honour, ever since the Time of *Robin Hood*, or the Blind Beggar of *Bethnal Green*. A sixth, with his Spindle-shanks, in a Pair of coarse Yarn Stockings, almost darn'd as much as the good Bishop's Hose in the Library at *Oxford*, which has not enough left of the first Knitting to shew its original Contexture. A seventh, with a Pair of pink'd Shoes on, for the Ease of his Corns, that look'd as if they had been as often at the Cobler's, as ever the Owner had been at Church or Coffee-house. Thus every one was so singular, in some or other of their Habiliments, that their covetous Dispositions were as visible in their Dresses, as in their meagre Countenances, who made up such a starv'd Society of poor macerated Mortals, that had they all to have been opened, it would certainly have puzzled a good Anatomist to have found one Ounce of Fat among the whole carnionly Assembly: For all that their lean Carcasses were capable of performing, were just to live and move, and the principal Satisfaction they enjoy'd in their Minds, were to be rich and covetous. For though once a Week they were so far inspired with the Spirit of Generosity, as each to lavish an extravagant Sixpence in such a Bug bear Place as a Spendthrift Tavern, yet they fumbled out the Trifle with such a miserly Regret, as if they curs'd their Guts for depriving their Pocket, tho' of so nigardly an Allowance. If there happen'd to be an odd Penny in the Reckoning, above their usual Club, for Grey Pease, or any other Extraordinary, rather than any Four would lay down their Farthings, and let the rest go Scot-free, a Farthing a Head was collected round the Company, and the Overplus laid out in Writing paper, which Dr. *Hook*, the Mathematician, most equally divided, by Scale and Compass, among the whole Society, that to keep the Ballance of Equity in a true Poise, every one might have a Slip according to his Proportion; for which exact Method

in the Diſtribution of Juſtice, they were honour'd with the Title of, *The Split-Farthing Club.*

Tho' Money is the Root of Evil,
And leads ſo many to the Devil,
Who do what's infamous to get it,
And rend whole Kingdoms to come at it;
Yet when by Fortune they have gain'd
More Wealth than they know how to ſpend,
'Tis ſtrange they ſtill ſhou'd rob the Spittle,
To heap up what they uſe ſo little:
But yet we ſee that curſed Itch
Of growing ſo profuſely Rich,
Infects the moſt of human Race,
And makes the greater Number baſe:
The Lord, the Trader, and the Peaſant,
Are all corrupted with a Spice on't:
The very Prieſts that rail at Gold,
And thoſe that lend for double Fold,
Cannot forbear to hug the Darling,
But board it with its Brother Sterling,
Purſue, improve it, and adore it,
Nay, even preach againſt it for it.

So the pert Damſel, fair of Feature,
To cover her Intrigues the better,
Will rail at Strumpets, when ſhe knows
That ſhe herſelf is one of thoſe.

Therefore ſince all are Money-Lovers,
From Heroes down to Smithfield *Drovers;*
And moſt turn Knaves, when once they ſee
A gainful Opportunity;
Why ſhould the Miſer be ſo blam'd,
And for his large Extortion damn'd,
Since all Men who have rais'd their Fortune,
By ſubtle Frauds behind the Curtain,
When once they're Rich, they grow moroſe;
Proud, cruel, baſe, and covetous?

So

So Statesmen that surround a Throne,
When once to Rich and Wealthy grown,
The greater Pow'r they still possess,
The more they injure and oppress;
Which plainly shews, that all Men wou'd
Be haughty Tyrants if they cou'd.

The Club of Broken Shopkeepers.

THIS unfortunate Society is now held at the Sign of *Tumble-down-Dick*, a famous Boosing Ken, within the dirty Confines of that pious Sanctuary call'd *The Mint*, where Knaves, Sots, and Fools, as well as such unhappy Bankrupts who deserve Pity, find a safe Retirement from the Revenge and Malice of their unmerciful Creditors; and whither many fly (like Fish, out of the Frying-pan into the Fire) from lesser Troubles into greater Miseries, and are soon taught to lavish away their small Remains in smoaky Holes and lewd Company, till many who are skill'd in Business, and have liv'd comfortably, and might still be happy, would they take right Measures whilst they have something in their Power, are deluded into a ruinous Extravagance, that renders them, in a little time, fit only to nibble upon a Brown-George in some foreign Garrison, and for a Groat a Day, to stand the Shock of Cannon-ball and Musket-bullet.

When the guzzling Society aforementioned, are met in a Body, at their smoaky Rendezvous, their chief Business is to wash away all Sense of their present Misfortunes, to damn their Creditors, drink Confusion to Bailiffs, and to excuse their own Misconduct, by charging their Ruin upon the Extravagancy of their Wives, the Infidelity of their Servants, the Injustice of their Relations, or the Hardships put upon them by the

the fraudulent Contrivances of those they have dealt with; but not a Word of their own Negligence, of their expensive Pleasures, of their Tavern Revels, or their profuse keeping both Whores and Horses; their Gaming, Racing, Sotting, high Living, Spending and Lending; these are all buried in Oblivion, or craftily conceal'd from their Brethren in Affliction, that they may move one another to a mutual Compassion, by the fictitious Severities which they pretend to have met with, from such Persons whom they have justly provok'd, by their own Follies and Knaveries, to become their Enemies.

So wanton Wives that prove unjust,
To satiate their unbridled Lust,
Find always something to excuse
The shameful Liberties they use;
And on their Spouse's Failings charge
The Reasons why they love at large:
Thus do their Husbands double ill wrong,
Not only with the Tail, but Tongue;
And to extenuate their Shame,
Make those they injure bear the Blame.

Among this promiscuous Assembly of broken Extravagants, one slovenly Sot should sit puffing at the Bench, in his Woollen Night-cap, so disguis'd with Dirt, and his Hands and Face so grim'd with Nastiness, that he look'd like the Cook of a *Newcastle* Collier, just stepp'd on Shore to enter an Action against the Master for his Wages. A second, in his slip Shoes, and ungarter'd Stockings, like a Journeyman Taylor jump'd off the Shop-board for a Half-penny Roll and a Pint of Two-penny Stichback. A third, with a Carrotty Wig matted into Elf-locks, like the Mane of a Grass Horse ridden by the Night Mare, and all to save the Trouble of combing the entangled Scare-crow once in a Week, through his Aversion to Cleanliness, or that for seven Years he had made the sweaty Mop do him the Service of

of a Night-cap. A fourth, with his own natural Rats-tails hanging by the Sides of his Cheeks, twisted into greasy Ropes, that divided about his Ears like a tag'd Knot upon a Footman's Shoulder. A fifth, with a Belly like a Church-warden of St. *Giles*'s Parish, and a Pair of pouting Cheeks, puff'd up with swallowing full of *Winchesters* at a Draught, till they were grown as unsizeable as the swanking Buttocks of a *Wapping* Hostess. A sixth, without a Neckcloth, to shew the unbottoned Collar of a dirty Shirt, that was as black and as sweaty, as if the Beast that wore it had taken an Oath of Abjuration against Soap and Water. A seventh, with blood shot Eyes, and a sottish Countenance, whose sodden Face look'd as if it had been stew'd in hot Ale, or coddled in burnt Brandy. An eighth, secur'd up in an old Frieze Coat, whose Buttons had slipp'd Shell by long Thumbing, and his Noddle cover'd with a notch'd Hat, like a Butcher's Slaughter-Man's running Post to the Bear-Garden. A ninth, with a Vulturian Phiz, like a *Newgate* Solicitor's, adorn'd with powder'd Carrots, that look'd as if they were Part of the Hangman's Fees the foregoing Sessions, much honour'd by the rest, for his pretended Knowledge in Law Quirks and Quiddities. A tenth, who had Grace enough to work for his Living, and to keep his Family from the Parish, with his Hands and Face as white as a Plaisterer's, being just stepp'd to a Game at All-fours from his pasting of Band-boxes. Thus mix'd together, they us'd to sit over their Cards and their Liquor, drinking, rattling and swearing, like a Crew of Buccaneers between Decks, gaming in fair Weather.

Whenever a fresh Bankrupt, with the Remains of his Stock, happens, by the Wheel of ill Fortune, to be toss'd into their Territories, he is as heartily welcome into the Avery of Cormorants, as a brawny cast-away *Dutch* Skipper, that swims ashore upon a Wreck, is to a hungry Crew of *Florida* Canibals; for every old Stander, as long as their new Brother can command a Groat, will stick as close to him as a Horse-leech, till

they

they have suck'd him into a Level with their own Circumstances; and by that Time he'll have learnt to be as sharp as themselves, when his Five Shillings in the Pound is reduc'd to less than a Penny in the Hundred. When they were thus met, as soon as their crazy Noddles were a little warm'd by the narcotick Fumes of nasty Sot-weed, stinking Malt Spirits, and large Dropsical Go-downs of mild and stale, a broken Victualler would begin to rave against the Rogue his Brother, for cheating him in bad Drink, and worse Measure. A crack'd Coffee-Man would be cursing his lascivious Wife, and swearing that she ruin'd him by treating her Sparks with Nectar and Ambrosia, Usquebaugh, and Dr. *Steven's* Water. A half-witted Vintner, who was a good Servant, but a bad Master, would be damning his Wine-Merchant, for first putting him into an House, where he had buried all that he had sav'd in the Time of his Service, and then for throwing him out of it, to Lett it to another for a better Advantage. A Lady's Taylor would be railing against his Mercer, and confounding of Quality; the first for seizing all with an Execution, and the latter, for their low Curtesies, large Promises, good Words, but bad Payments. A *Leaden-Hall* Butcher would be bitching his Wife, for not only opening her Placket, but her Pocket Apron to his Rogue of a Journeyman, and expensively treating the young strong-back'd Rascal at the *Ship-Tavern*, whilst himself was entering his Puppy at the *Bear-Garden*. A broken Goldsmith would be spitting his Venom at *Mercer's-Chapel*, and swearing that the Bank was a worse Grievance than the Multitude of Lawyers, or a Standing Army. A giddy young Draper would be railing at the Playhouse; speaking bitter Words against mask'd Ladies; and biting his Thumb-Nails, would sit damning the Dice, as bad as a young Whore does the Society of Reformation. A rattle-headed Baker, no more mealy-mouth'd than the rest of the Society, to shew the Crustiness of his Temper, would throw out whole Batches of hard-bak'd Words against my Lord Mayor's Officers,

Officers, for taking away light Bread, and carrying it home to their own Houſes, inſtead of ſending it to *Ludgate* Priſon or the *Compters*. A decay'd Merchant would be muttering at the Fury of the raging Seas and tempeſtuous Winds; and damning the Cuſtom Houſe Officers, as a Pack of Rogues, for ſeizing run Goods, that would otherwiſe have come in the Nick of Time to a rare Market. An avaritious Brewer, who had undone himſelf by Concealments, would affirm, that the Officers belonging to the Exciſe, were as bad Rogues as Informing Conſtables; that the Commiſſioners were worſe Tyrants than the *French* King; and that the whole Office was a more intolerable Grievance than the *Spaniſh* Inquiſition. An unfortunate Bookſeller, who had unhappily been cruſh'd between bad Plays and worſe Sermons, would, with great Warmth, ſit venting his Spleen againſt modern Authors, and flinging out as many Invectives againſt *Harry Hills*, and the reſt of the Pirates as if they had given him Cauſe to think them worſe Rogues than thoſe that were hang'd laſt Seſſions. A litigious Tallyman, undone by truſting Whores, employing Bailiffs, and feeing Attornies, would ſit raving ſo profuſely againſt the Law and the Lawyers, as if he thought *Weſtminſter-Hall* a more fatal Lottery than the *Royal Oak*. Others more merry under the Hand of Affliction, would be making a Jeſt of their ſeveral Misfortunes, as if, like *Diogenes*, they had learnt to deſpiſe all that was truly comfortable, and to place the Happineſs of human Life in Rags, Poverty, and Naſtineſs. Thus would they ſit, ſome raving, ſome muttering, ſome laughing, and others gaming, till very drunk and drowſy, and then they would reel home to their dirty Rooms, ſheetleſs Beds, and ſpaul'd Garrets, to feed the Fleas, as well as worſe Vermin, till the next Morning, without Scratching. But as ſoon as they awake, they are ferreted up from their Flock Beds of little Eaſe, that thoſe who have Money may return to the Alehouſe for warm Purl, and thoſe that have none, either ſpunge upon

upon the rest, or undergo the Pennance of a Day's Work to provide against To-morrow.

Who would not rather chuse to serve
His Country, than to live and starve,
Confin'd to such an odious Place,
Where nothing prospers but Disgrace?
If Dirt, and want of Liberty,
Bad Liquor, and worse Company,
A sorry, base, unactive Life,
The Taunts of each proud Tapster's Wife,
Damn'd stinking Air, and miry Streets,
Buggs, lousy Rags, and nasty Sheets,
Are Comforts that can ease the Weight
Of those that prove Unfortunate,
Then well might Debtors fly the Teaze
Of Business, to enjoy their Ease:
And fond of such a happy Place,
There sot and dream away their Days:
But since they're sure to meet the Curse
Of making their Misfortunes worse,
By spending first their small Remains,
Then starving thro' Neglect of Pains,
'Till by an idle Habit made
Unfit for Labour or for Trade,
Designing, treacherous, and unjust,
Too knavish for the World to trust;
Fit only to frequent an Alehouse,
Or do Things worthy of a Gallows;
By Foes despis'd, by Friends forsaken,
In Dread of being surpriz'd and taken,
That a close starving Gaol may be
The End of all their Misery.
Who then, that is not quite bereft
Of Sense, and to his Follies left,
When once he finds himself decline,
Would not his whole Remains resign
To those of whom he owes the same,
And so preserve an honest Name,

Mr.

Muſt rather than by Night to carry,
His Goods to ſuch a Sanctuary,
And then Sell Ale in Clouds of Smoak,
Blown from their Pipes of Oronoke,
Set wisely idly what they ought
To pay, and not conceal a Groat?
But thoſe who once have run aſtray,
Still chuſe ſome ſtrange unlucky Way,
That leads on to their Undoing,
As if predeſtin'd to their Ruin.

The Man-Hunters *Club.*

A Parcel of wild young Rakes, whoſe principal Education had been in *Chancery-Lane*, among thoſe virtuous Academies the Liber Offices of the Law and Equity, frequenting a Tavern near the Tennis-Court Playhouſe, on the back of *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, at length ſettled a Club there, that they might every Evening, project new Extravagancies to exerciſe the ungovernable Fury of their uncultivated Youth. Among the reſt of their wild Maggot, and whimſical Contrivances, that they put in Practice, to entertain the Brutality of unpoliſh'd Nature, they had formed a new Sort of Paſtime, which was Hunting of Men over *Lincoln's Inn-Fields*, that they ſhould happen to meet croſſing at Ten or Eleven o'Clock at Night; ſo that about thoſe Hours two or three Couple of the Hair-brain'd Puppies us'd frequently to be commanded out by the Chair-Man, (to which honourable Poſt the firſt Comer was entitled) who were to beat about for Game, and to report, upon their Return, what Sport they had met with, for the Diverſion of the Company. When the miſchievous Fools had thus ſhaken off their Humanity, and taken upon them the beaſtial Imitation of Hounds, Wolves, and Tygers, they would lie Perdue upon the Graſs in

one

one of the Borders of the Fields, till they heard some single Person treading along the Path-way, then up they would all start with their Swords drawn, and running furiously towards him, would cry aloud, *That's he. Bloody-wounds, that's he.* Upon which, away would run the Person, whether Gentle or Simple, as if the Devil drove him, with the Pack of two-leg'd Whelps making such a Noise at his Heels, that the persecuted Mortal, to escape the Fury of his Followers, would spur on Nature, with his Fear, to such a violent Speed, that, with over-straining, the poor hunted Run-away, especially if a Coward, generally dropp'd something in his Breeches, that made him stink as strong as either Fox or Pole-cat. Thus they scour'd him along like a Buck in a Faddy Course, till he had taken Sanctuary in some of the adjacent Streets, where he would run commonly into an Alehouse, half dead with Fear, to recover Breath, and to mundify his Breeches, and there amuse them with such a terrible Story, as if he had not only run, but fought the Gantlope through a Regiment of Ruffians, and bravely defended himself, by his Hands as well as Heels, from a Gang of Rogues, or a drunken Company of Madmen. If they happen'd to bolt upon a sturdy Gentleman, that would rather chuse to die in the Bed of Honour, than to owe his Safety to a nimble Pair of Heels, the Cowards would sheer off; cry that they were all mistaken; that it was not he: But whoever ran for it, they pursu'd as close as if they were fully resolv'd both upon Robbery and Murder, that their *Game*, being terrify'd with dreadful Apprehensions, would scour over the Fields like an insolvent Debtor before a Herd of Bailiffs, or a new-marry'd Seaman from a Gang of Press-Masters. And when the Rakehelly Hunters had thus delighted themselves with the mad Recreation of three or four such Chases, then, tir'd with their Sport, they would return to the Club, and entertain their Associates with the Particulars of their Pastime.

Here

How wild is Youth! How wicked and prophane,
When savage Nature only governs Man!
And unreform'd by Education, steers.
How base to others! To himself unjust;
Mad in his Cups, and Daring in his Lust;
Bold, stubborn, haughty, insolent, and pert,
Slighting to Age, and jostling to Desert:
Wise in Opinion, Hardiness in Conceit;
Rash in his Judgment, foolish in his Wit;
Void of all Care, and destitute of Grace,
Vain in his Air, fantastick in his Dress
In Talk, extravagant, rude-grown'd, a Bear,
Fickle in Love, a Tyrant to the Fair.
Hot in Pursuit of all his fond Desires,
Makes negligent Offers, tho' he quickly tires:
Seems to Worst, but the Worth that dwells
In some Fair one's Hands, or Dancer's Heels.
In Night Adventures does his Courage shew,
And dares at nothing that a Rake can do:
Kicks Wheres, breaks Windows, bullies where he may,
Revels all Night, and dozes half the Day:
Glories in all his Madness, to his Shame,
Till Age, Pox, Want, or Wedlock makes him tame.

So the young fiery Colt, not broke in Time,
Continues Headstrong, 'till he's past his Prime.
A thousand wanton jadish Tricks will play,
Start from the Track, and plow the muddy Way;
Rend his strong Harness, from his Traces fly,
And with exalted Heels the Whip defy:
No Load behind his strenuous Shoulders take,
No Rider bear, or Saddle on his Back:
But young and pamper'd, scorn the Thong despise,
And on his hinder Feet in Triumph rise;
Till Poverty and Age his Vigour waste,
Stiffen his Limbs, and tame the vitious Beast:
Yet still, by fits and starts, he'll jadish be,
Tho' patient grown thro' mere Necessity.

So headstrong Man, that Rakes away his Youth,
Undisciplin'd in Virtue, and in Truth;
Though Age reforms him, yet he still retains
Some Tincture of his Lusts, whilst Life remains.

When this juvenile Society of mad Libertines had, by Vertue of the Bottle, given a further Spur to their wicked Dispositions, which were before unbridled: Then a fulsome Repetition of all their bawdy Obscenities, luscious Intrigues, drunken Rencounters, and amorous Adventures, were their principal Diversions, that they might vie Wickedness with one another, and value themselves the more upon those monstrous Inhumanities, which were infamously scandalous, as if the Rakes had a Notion that their Reputations ought to be measur'd by the Daringness of their Sins, and the Number of their Vices. One would pluck out an alphabetical Pocket-book, where he had register'd the Names of all the loose Ladies that ever had oblig'd him, since his first Knowledge of the pleasing Difference between a Woman's Honour and a Cart-wheel, having fairly enter'd his whole Catalogue of Punks, from Madam *Alla* down to Oyster *Mell*; which was chiefly read, that the Company might make their merry Observation, how the A's and the M's wore more flouring Letters than all the rest of the Alphabet. Another would be plucking out a Tortoiseshell Patch-box, full of divers colour'd Reliques, that had been faithfully collected from the sublunary Banks of the several deep Water-Courses, wherein he had been dabbling, pretending to discover the sundry Dispositions of his many Mistresses, by the different Crookedness of each irregular Fangle he had clandestinely taken from their cornigerous Premisses. A third would be boasting how many Fans, Masks, Rings, Pendants, and Necklaces, he had brought off as Trophies of the many Victories he had valiantly obtain'd over his Punks and Paramours, and how he us'd to rifle his old Cast-offs of their sinful Ornaments, to set up a new Face that better deserv'd them, and as soon as tir'd

would

would serve her the same Sauce, to add fresh Charms to her next Successor. A fourth would be vaunting of his drunken Conquests, how many Bottles he had guzzled at a sitting, and what inebrious Victims he had knock'd down with Bumpers into their own Spew. A fifth would be magnifying his own ready Wit, in ostentatiously telling how he had banter'd a Parson out of all his Divinity, a stanch Puritan out of his primitive Holiness, and prattled a pretty young Quaker out of her starch'd Virginity. A sixth would be rattling of his Claps and his Doctors, and declare himself Father of as many Bastards as ever *Solomon* had Concubines, notwithstanding he had taken as many of *Suffold*'s Pills, as would have furnish'd a Mountebank for a Journey to *Portsmouth*, upon the Arrival of the Fleet, when salt Beef and salt Bitches had made one half of the Seamen sick of the Pox, and the other of the Scurvy. Thus every one would endeavour to be as wickedly diverting as his Tutor Old *Nick*, and his own apt Genius would give him Leave, till they were drunk, and mad enough to strole from the Tavern into the Streets at Midnight, and then Hey-boys for scouring the Watch, battering their Lanthorns, knocking up their Whores, breaking Bawdy-house Windows, or any other Mischief that happen'd in their Way, if it was but agreeable to that whimsical Rudeness, which the Wine and the Devil had mutually infus'd into their crazy Noddles.

After this frantic Manner they carry'd on their Revels for some Time, till some of the Hunters, meeting with their Match, happen'd to be kill'd in the Chase. Others drivelling away their Lives into Close stools and Spitting-pots; and the Army and the Navy robbing the Gallows of the rest: So that the Club broke first, and the Tavern soon afterwards; and thus the Town got purg'd of so infamous a Crew, who were only fit Inhabitants for such a frantick Nation, where Piety is held a Crime, Swearing an Accomplishment, and Drunkenness a Virtue, and where the Men are all mad, and the Women common Strumpets.

'Tis

'Tis strange a Christian Country, where
The Laws so good and wholesome are;
Where Learning has for Ages flourish'd,
And every useful Art been nourish'd;
Where Virtue, Piety, and Grace,
Are rooted deep, and spring apace;
Where true Religion does confound,
And strike bold Atheism to the Ground:
Where Justice, Honesty, and Money,
O'erflow like Canaan's *Milk and Honey,;*
That such a Land should shew a Race
Of Libertines so lewd and base,
'Tis wonderful; but yet we know,
That Tares among the Corn will grow;
Nor can the best of Seeds be freed
From yielding here and there a Weed:
The cleanest Garden ne'er was found
Without some Vermin in the Ground:
Where the most noble Fruits are planted,
The Trees will be by Maggots haunted;
So that in Country, Town, or Place,
That happens to abound in Grace,
Old Nick *will raise his wicked Plants,*
To vex and scandalize the Saints.

Therefore, altho' we find a Brood
Of wicked Sons among the Good,
E'en let's suspend our Admiration,
Till Heav'n has prun'd our pious Nation.

The YORKSHIRE *Club.*

THIS acute Society of Northern Tikes was held at one of their Countrymen's Houses in the Rounds in *Smithfield*, upon every Market-Day; that, by consulting one another, they might be the better able to exercise their Cunning in this Southern Air, and maintain that Character they have justly deserv'd from the credulous Bubbles of this half-witted City, whose unpolish'd Cocknies play the Knave so foolishly, as if they had never travell'd farther North than *Barnet*, or St. *Alban's*. The most flourishing Members among the Razor-mettled Blades of this Catch-penny Society, were Needle-pointed Inn keepers, Nick and Froth Victuallers, honest Horse-Coursers, and pious *Yorkshire* Attornies; the rest good harmless Master Hostlers, who us'd to measure their Oats with the Bottom of the Peck upwards, and two or three innocent Farriers, who had worm'd their Masters out of their Shops, and themselves into their Business. When they were met together in their Room next the Market, all ground as sharp as the Knives and Scissars in a Cutler's Shop, Horse-Flesh, for certain, was the first Subject that was started in the Company; and blind Eyes, Spavins, Founders, and Malenders, the never-failing Concomitants that were interwoven with their Discourses. One perhaps had an old batter'd Jade stuff'd up with hot Grains and Mashes, curry'd up to cheat some *London* Shop-keeper that wants an out-side Beast to carry his Wife in Triumph to *Dulwich-Wells* or *Epsom*, that his Horns may be new topp'd against the next Winter. Another furnishes the Market with an old crippled Hunter, in order to cozen some Merchant's prodigal Apprentice, that he may have the Honour to halt after my Lord Mayor's Hounds upon the uneasy Back of his two or three leg'd Galloper, or Titup down

to *Hackney-Marsh* to lose his Money like a Fool at a Crimp-Horse-match. A third, it may be, has a Boy-rider upon a dimsighted Pony, a little higher than a Bear-Dog, hoping that her easy Amble may tempt some young Citizen to buy the pretty Creature for the Use of his Mistress, that he may carry some little Crack out of *Exchange-Alley* to see *Windsor-Castle*, without galling the Premises, that she need not be shy of imparting her Favours, for fear the Pain should be greater than the Pleasure. A fourth, with a poor shoulder slip'd, or broken winded Hack, just set upon his Legs, for the Market Day, by a little Northern Horse-Doctorship, that some Cockney Ale-House-Keeper, who lets out dull Jades for fifteen pence a Side, may be cozen'd out of three or four Pounds of his Brewer's Money. A fifth, with a blundering fat Gelding, between a Coach and a Saddle, with a *Dutch* Dock, and Buttocks near as strong as an Elephant's, in Order to cheat some of his Majesty's new Captains, by selling him into the Service. A sixth, perhaps with an odd pacing Coach-Horse, of a sorrel Colour, fit for the little grave Chariot of any Physician that can match him; or for a Rope Dancer to ride upon after a travelling Mountebank. A seventh with a sinking Pad, under the Size of fourteen Hands, as merry as a young Midwife, yet as gentle as an old Cuckold, fit for any Court Leecher to present to a kept Mistress. Thus every one turns Jockey in some Measure or other; and seldom fail upon their Club-Day, to have their Scrubs, Jades, and Hobbies, scowering round the Market, and when the Rider brings a Chap, tho' the batter'd Beast has as many Faults as a rigid Fanatick is able to find in the Church Liturgy, and is scarce so sound as an over ridden Strumpet, yet the friendly Society are so ready to swear one for another, that they'll warrant a lame Horse to have as sound Limbs as ever ran upon *New Market Heath*; and a blind Jade to have as good Eyes as Sir *William Read*, the Oculist. When they discover at the Window, where they sit upon the Watch, any likely Bubble hankering about any of their

their Tits, then down steps a Member, and, to raise the Price, takes a wonderful liking to the same Beast, bids more than he is worth before the other's Face, on Purpose to spur on the Chap, and to make him the more fond of being confoundedly cheated; for as certain as he deals with a *Yorkshire* Jockey, if he wants Judgment, and puts his Confidence in the Honesty of the Tike, he need not doubt of having sufficient Cause to curse his Bargain, and to blame himself for a Fool, as much as the other for a Knave.

When the Business of the Day is pretty well over, and every cunning Member has top'd his Jade upon some Bubble or other; and those who wanted, have furnish'd their Stables, *by* tricking and swopping, with better Horse-Flesh than what they've parted with, then the *Yorkshire* Stingo is push'd briskly about, and every one, o'er his Cups, begins merrily to expatiate upon the Windgales and Infirmities of the several dull Animals they have so luckily dispos'd of, and seem equally pleas'd that they had brought their Horses, instead of their Hogs, to such a Market, till at length the Liquor getting into their Noddles, makes them change their Discourse, and then, like Whores at a Buttock-Ball, they begin to vie Honesty one with another, as if they thought it a Scandal to their Country to have a Knave amongst them; now the Healths of my Lord *Sharp* of *Halifax*, Sir *Thomas Notable* of *Auldborough*, and the worthy Esquire *Quatorze*, of *Skipton* upon *Craven*, and the rest of the honest Gentlemen in all the Ridings in *Yorkshire*, are bowl'd about the Company, till their tan'd Faces begin to look of a rusty red, like their *Martlemas* Hung-Beef, or their worse Bacon: Then they begin to rattle, and fall foul upon one another's Pedigrees, and, after a bantering Manner, to upbraid their own Brethren with their Pack-horse Journies, and penniless long Walks out of a sharp Air into a thriving Climate. *Marry*, cries one to his next Brother, *you have thriven well, to rise from hawsers Carriers dirty Boots, to be the proud Landlord of the best Inn in* Smithfield. *Marry, what's*

nought, replies the angry Host, *I did not rob my Father of his Bridle, my Uncle of his Boots, and my Brother of his Spurs, and then steal a Horse from my next Neighbour to bring me to* London, *there sell him for Money to buy a clean Shirt, a new Frock, and a Stable Broom to sweep an Inn-Yard for fat Scraps and the Bottoms of Mugs, till you got in to be the Hostler, und from thence rais'd yourself, by stealing of Oats, till you were able to lay down the Dunk-fork and Curry-comb, and to make yourself Master of a topping Victualling-house. By the Mass,* cries a fat Attorney to a Weather-beaten Horse-courser, *Times are well mended with you, since your Mother us'd to send you to Mr.* Frampton's *Stables, to pick the Oates out of the Horse-dung, to make Oatmeal Puddings for your Father against he came Home from Sheep-stealing. Marry hang you,* replies the Jockey, *how many times has your Mother sent you, when a little snivelling Bastard, to pick the Wool off other Peoples Hedges for your Sister to knit Night-caps of for the old Cuckold your Father?* Thus, when in their Cups, they sit bantering one another, between Jest and Earnest, till, with much Talk, and much Liquor, their Tongues and their Legs, but not their Cunning, begin to fail 'em: Then away reels a Horse-Courser in his Iron-grey Coat and flapping Hat, with his long Swich, disguis'd, on purpose, like a Country Putt, the better to play his Knaves Tricks the more unsuspected upon the Market-Day; after him an Attorney in his Weather-beaten Wig, with his Tun-belly hoop'd round with a Horseman's Belt, for Fear the Weight of his Guts should break the Waistband of his Breeches; after him a Fustian Frock'd Ale-house-keeper, with a freckled Face like a *Scotch* Pedlar, very prim about the Noddle, with his best Hat upon his Flaxen Bob, but his Coat a little discredited behind with the Mark of his Apron-strings, which leave a Seam in his Back, as if he had been cut in two, and afterwards stitch'd together again; next him an Inn-keeper in his Plate-button'd Sute, with his Trumpeter's Cheeks and *Flemish* Buttocks, giving Precedency to the Victualler, because Church-Warden

Warden of his Parish; next him a lusty Master Hostler in his fur Cap, his own lank Hair, and a white Apron, to which an Hostler, tho' he frequently wears one, has but little Title, except he designs it for a Muckender to wipe the driveling Nostrils of his glander'd Horses; after these a sweaty Crew of Tag-Rag, and Bob-Tail, who, as yet, have not had the lucky Opportunity of feathering their Nests, and are therefore forc'd, upon all Occasions, to lye and swear for the rest of their Countrymen, till they can better their Fortunes, and do the same for themselves to their own peculiar Advantage. Thus when their Bellies are full, they all blunder down Stairs, from the rich prosperous Knave, to the poor clouted Underskapper, and without Style the Groundel mutually take Leave of one another, and so flapper Home to their Inns, Bars and Stables, to exercise their Cunning till their next merry Meeting.

Thus some from Cart, and some from Plough,
And some from living God knows how,
Wrapt up in shrinking Cloth to hide,
And keep their Knavery warm beside.
With brawny Buttocks, cas'd with Leather,
And Latchets ty'd with Thongs together,
Fly from their Northern hungry Air,
To quit Oat-Bread *for better Fare.*
As Rooks *forsake the barren Ground,*
For Fields where standing Corn is found,
Or from the Hills their Wings expand,
To trespass on the new-sown Land,
So Northern Tikes, to shew their Wit,
Their native Ægypt gladly quit,
For happy Canaan's Milk and Honey,
Or what's as good; that is our Money.

Some on exalted Rurlets ride
To Town, as Bacchus does, astride,
And sit a Story high, at least,
Above the Carrier's groaning Beast;

So those who leave their dearest Friends,
To cross the Main for noble Ends,
Mounted on Quarter Deck they stand,
In Triumph quit their native Land.

Some Takes on Gennets make their Way,
Borrow'd by Night from Grass or Hay;
And when in London, *where, unknown,*
One Brute tells t'other as his own;
And thus each Rider's Horse or Mare,
The Charges of the Journey bear;
So Men, tho' prest'd to leave the Nation,
Are forc'd to pay their Transportation;
And Ladies, when their Beaus bestride 'em,
Are glad to oft treat those that ride 'em.

Others forsake their North Abodes,
To beat on Foot the dusty Roads,
And in their Journey take the Pains
To pick up straggling Cocks and Hens:
But if their feather'd Friends deceive 'em,
Then humbly begging must relieve 'em,
'Till tir'd, then they address some Host
To grant an Under Hostler's Post,
Where, if not hinder'd by Disasters,
They rise Gradatim *till they're Masters:*
So cunning Courtiers oft supplant
Others by Fraud, whose Pow'r they want;
Then, haughty grown, they lord it o'er
Those Persons they obey'd before.

The

The Mock-Heroes *Club.*

THIS heroic Society of fantastical Bravadoes was held at a Nipperkin Ale House in *Ballston's* Gardens, and compos'd chiefly of Attorney's Clerks and young Shopkeepers, whose juvenile Prodigality, suffering their whimsical Fancies to soar above their Stations, had inflicted them with an Itch of being thought brave Fellows, that an angry old Woman arm'd with her Distaff, would have been able to have cudgel'd the whole blustering Fraternity. To make themselves more ridiculous, their Evening Congress was kept in a public Room, at a select Table, which was carefully observ'd by their Dutch Landlord for the valliant Members of this heroick Club. Every young Rattle, upon his first Admission, being honour'd by the rest with the swelling Name of some victorious *Cæsar*, or great General; every one being oblig'd, under a certain Forfeiture, to salute each other by their several Appellations, which they had thus proudly assum'd to shew their ridiculous Vanity; and because none should have the Honour to attend them but Knight Errants, Champions, and Men singular for their Fortitude. The Master of the House they dubb'd *Don Quixote* and the Esquire, his Tapster, they Nick-nam'd *Sancho Panco*; so that when the Sham-Heroes were met over their diminitive Pewter-kins of treakly Hogwash, their very Manner of calling to their valliant Attendance provok'd Laughter among all the Sitters-by, who were independant of their Company: And when they complemented one another in kissing the Edges of their Half pint Tankards, and presenting their humble Services to their heroic Brethren. Each prodigal Member saluted his brother General with such singular Formalities, that they were a perfect Farce to the several Companies, that sat at other Tables to observe the Motions of these Mock-

Bravadoes. One would face about to his left Hand Neighbour, with his right Hand charg'd with a brimming Tankard, crying, *Most noble* Scipio, *the Love and Friendship of a Soldier to you. The Thanks of a Brother to my valiant Friend* Hannibal, *whom I cannot but value, though I had the Honour to conquer. Most victorious* Alexander, *my Service to you,* cries another; *thank you, my most generous Adversary,* Darius, *whom I love, tho' I have beaten,* replies the *Grecian* Heroe. *My Respects to you, brave* Cæsar, cries his *Roman* Opposite, *remembring the Battle of* Pharsalia. *Thank you, noble* Pompey, replies the proud Conqueror, *I think I gave you enough in Spite of all your Conduct.* Pyrrhus, *here's to you,* cries his *Roman* Adversary, *remembring the Cabbage I was cooking in my Tent, when you sent an Ass laden with Gold to tempt me to betray my Army; and afterwards, like a poor-spirited Prince, sent your Physician to poison me; but I was too cunning to be catch'd, in Spite of all your Stratagems. Thank you, kenoff* Fabricius, replies the *Grecian* General, *I confess you did maul me that Bout; but I think you was never the richer for refusing your Share of the Spoils, when your Family was so Needy, that your Daughters Portions were forc'd to be paid out of the publick Treasure. No Matter for that,* cries the crusty Heroe, *I had more Honour by that Action than ever was won at* Blenheim. Thus they us'd to salute each other, and conversabulate as formerly; as if they had been so many buskin'd Heroes belonging to the Play-house, met together, over their Ale, to rehearse a Tragedy, in order to be perfect against the succeeding Night, whilst the Sitters-by, between their Blushes and their Laughter, were ready to let fly their Invasive Ale at the lower End, to hear the Folly and Vanity of the proud affected Worthies, whose unfledg'd Countenances made 'em more fit for the School-Boy Exercises of Trap-Ball and Prison-Base, than to form a Society, especially of Heroes, in a publick *Derby* Ale-house, where a Parcel of grave old Sots meet to tell old Stories, and young ones come to hear them.

Should

Should the dead Worthies from the Grave arise,
Shake off their Rust, and ope their drowsy Eyes,
And find their Glories, by the Sword obtain'd,
Sully'd by Blockheads, and by Boys profan'd,
They'd rend their Buskins, and their Helmets tare,
Renounce their Shields, and curse their Tools of War.

No more with Blood manure the dusty Plain,
But gaze upon their Laurels with Disdain,
To see those valliant Actions they have done.
The Kingdoms they've subdu'd, the Battles won,
The beauteous Captives, and the wealthy Spoils,
They've brought from foreign Courts, and distant Isles.

Now ridicul'd by those, whose callow Years
Have ne'er been dispossest of boyish Fears,
But want e'en Courage to attack Love's Fort,
Which when 'tis taken, yields such pleasing Sport;
Tho' only Linnen-Walls the Place secure,
And feeble Woman guards the joyful Door,
Unable both to stand against a Storm,
Made by a gen'rous Foe, that's bold and warm.

Therefore how wild and silly must it prove,
In those who're Cowards in Attacks of Love,
And when, perhaps, invited, fear to draw
God Cupid's Sword, tho' bar'd by Nature's Law,
To thus expose the Characters and Names,
Sully the Laurels, and eclipse the Fames
Of Worthies dead, whose Actions ought to be
The brave Examples of Posterity.
But 'tis, alas, Youth's Vanity to think
Themselves undaunted Heroes o'er their Drink,
And to conceit that they're as wise and brave
As those whose Laurels blossom in the Grave;
Tho' should they once the dusty Plains behold,
Where Lives for little Pay are bought and sold,

And where swift leaden Messengers of Fate
Make no Distinction 'twixt the Poor and Great,
They'd fly the Danger, stand a Distance off,
And reverence that Valour now they scoff;
Tremble to see the Brave their Ground maintain,
And honour those whose Names they now prophane.

So have I heard rash Coxcombs ridicule
This *Gen'ral for a Coward,* that a *Fool;*
And o'er their Nimy-Brath pretend to shew
How eas'ly Sweden *may the* Czar *subdue:*
But would these Heroes serve but one Campaign,
Beneath those Gen'rals they so much condemn,
View their Fatigues and Conduct, they'd adore
Those valiant Leaders they reproach'd before.

No sooner had our buffoonry Heroes done pleasing one another with their Battles of *Canada* and *Pharsalia*, their Sieges of *Troy*, *Babylon*, and *Jerusalem*, with as much Arrogance, as if they had been the very defunct Worthies risen from their Graves, who had been real Commanders in the former Expeditions, and that they had made an Elopement from their subterranean Grotto's, to remind the World of all their past Adventures; but our *Grecian* and *Roman* Representatives would be apt to forget themselves over their stupifying Wort, and revolt from their princely Characters after so comical a Manner, that the mechanick Dolthead, and the *Scribere cum Dasho*, would shew themselves in Spite of all their fantastical Bravery, and thundering counterfeit Distinctions: So that the noble *Julius Cæsar*, when grown almost boozy with a Repetition of his Nipperkin, would lay aside his Battles, and drop into a notable Story of robbing his Grandmother's Orchard, and what a deviliſh Fall he had, Head and Shoulders to the Ground, off the *Bergamy* Pear-tree, and how sadly he was whipp'd at School for hazarding his Neck so foolishly. The great *Hannibal*, to shew himself conformable, would betray his Courage at once, by declaring

to the Company how sadly he was beaten, when a great Boy, by an angry Turky-Cock. The famous *Roman Scipio*, forgetful of his Fortitude, would up with a lamentable Tale how terribly he was frighted by the Parsons pyd Bull, in crossing the Church yard to fetch his Mother a Pennyworth of Doctor *Dumbleton's Aquæ Vitæ*. The unfortunate *Pyrrhus*, quite thoughtless of the Pantile that crack'd his Crown at *Argos*, would be shewing his Conduct in robbing Hen-Roosts, and how he us'd to cheat the Weazel by sucking the Eggs. And honest *Fabricius*, having digested his Cabbages, would dwindle from his Integrity, and divert his Brother Heroes with a tedious Story of his catching Ducks with long Lines and Fish-hooks, baited with young Frogs, or Bits of *Hackney* Turnips. Thus one Half-hour they would be rating of their Battles, Stratagems and Sieges, like victorious Generals, and then ramble out of their heroick Rhapsodies into their School-boy Adventures, and the unlucky Transactions of their greener Years; and from thence into their Love Intrigues with their Mistresses Chamber-maids, when they were Clerks and Apprentices; that they were as good a Farce to the rest of the Customers, as ever was acted upon *Windmill-Hill* by Mrs. *Mimi's* sworn Comedians. And that the Reader may be diverted with a *Dramatis Personæ* of the Fools in the Play, for their better Information I have here inserted it.

Cæsar quod Damnum, a young Attorney.
Julius Fondlepunk, a Student at Law.
Antonius Coppywell, a Counsellor's Clerk.
Maximus Midnight, a young Curitor.
Hannibal Spattle, a pert Apothecary.
Fabricius Block, a Perriwig-maker.
Scipio Fippery, a Milliner.
Augustus Thimble, a Taylor.
Alexander Bounce, a Fencing-master.
Pompey Rhomboides, a young Mathematician.
Darius Scribble-Text, a writing Stationer.

Calligula Chantwell, a Singing Spunger.
Nimus Lackwit, a young extravagant Heir.
Valerius Drinkwater, a Hackney-writer.
Crook'd-back Richard, a deform'd Beau.
Clarentius Blazon, a young Herald.

The first Part of their Names were most honourably confer'd upon themselves by the whimsical Majority of their heroick Assembly; but the other additional Distinctions were adapted by a Gentleman who frequented the House, in order to make their fantastical Society the more ridiculous: For they were not only so vain and foolish to Nick-name one another, during the Time of their Club, but whenever they met, would salute each other, in all Companies, by their heroick Titles; or if they came into the House at any other Time, one would be asking at the Bar, whether *Julius Cæsar* had been there to Day; another, for *Hannibal*, or *Scipio*; so that in a few Months their Lordships, Excellencies, and Majesties, became such publick Laughing-stocks to all the other Gentlemen who were accustom'd to the House, that they were made the common Banter of every jocular Fuddle-cap, who had a Mind to make himself merry over his Nipperkins of Ale: So that some of the leading Generals of the martial Community, taking it in great Dudgeon, that their magnanimous High and Mightinesses should be made the Scoff of every boozy Jack-a-dandy, withdrew themselves not only from the rest of their Brother Heroes, but forsook the Place of their Rendezvous, to betake themselves to a House where the Company that us'd it should know better than to make a Mock of Merit, or to disturb the Peace and Serenity of such an august Assembly: So that when the greatest *Cæsars* had once made their Retreat, the lesser Bravadoes thought it no Dishonour to their unspotted Valour, to follow the wise Example of their disgruntled Leaders, but turn'd their Arses, in Contempt, upon their unmannerly Opposers, and bolted after one another, like a Flock of Sheep through a Hedge

Hedge-gap after their daring Ram into better Pasture; upon which a pleasant Gentleman who had frequented the House, and observ'd their Motions, thought fit to honour the offended Worthies with the following Farewel.

*And have th*e Heroes *in disgust turn'd Tail*
*Upon such gen'rous Bel*h, *such noble Ale,*
That thus inspir'd them in Concert to be
Soldiers *and* Worthies *of the first Degree?*
Since in such Dudgeon, they are thus remov'd
From powerful Ale, which they so dearly lov'd,
And think it a Dishonour here to quaff,
Because the Warriors *see us* Cowards *laugh:*
E'en let the Heroes *to their Homes retreat,*
For Fools will sneer, when such a Congress meet.
Mosco's Great Czar, *who visited our Isles,*
Altho' in Cog could not escape our Smiles,
But was the common Jest of all the Town,
Who laugh'd the more to see the Tyrant *frown;*
Became the Scoff of e'ery Lady bright,
Down to the Punk *he kiss'd so oft one Night;*
Nor cou'd the fam'd Ben-Hamet's *Phiz escape*
The grinning Manners of our English *Frape:*
Or the black Bantom *shew his frightful Face*
In London *Streets, or any publick Place,*
But he was scoff'd and flouted by a Herd
Of Vulcan's Sons with Crock and Colly smear'd.

Why, then, should our Heroic Worthies *shew*
Their Anger at our Smiles; but since they do,

Let brave Quod Damnum *to the Desk retire,*
There write i'th' Cold six Hours, without a Fire,
Till his dock'd Pen from his numb'd Fingers falls,
And his warm Breath supplies the Want of Coals.

Let the fam'd Julius Fondlepunk *decline*
His Studies, for his Fencers, Whores, and Wine,

Get

Get drunk o'er Night among a Rakish Crew,
That little have to say, and less to do;
Then doze next Morning, till some lustful Dame
Pats with her Fan, to cool his am'rous Flame.

Let great Antonius Copywell *be tir'd*
To ingross Jointures for each neighb'ring Bride;
And on the lustful Tails of wanton Jades,
Tag Settlements before their Beauty fades:
And lest the Keeping-Cully's Mind should change,
Or some new Face incline the Fool to range,
Nod o'er his Parchment-skins from Noon to Noon,
To scrape for Expedition when he's done.

Let Maximinus Midnight *mind his Scrawls,*
And loosely scribble quaint Originals,
Cover his Desk with Swarms of useless Writs,
Get drunk by Starts, and Bus'ness mind by Fits;
From Dice to Whoring, thence to Wine sojourn,
And thus pursue each modish Vice in Turn,
That the Rakes Office *may secure its Fame,*
And to the last support its ancient Name.

Let Hannibal *his Spattle nimbly use,*
And Plaisters spread for crippl'd Whores in Stews;
Mix nauseous Vomits, gilded Pills prepare,
To purge both Ends of the distemper'd Fair,
And to extinguish these Venereal Flames,
Kindl'd in Rakes by over-heated Dames,
That his long Bills more than the Pox may fright
His Patients from repeating Love's Delight.

Let Scipio Fippery, *mew'd up behind*
His shining Compter, be each Day confin'd
To draw on Gloves, to hide the Bacon Skins
Of Whores, that ply among the neighb'ring Inns;
Who with hard Shillings, meanly earn'd, supply
Themselves with Nicknacks to invite the Eye,

And

And for small Pay their racking Carms expand,
That Scipio *may be clapp'd at second Hand.*

Let bold Fabricius Block *court Servant-Maids,*
And sooth them till he mows their sweaty Heads;
Then slight the bald Pates, put 'em past all Hopes,
And woo fresh Lasses that abound with Crops;
Mix with his Whores Hair, Horse Manes and Tails,
With Beards of Goats in Sachels brought from Wales,
That Carrot Pates in borrow'd Locks may shine,
And Beaus by Beasts be made profusely fine.

Let prim Augustus Thimble *dress and strut,*
That his own Clothes may shew his Campaign Cut;
Frequent old Grays-Inn-Walks, *that Beaus and Wits*
May see how well his modish Garment sits;
Draw in young Fools to give his Shears the Wegne,
Because they see himself so trim and snug;
That when he nicely fits an am'rous Rake,
Or hides with Pads and Wads a Saddle Back;
The cully'd Spendthrifts may, without Dispute,
Pay double Bills for each commodious Sute,
And in a little Time their Pockets drain,
To make their Taylor much the better Man.

Let Alexander Bounce, *with blunted File,*
Teach Cowards to defend, and how to kill,
And make his Pupils think they're brave at Heart,
Because they push so well in Terce *and* Cart;
Till by affronting those they can't withstand,
They fall at last by some more fatal Hand;
Or leave St. Giles's *Church upon the Right,*
For pinking some poor Watchman in the Night.

Pompey Rhomboides, *let the Rattle chalk*
His Figures down, and o'er his Angles talk;
On Ale-house Tables shew the nearest Way,
From the North-Foreland *into* Hudson's Bay;

Compute

Compute the Leagues betwixt the distant Poles,
And fancy all that contradict him Fools;
Measure, with ease, the Circle of the Sun,
And tell you, to an Inch, what Miles he has run:
But never let him more perplex his Brains,
With the sharp Battle on Pharsalia's Plains.

Let dull Darius Scribbletony *write*
For Men of Law, to be a Beggar by't,
Whilst sharp Attorneys swallow all the Gains,
And scarce will pay him for his Skins and Pens;
But at low Wages keep him still a Slave,
To this dull Sot, and t'other crafty Knave.

Let poor Caligula Chantwell *repair*
To Windmill-Hill, *or to some Country Fair,*
There, among strolling Players stretch his Throat,
In an edg'd Hat, fine Sword, but Thread bare Coat;
For 'tis by far more Honour to commence
Stage Songster, than to spunge for Want of Pence.

Let Ninus Lackwit *wed a homely Bride,*
Fit for no Mortal but himself to ride;
But let it be alone his Care to chuse
One that's as sparing as herself profuse,
Who with their crabbed Looks and noisy Tongue,
May fright his Whores, and scare his Hangers on:
Then, thro' her Conduct, he may chance to save
Enough to bear his Charges to the Grave:
But if he single loves, and still should run
The Course he steers, he must be soon undone:
Or if he weds a Damsel that is fair,
His Follies will instruct her how to err,
Teach her all Humours, and provoke the Sly'ry
To make him both a Buck and Beggar too.

Let starv'd Valerius Aquapote *take care*
To dredge in Terms, and strolling Punks forbear;

Work

Work late, riſe early, ſcribble on like mad,
And looſe no Time whilſt Buſineſs may be bad;
Learn to be ſaving of his ſcanty Coin,
And mount his Cock Loft ev'ry Night by Nine;
Then in a long Vacation he may be
Exempt from Duns, and from his Hardſhips free,
And oft'ner change the Pump within the Rail
In Chanc'ry-Lane *for* Fullwood's *fatt'ning Ale.*

Let Crook-back'd Richard, *in a faithful Glaſs,*
Behold his homely Shapes and Monkey Face,
Strip off the Taylor's prodigal Diſguiſe,
And view his Perſon with impartial Eyes;
Then would the crooked Pigmy boaſt no more
Of this fine Lady, t'other charming Whore;
Or tell, where e'er he comes, how much the Fair
Admire his Wit, his Humour, and his Air,
But rather, when a beauteous Face he ſees,
Bluſh at his own uncouth Deformities,
And prize the gen'rous Lady of the Town,
That will comply to lay her Honour down,
To ſuch a quaint Baboon for half a Crown.

Let pert Clarentius Blazon *ſtudy hard,*
To tell us why ſuch Arms were firſt conferr'd,
And ſtrive to prove it worth a wiſe Man's while
To know what Bars and [illegible] *have grac'd* [illegible]*,*
If not Nobles have been [illegible] *their* [illegible]*,*
[illegible]*;*
If not [illegible] *Heroes, and* [illegible] *Crown,*
Have been [illegible]*;*
That [illegible] *in ſuch old* [illegible]*,*
And ſtuff'd in Guillim's *Curioſities,*
Then to [illegible] *Knowledge of his Brain,*
[illegible] Little Charter Lane

The

The BEAUS *Club.*

THIS ſinking Society, or Lady's Lap-dog Club, is now kept at a certain Tavern, near *Covent-Garden*, where every Afternoon the fantaſtical Idols, ſo much worſhipp'd and admir'd by our female Beauties, aſſemble themſelves in a Body, to compare Dreſſes, invent new Faſhions, talk luſcious Bawdy, and drink Healths to their Miſtreſſes. At the upper End of their Club-Room, which is always kept as clean as a young Counteſs's Bed-chamber, there ſtands a Side-Table, which is conſtantly furniſh'd with a Dozen of Flannel Muckenders, decently folded up for rubbing the Duſt off their upper Leathers, or an unfortunate Speck off the Scabbards of their Swords, that their *Spaniſh* Pumps, and their Hogs-ſkin Sheaths, may be kept as Spot-free as a *Dutch* Huſſif does the Outſide of her Kettle. Upon the ſame Table, which is every Day cover'd with a freſh Damaſk Cloth, there lies two or three Dozen of *Seville* Oranges and Lemons; and by the Side of the Table, under a bright Pewter Ciſtern, a white glaz'd Baſon, that if any ſpindle-ſhank'd *Narciſſus* has been contaminating his Fingers by any digitizing Exerciſe, he may rinſe off the ſavory Remains with the acid Juice of the Fruit, and mundify the defil'd Member, that has been tickling the Honour of ſome over-frigid Lady into an amorous Uproar. Next to theſe cleanly Neceſſaries ſtands an Olive-box full of the beſt perfum'd Powder, crown'd with three or four mighty Combs, that their Criſpicapillary Wigs may be new ſcented, and every ſtraggling Hair that has been ruffled by a Storm of their Miſtreſſes Breath, or any windy Accident, be timely reduc'd to Obedience, and carefully reſtor'd to its primitive Station. Round the Edges of the Table he ſtrew'd, by way of Garniſh, Sciſſars,

Scissars, Tooth-pickers and Tweezers, Patches, Essences and Pomatums, Points, Pastes and Washes, and all the useful Implements that Pride and Folly can invent to turn Men into Monkeys, or to change the Features and Complexions that God hath given them, into artful Countenances: So that the Sir *Fopling Flutters* and Sir *Courtly Nices* are no sooner met, but there is such tiffing of Wigs, wiping of Shoes, brushing of Stockings, and managing of Faces, as if they were so many Stage-players patching up stern Looks and heroic Phizzes, for Plumes, Buskins, and *Roman* Mantles, that they might rant and strut till they were soundly clapp'd by some of the Box Ladies, to reward their sham Fights and blustering Rodomantades. When every one has thus imbellish'd his effeminate Market-place, and adorn'd his Body to the best Advantage, then down they sit to their Champaigne, Burgundy and Hermitage, pull out their gilt Snuff-boxes of Orangeres and Brazil, that each may feed his Elephant's Trunk with odoriferous Dust, and make his Breath as fragrant as an *Arabian* Breeze to the Nostrils of a Seaman; and when they are thus made as sweet as so many Clove-july-flowers, then a delicious Health to some celebrated Play-house Wanton, *Hay-Market* Punk, or Court Courtezan, is, with abundance of eager Shews of his passionate Lust and Affection, began with great Ceremony by the Cock of the Company, which is no sooner drank, but succeeded with a long Lecture on her heaving Dumplins, her luscious juicy Lips, and drowsy leacherous Pignies, with all the outward Signs that her charming Ladyship imparts, to signify to the World, that she's an indefatigable Bedfellow; tho' perhaps Any-body, for Half-a-Crown, may command the Ultimate of her Favours. Then a Second gives his Toast to some cherubimical Lady, whose Name is purposely introduc'd, that she may vie Beauty with the former; her Virtues, as well as Charms, being so amorously exemplified, as if the Mention of her Graces gave him a counterfeit Enjoyment. Then a Third, to shew his Brother Coxcombs, that he is not

so

so much a Self-Admirer, but that he has some juvenile Sparks of Honour for the Charms of female Beauty, administers his Toast to the Company by a sham Denomination, because the Object of his Lust is a Man of Quality's Lady, and therefore her Name is to be kept sacred. Thus every one, in his Turn, shews his affectionate Devotion to some cherubimical Fornicatrix or other, that he has selected from the rest of the tickle Fool Gender, to idolize as his Goddess, for Fear he should be thought, by his Companions, so unfashionable a Coxcomb as to want a female Conveniency. When they have pretty well tir'd each other's Ears with their Encomiums on the Charms, Virtues and good Humours of their several Punks and Paramours, then the Scene changes, and another Act of the Fools Comedy succeeds their former Vanity, wherein the admirable Cuts of their *French* Taylors, the airy Contrivance of their skilful Perriwig-Makers; the Courage of their Fencing-Masters, and the Wit and Learning of our modern Poets are raked up in Competition, that themselves may shew and magnify their own Judgments, in finding out and exposing the little Faults and Blunders of every gingling Versifyer; of which notable Discoveries they are as critically proud, as if the Follies of an Author were the only Beauties of a Book, that afforded Pleasure to the Reader. Then a new Sessions of Poets are most judiciously form'd by these fantastical Criticks, where every poor Culprit of the Rhiming Fraternity is sure to be condemn'd for some Fault or other, tho' it be but for transgressing *D*———*s*'s new Mode of Spelling, or making an unfortunate Line half a Foot too long, thro' the Neglect of an *Apostrophe*. Thus they exercise their own Folly, by raking into the Rubbish of other Men's Wit; and only examine Books, as Hogs do Dunghill, when they rout for a Surreverence, to gratify their Curiosity; nor is the Play, or Poem damn'd alone for the Errors that they find in the Performance, but as often for the Faults that they find

find in the Performer: For one Author shall offend them for being such a filthy Sloven, that he goes open breasted with a dirty Shirt, as if he was the reverse of all beaush Nicety, and delighted to carry in his own Bosom a Linnen Satyr against Cleanliness. A second, perhaps, deserv'd for such a confounded Sot, that his very Writings stink as strong of *Derby-Ale*, as if his only *Parnassus* was in *Fullwood's-Rents*; and that he never was inspir'd by any other Muse than his swanking Landlady. A third, despised for having so dull a Fancy in his bibidinous Amours, that though he never thought any Thing worth praising, beneath a Dutchess, or a Countess, yet he never thought any Woman worth kissing above a Cookmaid, or an Oyster Wench. A fourth condemn'd for such a clownish Blockhead, that rather than shew his poetical Obedience, in waiting four Hours every Morning, for a Week or a Fortnight in my Lord *Fondlewet's* Battery, would choose to expose his Works naked, without the Armour of a Dedication, as if he was too proud to scrape away the Soles of his best Shoes, and to lose ten Guineas worth of Time, to get half the Value of some generous Mecænas. A fifth, reproachfully censur'd for being such a damn'd Jacobite, that he was not fit, in these pious Times, to write a Protestant Play for such a Sanctify'd Stage, whose verdert Carpet has scarce been defiled with the Foot of a Strumpet, since their last Reformation. Thus the Faults of the Author are made Errors in their Works; and as Trials are often canvassed by partial Judges, the Cause is made bad, because the Client is obnoxious; but at last the Bays are given to some Poetizing Fop, for hammering out the inimitable Song of *O happy Groves*, or some such fashionable Piece of *Lyrick* Poetry, that shews his modish Writings as fantastically Prim, as his nice effeminate Air, and his quaint beaush Habiliments.

When

When foppish Apes presume to judge of Wit,
Merit should fly the Stage, and fence the Pit;
For partial Fools against the Wise prevail,
And by the Dint of Number turn the Scale:
Where Beaus unite, a rhiming Fop is safe,
His friendly Swarms without a Jest can laugh;
Commend a wretched Play without a Plot,
And clap the loudest when he's most in Fault.
So when some Brewer for the Senate stands,
Whole Crouds of swanking Vict'lers he commands;
And the worse Man, the more the drunken Rout
Cry up his Virtues, and in Triumph shout,
Whilst honest Merit oft gives up the Day,
For some Sir Hops, *and* Grains *to come in play.*

When the modish Amorettoes have drank enough of Sham Wine, instead of Champaigne at Seven and Six-pence a Flask, to elevate their Spirits, sublime their Wits, and put their Tongues in Tune, that they may be every way qualified to attack the mask'd Ladies, who hang about the Theatre in their Second-hand Furbiloes, to open the Wicket of Love's Bear-Garden, to any bold Sportsman who has a venturesome Mind to give a Run to his Puppy; then they pay their Reckoning, tiffle up the Fore-tops of their Wigs with their Alabaster Finger, and walk Bare-headed to the Play-house, where they commonly arrive about the third Act, by which Time the Ladies, who care not much to appear by Day-light, are bolted from their Stews and *Drury-Lane* Allies, to sneak into the Pit and Eighteen-penny Gallery, without Tickets, at the Courtesy of the Door-Keepers. When the cringing Peacocks are thus met with their Match, they tattle away the Play-Time among their Half-Crown Punks, and intriguing Dulcibella's, till one of the Fraternity of sham Heroes makes an humble Bow to the Box Ladies, and declares to the whole Audience the Title of the Fooleries they intend to present them with To-morrow; and then the

Beau-ish

Beauish Shallow-Wits, according to Cuſtom, divide themſelves between Drinking, Whoring, and Gaming, till the next Morning.

To be a modiſh Fop, a Beau compleat,
Is to pretend to, but be void of Wit.
'Tis to be ſqueamiſh, critical, and nice
In all Things, and fantaſtick to a Vice;
'Tis to ſeem Knowing, tho' be nothing knows,
And vainly loud, to pleaſe his Brother Beaus;
'Tis in his Dreſs to be profuſely Gay,
And to affect, Whore-like, a wanton Way;
'Tis to be charm'd with each new-faſhion'd Whim,
And to be Modiſh to a vain Extream,
That each gay Punk a luſtful Eye may roul,
And for his Shapes admire the pretty Fool;
'Tis to attack the Ladies with a Grace,
And ſtill transfer his Love to each new Face,
Flutter about her Charms, till, like a Fly,
Burnt by the Flame, he's ſcorch'd amidſt his Joy;
Then curſing of the B—ch, is forc'd to cool
The pocky Heat, by running oft to ſtool;
Till with repeated Purges, by Degrees
The pricking Pains and Inflammations ceaſe.

Then pleas'd to find that he ſo Sound is made,
Reſolves, in vain, to grow a cautious Blade:
So Wives in Travail vow to bleſs no more,
But ſoon forget the Torment when 'tis o'er.

Thus eas'd by Powders, Bolus, and by Pill,
He damns the Whore, and pays the Surgeon's Bill,
But ſoon forgetting the Venereal Smart
That teaz'd and bridl'd the unruly Part,
Renews his Courage, ſtill purſues the Game,
Makes Luſt his Leader, Maidenheads his Aim,
Till caught a ſecond Time by ſome laſcivious Dame.

The

The Wrangling or Hussel-Farthing *Club.*

THIS promiscuous Society of contentious Mortals, meet every Night at the two bowing Blockheads in *Shovel-Money-Street*, where they wrangle over their Claret all out the Grand Preliminaries, and so earnestly dispute the new Articles of Peace, till, like Whores about their Vertue, they are ready to fall together by the Ears about their several Politicks; and the Variety of Schemes they have projected upon their Pillows, by the help of their Wives, to bring those important Affairs, under a present Negotiation, to a good and prosperous Issue. When they have thus for an Hour or two, made the *French* King as lousy as an *English* Mumper; shov'd the poor Pretender into the Arse of the Universe; jostl'd *Philip* out of *Spain*, and divided *Mexico* and *Peru* with such equitable Exactness, that we may have our Share; the Talk of the *Indies*, and the Riches thereof generally infects them with such an Itch of Coveteousness, that they can't forbear endeavouring to improve one another's Pocket-Money, by falling into the *Tower-Hill*, Sport of old primitive Hussel Farthing; that of a sudden, such warm Disputes arise about Cross and Pile, such a confounded Roaring, of Half-penny Betts, between those who are for Heads, and others who have chosen Tails, and those who, like Moderators, have taken a Chance between both, hoping to win all by crying *Halves*; that it is common for strange Customers, upon hearing the Noise, to enquire of the Drawer whether there is not a Cock-Pit kept above Stairs? And if the Cockers are not raving, and betting in the Height of their Sport: For when they are once begun, such a Confusion of Tongues fills the wrangling Company, as if

they

they were ambitious to make themselves as noted as either *Babel*, or the *Bear-Garden*. For nothing is heard among 'em, for two or three Hours together, *but, Hide Mr.* Common-Counselman; *toss up, Mr.* Alderman; *Cross for a Penny, Mr.* Churchwarden; *done with you Mr.* Constable; *you owe me Two-pence, Mr.* Deputy; *give me Change, Mr.* Foreman, *and there's Sixpence*; *Hide fair, Neighbour* Cloudy; *hold your Thumb out of the Hat*; *I scorn your Words*; *do you think, Mr.* Scrapeall, *you're at Play in* Morefields; *now up Tails all, for Cash is my Chance*; *the Devil take Fortune, all Pile by the Mast*; *if it be so, Brother* Burley, *then take off your Glass*. Thus they make a Rattling with their Tongues, like so many Red-Coats at a Whimsy Board, and such a Clattering with turning down their *Famulus Numerum*, that instead of grave Citizens, fit to attend a Lord-Mayor in their Livery-Robes, upon the Day of his Triumphs, they would be the better Companions for a Parcel of *Tower-Hill* Cripples, who are generally expert Gamesters at the same School-Boys Sport.

Thus some, who grow from Boys to Men,
Do into Children turn again,
And still delight to play the Fool,
As much as e'er they did at School.
Then, since they're Infants, tho' they've Wives,
And still affect such boyish Lives,
They ought to bear the Muses Flag,
When past the Jirk of Pedagogue:
For when they are so big and lusty,
So disobedient and so crusty,
That no stern Pedant durst to thrash 'em
It is the Poet's Right to lash 'em.

When the Lateness of the Night has put a Stop to their puerilous Pastime, and the Drawers old Hat without a Lining, is, by the grave Consent of the Majority of the Company, most thankfully return'd, with Two-pence for the Lent of it: Every one, by pulling

out his Pocket Furniture, begins to separate his Silver from his Farthings, that he may readily determine, with the greater Certainty, to what Purpose he has husled away his Time. One boasting of his Nine-penny Winnings; another fretting at his Five-penny Losings; a third, pleas'd that he has sav'd himself; a fourth, upon Thorns to be at Home with his Wife, for Fear he should not be early enough in his Bride's Arms, to avoid a Curtain-lecture; a fifth, ringing for the Reckoning in all Haste, that he may be in Bed time enough to rise the next Morning by Five o'Clock, to run with his Angle to *Hackney* River, that Mr. *Sly*, the Cuckold-maker, may be kindly invited to a Fish Supper; a sixth, wrangling for t'other Quart, contending for the Reasonableness of one half hour between that and Bed-time. Thus, when they have done husling, they fall to bustling, that they are as bad a Plague to the Bar and the Drawers, by their ringing and ratling, as so many *Northern* Attorneys, got half drunk, are to a *Yorkshire* Inn-keeper; some stealing down Stairs, having drop'd Eight-pence instead of Nine-pence; others calling loudly after them at the Stair-head, to return up again, and pay t'other Penny; some filling their Pipes with a Resolution to tarry one Pin-basket Pint, and peremptory Whiff, in Spite of all the whispering Summons they should receive from their Wives, by the Mouths of their Apprentices. Thus some fly the Pit, in seasonable Time, to avoid nuptial Contention; and others, inspir'd with more Courage by the Wine, run the dangerous Risque of a Week's Clamour, for a little Midnight Enjoyment, which they are apt to continue till the Vintner puts an Embargo upon his Cellar-door; and then the sottish Remains of the wrangling Society reel mutering Home for want of t'other Quart; and instead of rewarding the diligent Attendance of the drowsy Drawer with a few transitory Half-pence, they give him an angry Mouthful of hard Words at parting, because he cannot furnish them with a further Supply, so adjourn from husling of stamp'd Copper to the

the Jostling of Female Cruppers, that the Exercise of the Tail may allay the Fury of the Tongue; and the Forwardness of their Love excuse the Lateness of the Hour, which would otherwise be unpardonable.

Ladies who love, as most good Women do,
Their Husbands should the nuptial Bonds renew,
Are always pert, and ready, if they've Sense,
To take Advantage of a Man's Offence,
Knowing kind Nature to oblige the Fair,
Allows but one soft Way when Husbands err,
To sweetly reconcile the marry'd Pair.

Therefore, when Men the nuptial Laws transgress,
And angry Wives put on a moody Face,
Warmly attack the faulty Sprage's Ear,
And preach loud Lectures on the Wrongs they bear;
They sold not to employ the restless Sting,
But merely quarrel for the other Thing.

Why then should Man, whose Fortune 'tis to take
A Female Partner for Enjoyment's sake,
Fear Woman's teazing Tongue when he offends,
Since ev'ry Fool knows how to make amends,
And with an angry Wife may be so eas'ly Friends.

The Quacks *Club: Or, The* Physical Society.

THE Empyricks of the Town, *alias*, licens'd Physicians, as (to the Scandal of the College) they are pleas'd to call themselves, that they might be the better able to promote the Interest of Quackism, thought it absolutely necessary, some Years since, to hold a weekly Correspondence at a certain Tavern near the *Change*, that, by an amicable Club, they might not

only be able to be of mutual Service to each other, but to defend their Pretensions to Physick, Chymistry, and Pharmacy, against the Clamours and Insults of the regular Physicians, Chymists, and Apothecaries, who are the principal Enemies that cast their Dirt upon the pasted Bills, as well as the Reputations of the Mundungus Publishers of, not only ineffectual, but destructive Medicines. Upon their first meeting Dr. *Scaffold*'s Successor, because he had just, at that time, the Impudence to publish a *Latin* Book of Anatomy, in his own Name, in order to wipe off the true Aspersion of his not being able to read a Line of *English*, had the Honour to be chosen, by the Majority of *High-German* Coblers, *Dutch* Tumblers, and *English* Rope-Dancers, Prolocutor of the Society, and took his Place at the Board in an Elbow Chair accordingly, where he sat in as much State, as if he had been the learned President of Physicians College, or a fat phthisicky Alderman invited by Mr. *Foreman* to a Quest Treat: Every formal Student in the twin Sciences of Physick and Astrology, having so strict a Regard to the Gravity of their Profession, that they grac'd their solemn Juncto with their Ebony Canes and Bands, and all their Querpo Formalities, as if they were going to dine with my Lord, and to beg Leave of the City to pull down the Statue of King *Charles* the Second, and to erect a Mountebank's Stage in the Middle of the *Exchange*, that by selling Packets of a noble Cathartick, call'd *Pilula Horrida*, they might purge all manner of Knavery out of the canker'd Consciences of *Change* Brokers and Stock-jobbers. When Rhimatical Doctor *John* had thus assum'd the upper Seat at the Table, surrounded with such an Empirical Mixture of all Nations, that they were a perfect Resemblance of the Confusion of Tongues that happen'd once at *Babel*. The poetical Purger of Town Sinks and Stallions, would be loudly repeating some new Verses, hammer'd out of his dull Noddle for next Bumfodder Bill, that it might first make People laugh till they were ready to bedung themselves, and do them the Service of a Paper Muckender,

to

to mundify their Funs. Doctor *Sal Volatile Oleoſum* would be jabbering in broken *Engliſh*, such hyperbolical Encomiums on his chimical Infallibility, as if his all-curing Secret was the very Quinteſſence of the Philoſophers Stone, moſt wonderfully extracted by no other Heat, than that of the Dog-Star; and therefore good to be taken in the Dog-Days, when Lunaticks are moſt mad, and Women moſt wanton. Dr. *Aurum Potabile*, with the Grace of a Stage Orator, would be ſetting forth the Virtue of his golden Elixir, and would be ready to ſwear 'twas the ſame Cordial that *Venus* always adminiſter'd to *Mars*, to prepare his Appetite when the beautiful Goddeſs have kindly invited the ſtrong-back'd Heroes to an *Old Ling* Supper. Dr. *Pulvis B*[illegible] just come from ſimpling, out of *Hampſtead* Ditches [illegible] he had rowl'd about his Eyes like a wild Cat, would, with a Tongue as loud as a Kettle Drum, cry [illegible] *a bleſſed Powder to purge the Bug-Bears out of Children, it brought forth a Monſter, the other Day,* [illegible] *a Baſtard Girl, that had Horns like a Snail, a head like a Snake, and was as long in the Body as half a Pound of Pack-thread, and I have it now in my Study,* [illegible] *round upon a Sheet of blue Paper, that any Body may behold what wonderful Maggots often lurk in the* [illegible] *of young Wenches.* Doctor [illegible] [illegible], your old Friend and Phyſician, would alſo thunder out the Fame of his *Grecian* Water, and ſwear that it would conquer an inveterate Pox, in leſs Time, than a ſore-ey'd Punk could cure her Sight or cool her Lechery, at *Crowder's* Well, or *Lamb's* Conduit. Dr. [illegible], with a Voice as hoarſe as a double Curtil, as forward as the reſt to magnify his Skill, and extol his Medicines, to ſhew his Learning, would undertake to tell 'em, in falſe *Latin*, what a Number of *German* Princes he had flux'd for the *French* Scurvy; and how many foreign Queens he had infallibly cured of the King's Evil; and all by that admirable Hodge-Podge, his *Orvietanum*. Amongſt the reſt, that famous Phyſician, Doctor *Panacea*, whoſe generous Noſtrum cures every

Thing with as much Certainty as it does any Thing. He is an unintelligible Jargon, between *Dutch* and *English*, would be ſtuttering out the Infallibility and Univerſality of his wonderful *Catholicon*, and like a true Low-Country Proteſtant, aſcribe to his Pill what he had deny'd to the Pope. At the lower End of the Table, paying Difference to the reſt, ſat an humbler Claſs of quacking Operators, as Doctor *Couch-Eye*, Doctor *Dentidrawer*, Doctor *Cornicut*, &c. One pulling out a Handful of naſty rotten Stumps, moſt learnedly expatiating on the manifold Defects which ſo oft had been the Occaſion of the Patient's Miſery, and had coſt, among the Maids, more Sighs at Midnight than the Unkindneſs of their Sweet-hearts, or the Want of luſty Bedfellows, and made many a poor Bride, in a breeding Condition, curſe the unhappy Minute that ever ſhe follow'd the Steps of her Grandmother, ſince the amorous Pleaſures of the nuptial Bed, had ſo highly provok'd her Tongue to complain of her Teeth. Next him, a famous Corrector of *Ten-Almanacks*, would be pulling out a Handful of the horny Pearl he had dug out of the Pedeſtals of fine pinch-footed Ladies, and old crippled Aldermen; and would hold forth ſo judgmatically, upon the Extirpation of Corns, and the various Cauſes of theſe knotty Excreſcencies, that a Stander-by, from his quaint Terms, and unintelligible Speeches, might have thought there was as much Conjuration in the Art and Myſtery of Corn-cutting, as there is in the manual Operations of an expert Sow-gelder, or in the dark and intricate Mazes of that blind Science, call'd Judicial Altrology. Sir *William Coub*, among the reſt, would be brandiſhing his Needle, with his Heathen Black-amoor at his Elbow, and would exhibit to his Brethren, ſuch a Catalogue of Eye-ſores he had cur'd in his domeſtick Travels, that a Man might reaſonably have gueſs'd his Worſhip had gain'd his Knighthood by opening the Eyes of a blind People, who had not Senſe enough to diſcern the Difference between an illiterate Pretender and a learned Phyſician.

Thus

Thus the fam'd Quacks, who by their senseless Bills,
Proclaim the Virtues of their worthless Pills,
And knavishly amaze the foolish Town
With Miracles, even to themselves unknown:
Meet in a Body to contrive new Ways
To live and thrive by shortning others Days:
So Lawyers, skill'd in Quarrel and Debate,
From ruin'd Numbers draw their own Estate.

In this sharp Age it is a standing Rule,
For Knaves of every kind to bite the Fool.

When the medicinal Coxcombs had amplify'd, at large, the infallible Virtues of their popular Pills, universal Powders, and sundry Sorts of Panaceas, Nostrums, Hodge-podges, and Catholicons, then the wonderful Skill and Cures of our defunct Mountebanks, such as the fam'd *Pontæus Salvator Winter*, *Prideaux*, and all those eminent Worthies, who had, long since, advanc'd the noble Art of Quackery, were made the pleasing Subjects of their physical Discourse, and were also quoted, upon all Occasions, with as much Reverence as a young Divine does St. *Gregory* and St. *Austin*; or a learned Physician, *Galen* and *Hippocrates*. For as the High-Church are beholden to their Primitive Saints and Fathers, and the Low Church are justify'd by the Reverend Authorities of their *Presbyters* and their *Pastors*, so our modern Empyricks have their travelling Antients, such as aforemention'd, to countenance their Practice; foreign Interlopers, who, with their Pills, Dentrifices, Worm-Powders, and Eye Waters, perform'd, when they were living, such inimitable Miracles upon Country Chubs, old Nurses, sick Chamber-maids, and lame Mumpers, that are never to be forgotten, whilst we have a worshipful Sir *William* in his Coach and Six; or a famous Doctor *Gatch*, with his numerous Retinue of Vaulters, Tumblers, and Rope-Dancers, to support the Memories of their empyrical Predecessors. For when

when our modern Operators mount the County Scaffolds, with their Train of *Partholomew* Fools, and *Parret-prating* Orators, surrounded with a gaping Crowd of Dairy-drudging Jugs, and rural Cuckolds; then, that their Pacquet Speeches may be lined with something that may seem learned, *Cessante Tumore, Cessat Affectus*, says the Plush-jacket Doctor, *was the great and good Maxim of that famous Physician, Doctor Carletus, who, for his Country's Good, travell'd publickly, as I do*; *which is as much as to say, If you take my Physick you are sure of a Cure.* Thus they back their own Impudence with the scandalous Authority of other ignorant Pretenders, to whose Memory they ascribe abundance of Honour, that the People may learn from thence how to reverence the Dunce who is gulling them, at present, after the same Manner. Among the rest of the Services that they did each other, when they were met o'er the Bottle, if any of the Fraternity, through their long Study, and Experience in Physick and Astrology, had happily discover'd a new Plaister for the Corns; a precious Ointment for the Itch, or any other infallible Medicine, much better than the best; then the Assistance of the Society was most humbly entreated, to adapt some whimsical Name to the most admirable Secret, and to compose a Compendium of its singular Virtues, that the infallible *Aliquid* might be usher'd into the World for the Benefit of the Doctor, much rather than the Publick. For the sake of these, and such-like Advantages, they continu'd their weekly Meeting during one whole Winter; but the Summer coming on, the greater Part drawing off to go their several Country Circuits, to distribute their Pacquets among the foolish Multitude, and the rest, in their Cups, contending about their Skill, and the Excellency and Efficacy of their never-failing Remedies, fell together by the Ears on the First of *April*; and so, with black Eyes and broken Heads, contentiously divided, and put a Period to their Meeting, verifying the old Proverb, That *two of a Trade can seldom agree.* Thus they met like Friends,

convers'd

convers'd like Brothers; till, at length, they fell to Fiſty-cuffs like Enemies; fought like Drunkards; maul'd one another like Butchers; parted full of Knocks and Bruiſes, like wrangling Clowns from a Cudgel-Playing, and then return'd like Fools as they were, to their dark Allies about *Moorfields*; where their Habitations are as well known to their Cuſtomers, by their orbicular Signs, as themſelves are to the World for their Ignorance and Impudence.

Of all the Plagues with which our Land is curs'd,
The Frauds of Phyſick ſeem to be the worſt:
For tho' the Law, 'tis true, abounds with Wiles,
And [illegible] Rules too oft [illegible],
Yet thoſe keen Foxes of ſuch knaviſh Sort,
Who hang in Taverns about her awful Court,
By their male Practice and ſpecious Debates,
Can only hurt our Fortunes and Eſtates.
But careful Quacks, in Phyſick's Art unread,
To Weaving, Cutting, or to Tinkling bred;
Or elſe poor Minſtrels, who for Scraps and Thanks,
Set up Stages for their Maſter Mountebanks;
These to the World [illegible] Skill commend,
And to their precious Cheats to Life extend;
By vain Pretences pick the Patient's Purſe,
And with ſham Med'cines make 'em ten times worſe.
So the Quack Preacher, who pretends to heal
The wounded Conſcience, ſeiz'd with too much Zeal,
For Want of judging rightly of the Cauſe,
Ill-timing Corroſives, from Scripture draws,
Which, wrong apply'd, for Want of Skill and Care,
Fill the ſick Mind with Horror and Deſpair.

The Weekly DANCING *Club: or* BUTTOCK-BALL *in St.* Giles's.

THIS capering Society consisting chiefly of Bullies, Libertines, and Strumpets; also Quality's Footmen, who shifted off their Masters Liveries to appear Gentlemen, and Chamber-Maids, who had stolen on their Ladies Cloaths, to set up for Gentlewomen. Though I call it a Club, because every Body paid alike to the Master of the Revels, for his Trouble, Candles, Dancing-Room, and Musick, yet there was no select Company, or was there any Limitation as to Number or Quality; but any Person was free to shake their Rumps, and exercise their Members to some Tune, and from the Gentleman Rake to the *Water-Lane* Pick-Pocket; and from the Lady's Confident, called her Woman, to Oyster *Moll*, whose crinigerous Clift was ready to run the Gantlope thro' a Regiment of Foot-Guards; so that all that would come were welcome, in Masquerade, or otherwise, if they were but able to cross the Door-Keeper's Hand with Six-pence for their Admittance, which was all their Expence, tho' the Men danc'd till they were as bad tir'd as *John* the Coachman with his Lady's Chamber Favours; and Women as much weary'd with their swimming Activity, as a fresh Whore, in a noted Bawdy-House, with a whole Day's Exercise. The Variety of Figures that were to be seen, every *Thursday* Evening, were so well worthy of any Man's Observation, that, like a publick meeting at *Port-Royal* in *Jamaica*, most of them look'd like the Purgings of our Goals, and the Spewings of our Bawdy-Houses. In would step a brawny Bully, equip'd, at second Hand, in *Monmouth-street*, or *Long-Lane*, with his twisted flaxen Wig, just comb'd and powder'd, sold,

sold, perhaps, by the Hang-man into *Middle-Row*, and from thence bought by some of his Whores Pence, to adorn the Hector's Blockhead, with a lac'd Hat, Beaux like, under his left Arm, and in his right Hand a *Gray's-Inn* Semptress tuft'd up with taudry Laces, old Ribbonds, and black Bugles, as if she was dress'd to act a flatterns Part in some old slovenly Comedy. By and by, in would bolt my Lord *Scatterwit*'s Butler, in a Cast off Wig, and *Spanish* Shoes, given him by my Lord's Valet for making his Friends Welcome in my Lord's Wine Cellar, handing, in great State, my Lady *Firkinton*'s waiting Woman, most richly adorn'd in some of her Lady's best Rigging, which she hopes to dessle before she goes Home, if her Mate has but Time to give her a Tavern Treat, and wants not the Courage, when he has her upon a Chair, to attack her Watering Place, which she has not Sense or Modesty enough to value; tho' that, with a few old Cloaths, are the utmost of her Fortune. Amongst the rest, a Lawyer's Clerk, who had ventur'd to make a Loose from the Finger Drudgery of Pen Ink and Paper, would usher into the buxom Daughter of some *Chancery-Lane* Victualler, in hopes to be rewarded for his Trouble with a Taplash Maiden-Head, perhaps impair'd, long since at *Pancras*-Wells, or by her Father's own Tapster. Next these a Beau Apprentice in his *Sundays* Cloaths, new wash'd and powder'd, handing in his Mistress's young tallow faced Kinswoman, that the Fortuneless Maukin, as soon as her Gallant has bury'd his Indentures, may decoy the amorous Nisey into the matrimonial Shackles, and so prevent him setting up for himself to the Disinterest of his Master. Besides these, who were the Top of the Quality that ever frequented this revelling Academy, every now and then a fluttering Fool or two of both Sexes would bolt in, masqueraded in strange antick Dresses, borrow'd, for the Night, out of some *Moorfields* Musick-House, by such who were asham'd to appear in their own tatter'd Garments, or to shew their scandalous Faces without a Mask; and to swell

the Number to a Spring-Tide of Confusion, such an Inundation of shabby Rakes, Town-Sharpers, Weather-Beaten Punks, and young Strumpets, were perpetually flowing in, that the sweating Dancers could scarce mind their Steps, for guarding of their Pockets; or a *Libertine* shake his Heels with his charming *Ebenezabella*, without treading upon the Corns of some other trading Harlot. When the promiscuous Variety were thus met together, especially on a Summer's Day, when the Heat of the Weather requir'd Air more than Exercise, such an unsavoury Mixture of contrary Scents arose from powder'd Locks, and plaister'd Ulcers; perfum'd Snushes, and stinking Breaths; sweaty Socks, and *Hungary*-Water Handkerchiefs; rotten *Old Ling*, and odoriferous *Pomatums*, Fidlers Farts, and Ladies sweet Bags; *Brandy* Belches, and Caraway-comfits; sublunary Fumes, and scented Gloves; stinking *Gonorheas*, and *Harts-Horn* Bottles; that the Nostrils of the Company were at once saluted with all the Essences of a Perfumer's Shop, and all the Stenches of an Hospital.

No sick Mar's Chamber, when a hard bound Stool
Has cas'd his Brain, and does his Body cool,
Whilst Nurse with flaming Rosem'ry *does disguise*
The nauseous Fumes that from the Pan arise.
Could the nice Nose with such a Mixture touch,
And with strange Whiffs confound the Sense so much:
Or could the fam'd Pandora's *pois'nous Box,*
That fill'd the World at first with Plague and Pox,
Tho' mix'd with sulph'rous Vapours that are just
From Ætna's Mountain to the Firmament,
Met by a sweet and salutory Breeze,
That from Arabian *Shores perfumes the Seas,*
With more Surprise upon our Senses fall,
Or yield a Nosegay like the Buttock-Ball,
For there each Whiff that to the Nostril comes,
From sweaty Toes, foul Breaths, and pocky Bums,

Engender

Engender with Perfumes, that dry Minx
Wears to correct kind Nature's flowing Sinks,
And to confound the Nose, beget a thousand Stinks.

So savage Indians *lustful Brutes embrace,*
And oft amuse us with a monstrous Race.

When a Set of Dancers were wantonly engaged in their Shake-Tail Exercise, it was well worth the while of a Sitter by to observe their several Motions. One ill-shap'd Clown, with Mill-Post Legs, much fitter to tread Mortar than to stump it about after the celebrated Tune of *Green Sleeves and Pudding Pies*, would be turning about his Fat Partner, dripping-hot, with wadling like a Cow, without Step or Figure. Another, with an affected Air, as stiff and as formal as a moving Wax-Work Figure, would be very busy in recovering his Mate, who, for Want of Skill made as many wry Steps in her Dancing, as she had done in her Modesty; and would give her such Tugs to him, and then such Cast-offs from him, as if, like a loving Husband, who has a handsome Wife that Cuckolds him, he was neither pleased with her, or without her. A Third, perhaps, would seem to be a finikin Drawer, turn'd out of Place for his over Gentility, who had got for his Partner a Tavern Cook-Wench, distinguishable so, by her swelling Dugs being burnt by the Fire to a copper Colour, and by the Lace of her Shoes being greasily tarnished with the Drippings of the basting Ladle. A Fourth, by being bred in a Gentleman's Family, would handle his Heels like an expert Performer, and slide about the Room with such an Air of Quality, which he had learn'd of his Master; that the flatternly Chambermaid he had chose for his Partner was as proud to think she was so nicely gallanted, as if she had the Vanity to fancy herself envy'd by all the Whores in the Company. A fifth, being a dapper Blade, would scorn to let his Heels have any Contact with the Floor, but cocking up his Chin would stretch his Body to its utmost Length, as

if

if he thought, by dancing upon his Tiptoes, to add a Cubit to his Heighth, and would so bristle up to his light Huswife of a Partner; as if he had made a Bargan before Hand to take a half Crown Rubbers as soon as dancing was over. A sixth would riggle about his Rump, as if a Gentleman's Companion had been preying about his Buttocks, whilst his Lady to humour him in his fantastical Gestures, would screw her Body into so many answerable Postures, as if a Colony of Crabs had unhappily taken Possession of her *Mons Veneris*; and that she shuffl'd about her Arse to extenuate her Uneasiness, for Want of an Opportunity to remove her Enemies by scratching. A seventh would tread as gingerly upon the Floor with his Feet, as if he was a *Roman Catholick*, enjoyn'd the Pennance, by his Priest, of wearing Pease in his Shoes; and that he had not been inspir'd with *Protestant* Wit enough to give them true Boiling, match'd, perhaps with a Partner of the same Religion, who was lew'd enough to commit the venial Sin of Fornication, and wise enough to conceal it from the Ears of her holy Father. An eighth, a merry *Libertine*, with a Heart as light as his Heels, and his Countenance as chearful as the Looks of a young Council that has gain'd a Cause for his Client united in Partnership with a high-Church Whore, that would rather chuse to be corrected with the Scourge of Reformation, than contaminate her Honour with old Justice *Sly-Boots*. A ninth, with the solemn Air and Gravity of a *Puritan*, with his Fingers extended to their utmost Length, and his *Arms* hanging down, like a dead Criminal's upon a Gibbet, would be stepping to the Musick, as if he was walking to the Meeting, most agreeably link'd to such a precise Counterpart, that the Demurity of her Dress, and the Sanctity of her Countenance made her look like the great Grand-Daughter of *John* of *Leyden*, or his contemporary *Knipperdoling*, as if they were only come to pry into the Vices of the wicked, on purpose to reform them. A tenth, with a loose Coat on, to shift off upon Occasion, with the out-side

of

of one Colour, and the Lining of another, dreſs'd up *Parte per pale*, like a Moderator's Conference, who ſhuffl'd backwards and forwards, and from one Side to the other, as if he had a Maggot in his Head, and a Worm in his Tail, and that he had a Mind to dance the amphibeous Part of an *Hermophrodite* between both Sexes; yet had choſen out a Partner ſo very like himſelf, that ſhe had a Gown on as white as a Surplice, and a Petticoat as black as the Devil, and ſquinted ſo confoundedly, that when ſhe had one Eye upon her Partner, the other was expreſſing her affectionate Tenderneſs to ſome more faſhionable Gallant. Thus the motl'd Diverſity of Rakes, Beaus, grave Hypocrites, and Apprentices; Pimps, Bullies, Stallions, Valets, Butlers, and diſguis'd Livery-Men; Thieves, Gameſters, Sweetners, Town Traps, and Highwaymen; Procurers, Punks, Cooks, Jades, and Chambermaids; damn'd ſiling Whores, ſtill Sows, and Fireſhips; Jew'd Widows, wicked Wives, and whoriſh Daughters; theſe larded, by Chance, with here and there a Maid, but the feweſt of that Sort of any. The chief Motives that induc'd ſuch a ſwarm of two leg'd Caterpillars to give their conſtant Attendance at this School of *Venus*, was not ſo much the Pleaſure of exerciſing their Pedeſtals, and refreſhing Nature with a little wholſome Activity, but to ogle, prattle, wheedle, give convincing Teſtimonies, by their airy Agility, of their being charming Bedfellows; the Women to draw in Cullies; the Men to furniſh themſelves with new obliging Miſtreſſes, to put their Arſes by one Sort of dancing, into Tune, for another, and then to make Aſſignations; or for the hot codpiec'd *Libertines* to carry off their Doxies to ſome Bawdy-Houſe Conveniency, where, without the Danger of Surpriſe, they might dance *Adam*'s Jig to no other Muſick than the harmonious creeking of a crazy Bedſted. This *Buttock-Ball*, or *Diabolical Academy*, where all Manner of Vice was promiſcuouſly Taught at a ſmall Expence, by the exemplar Levity of ſuch Perſons who were abſolute Maſters and Miſtreſſes

of

of all that was infamous and wicked, was begun, above thirty Years since, by a half bred Dancing-Master, over the Cole-Yard Gateway into *Drury Lane*, a Place so conveniently seated among Punks and Fiddlers, that the mungril Undertaker was always sure of Musick, and equally certain of a Crow of Whores to dance to it; and as to lewd Rakes to match 'em, there could be no want of 'em; for where should the Crows come but where the Carrion is to be found; so that the Project of Iniquity was no sooner put on Foot, but it had such wonderful Encouragement from those obliging Ladies, who delight to expose their Wares and Commodities to Sale at all public Market Places, that the Eighteen-Penny Gallery at the Play-House began to be as stout of fat Bawds and Vizards, upon the Cole-Hole dancing Nights, as the Church Pews are of loose Sparks and wanton Ladies on an *Ash-Wednesday*, who rather chuse to tarry at Home, than to begin their *Lent* with cursing one another; insomuch that the Undertaking took mightily, and every publick Day was throng'd with more Sinners than Doctor *Burges*'s Meeting House; so that at length, the Master of the Ceremonies thinking the Place too scandalous for so commendable a Vaulting School, took a more commodious Habitation in *King-street* in St. *Giles*'s, where he had not only the Conveniency of a more noble dancing Room, but also two or three spare retiring Rooms, where a favourite Scholar, or Customer, might whisper away a Night or two with a young Lady upon a reasonable Consideration. Thus the Undertaker of the Project went prosperously on with his dancing *Bear-Garden* for near thirty Years together, and got abundance of Money without any Interruption, till at last, being persecuted by the *Reforming Society*, he was forced to break up his Revels, and let his *Firking School* to an independant Teacher, that the unhallow'd Room might be cleans'd of it Polution, and attone, in its latter Days, for its former Iniquities.

Thus

Thus all terrestrial Things of Course,
Soon change to better or to worse.

Churches have heretofore, by Rebels,
Been turn'd to Garrisons and Stables;
And Stools to make Maids fit for Spouses,
Have been reform'd to Meeting-Houses.
The Godliest Day we see,
Will part from Grace to Liberty;
And the poor Whore sometimes repents,
And claims a Place among the Saints:
Knaves, tho' unpunish'd by Affliction,
Turn Puritans by strange Conversion;
And Puritans, tho' void of Grace,
As oft turn Vice Versa *Knaves.*
So that in Spite of all our Noses,
What wicked Satan *one Way loses,*
To keep his Int'rest at a Stand,
He gains again on t'other Hand:
So cunning Gamesters, Satan's *Sons,*
Fetcher by the Devil's Bones,
What at his Books they've thrown away,
Or squander'd at some other Play.

The Coward who in one King's Reign,
Is fearful of a sharp Campaign,
Perhaps i' th' next his Weapon draws,
And swaggers in another Cause:
The Traitor may in Time, grow just,
And change into a Man of Trust;
Or he that's now so just and wise,
Turn Fool, or Rebel, e'er he dies:
The very Priest that wins our Hearts,
Extoll'd for Honesty and Parts
May prove in Spite of all his Grace,
A Janus *with a double Face;*
Religion once a popish Whore,
We see is now made very pure:

Who

Who knows but that again ſhe may,
One time or other, run aſtray?
Therefore, ſince Manners, Men and Nations
Are ſubject to ſuch ſtrange Mutations,
Why ſhould we wonder that a Place,
So infamous, lewd and baſe,
Should now be made a Shop of Grace.

Nothing unalter'd long can reſt;
All are but Changlings at the beſt.

* * *

The BIRD-FANCIERS *Club: And their annual Feaſt.*

AMONG the many whimſical Societies that, by the different Maggots of conceited Perſons in this Town, have been advanc'd and promoted, there are a ſelect Company of gentle and ſimple, Tag, Rag, and Bob-Tail, who have a weekly Meeting at a little Ale-Houſe in *Roſemary-Lane*, and are pleas'd to call themſelves the *Bird-Fanciers Club*, none being admitted Members thereof, but ſuch, whoſe Affection to the Feather-Kind render them fitter Company for *Jack-Daws* and *Magpies*, than for their own Fellow-Creatures, eſpecially thoſe who have ſhifted off theſe puerilous Recreations, of ſearching Hedges for Birds-Neſts, and bringing Sparrows to Hat. When the Society are met, they generally conſiſt of as odd a Mixture as a Broker's Wardrobe in *Long-Lane*, or *Monmouth-Street*, where a beauiſh Sute, ſold by a Gentleman's Valet, ſhall hang up in View between a patch'd Doublet and a leathern pair of Breeches; and a fine lac'd Cloak be diſhonour'd with the ſcandalous Company of a Soldier's louſy Coat, or an old Thread-bare Livery; ſo it frequently happens among thoſe comical Admirers

of the harmonious Quire; for a well dreſs'd Gentleman, though with no more Brains in his Skull than there are in an Owl's-Neſt, ſhall ſit wedg'd in between a Couple of louſy Bird-Catchers, whoſe Cloaths on their Backs ſcarce good enough to be remov'd from the Dunghill into a Rag-Merchant's Ware-houſe. Next theſe a cuckoldy Shop Keeper out of *Cheapſide*, ſo in Love with Pidgeons, that he keeps them in his Garret, hemm'd in between a Couple of *Newgate*-look'd Scoundrels, that cry Singing Birds about Streets, and make it there Buſineſs to cheat barren Wives, and fanciful old Maids, with twittering *Green-Birds*, ſick *Sky-Larks*, and Hen *Linnets*. Adjoinging to theſe ſhall ſit a maggotty Ale-houſe-keeper, who, to pleaſure himſelf much more than his Cuſtomers, has turn'd his publick Room into a great *Aviery*, that the Birds may ſhite flying upon Peoples Heads; and now and then muddy their Drink with a *Hempſeed* Surreverence. Next him ſhall ſit, in great State, a famous Bird Doctor, who, after twenty Years Experience, by the Bleſſing of Providence, can infallibly cure *Canary Birds* of a Hoarſeneſs; ſullen *Sky-Larks* out of the dumb Melancholy: all feather'd Songſters of a molting Drowſineſs, or any other Diſtemper; Poultrey of the Pip; and Pidgeons, when they are louſy. Oppoſite to the Doctor, it may be, ſits a *Canary-Bird* Merchant, entreating his Aſſiſtance on the Behalf of a poor Cage Patient, who was frighted out of a Song by the horrible Aſſaſſination of a terrible boar Cat. Next him, perhaps, is ſeated an old Cobler who has taught in his Time as many *Black-Birds* to whiſtle *Walſingham*, as ever Dr. *Blow* did Boys to ſing the Church Litany. Among the reſt a Journeyman Flute maker, with his Pocket full of Bird-pipes, trying now and then a Tune, as if he whiſtl'd for a Cuſtomer. Next him, a famous Projector of Wire-Goals, otherwiſe call'd a Bird-Cage-Maker, chalking out upon the Table the neweſt Model of Wicker-Building for an *Owl* or a *Magpy*, and chattering as learnedly of Cage-Architecture, as if there was as much Judgment in raiſing a little

little Cottage for a poor *Jenny-Ren*, as in the Excellent Contrivance of a pompous Escurial. These mix'd with a noisy Crowd of Nest-Robbers, and Pigeon Merchants, some talking of their *Spanish Runts*, *Rough-Feets*, *Cuffle-Crowns*, and *Carriers*. Others contending about the harmonious singing of their *Linnets*, *Woodlarks*, *Finches*, *Nightingals* and *Canary-birds*: A third Sort boasting of the admirable Elocution of their *Parrots*, *Magpies*, *Jack-Daws* and *Sterlings*. A fourth Cabal, boasting of the excellent Beauty of their *Muscovy-Ducks*, *Frizl'd Hens* and *Peacocks*. Among the rest, a Knot of Gardeners extolling the *Lapwing* above all other Birds, for an officious Worm-Picker; asserting they are as necessary in a Gentleman's Garden, as an *Owl* in a Barn, or Cat in a Cheese Loft. Thus altogether, like a *Dover Court*, every one would be setting forth the great Acquirements, as well as the natural Qualifications, of those Kind of Birds which has most engag'd their Affections, whilst a fresh supply of full *Winchesters* were flowing every Minute to their several united Tables, which were patch'd together for the Entertainment of the Company, some higher, some lower, like the Stools and Chairs in a Country Farmer's Parlour.

How can we blame our infant Sons
For loving Tops, and Inkhorn-Guns:
Or think them foolish when they cry
For this, or that fantastick Toy,
Since Fathers, old enough for Grandsires,
Of silly Birds can be such Fanciers,
And, Children-like, disturb their Brains,
About Tom-Tits *and* Jenny-Rens?
'Tis true the old Egyptian *Wizards,*
Paid Homage to their Bats *and* Buzzards,
And reverend'd fair Minerva's *Bird,*
As if the Owl *had been a Lord*
But in this Age, when Christian Souls
Adore their Gold instead of Owls,

And

And Men improve the Art of Thinking,
By little Senſe and much Drinking,
'Tis ſtrange that Man ſhould bend his Mind
To Pleaſures of a viler Kind;
And [illegible] to whiſtle Time away,
With [illegible] Tones, Day by Day,
To teach poor ſilly Birds the Tune,
Or Pudding-Pies, *or* Bobbing-Joan,
When his apt Scholars may at laſt,
Perhaps, but break poor Puſs's Faſt;
Who in one ſhort, but fatal Minute,
May ſnap his Black-bird *or his* Linnet,
For which, perhaps, the fooliſh Ninny,
Had juſt before refus'd a Guinea;
Then in a Paſſion [illegible] the Tongue
That [illegible] the [illegible] was only young.

So when Goff Crump, *by Gammer* Brig,
Is bid the Value of a Pig,
And he the Money does deny,
Becauſe the Beauty of his Sty,
Next Day, perhaps, ſome fatal Murrain
Turns the poor Goffer's Sow to Carrion;
Then Crump *in Anger, runs to claw*
The Hag, that he her Blood may draw,
In Hopes to baulk the Witch, and ſave
His other Swine from Dunghill Grave.

Once in a Year, our muſical Admirers of Cage-Harmony, who are charm'd ſo unaccountably with a little Twitter and Chearup, entertain not only themſelves, but any that will take Ticket, with a moſt ſumptuous Feaſt; where a Comedy call'd, *Confuſion*, is ſo naturally repreſented, that ſetting aſide the Variety of Languages, *Babel* itſelf was never acquainted with a greater. One half of the Company generally conſiſts of all Sorts and Degrees of infatuated Lovers of the chirping Quire, from the fantaſtical 'Squire down to the merry Tranſla-

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tor of old Shoes and Spatter-dashes; the other Moiety of the promiscuous Guests are commonly made up of Men of large Stomachs, who have good Stowage; guzzling Carmen and Porters, who have wide Swallows, and such who out of Curiosity come to observe the Disorder, and to delight themselves with the odd Variety that never fails to arise among the mix'd Rabble of such irregular Societies. The House, in Comparison to most that are converted to publick Uses, is no bigger than a Bird-Cage, for which Reason, I suppose, it was the rather chosen by the *Bird-Fanciers*, for their Place of Rendezvouz. So that, upon their Festival-Day, there is not a Nook in either the Boozing-Ken or the Yard, big enough to hold a crooked Pigmy about the Height of a Nimepin, but what is occupy'd by some Ticket-Guest or other, who, rather than lose their Twelve-penny Dinner, will crowd into an Auger-Hole. Every Room in the Coney-Borough Mansion, upon this solemn Occasion, is stuff'd so full of Seats and Tables, for the Victuals and the Company, that when they are crowded into their Places, they sit as closely wedg'd as a Firkin of Figs, or a Barrel of Red-Herrings. The principal Table for the better Part of the Guests, such as the worshipful 'Squire *Avery*, Mr. Deputy *Love-Linnet*, Captain *Magpye* of the Hamlets, and as many more of the *Bird-Fancying* Fraternity, and Heads of the Parish, as can crowd in amongst them, is spread up two Pair of Stairs, in the most commodious Room, though not much larger than a Brewer's Copper: However, to make amends, these are honour'd with wetted Knives, whose Variety of Handles discover all the Diversity that can possibly be found from the Elephant's-Tooth, and *Bucks* Brow Antlers, to the Tip of the Bullock's Horn, and Wooden Twopenny *Birmingham*: Also decently entertain'd with clean Linnen, that looks of as many Colours, as the patch'd Sails of a *Newcastle* Collier refitted after a Tempest: Some of the Napkins appearing as gray for Want of Whitening;

Whitening; ſome as blue with over Starching; ſome as yellow, with long Lying; and others as white with good Waſhing, as if all the Huſſwifes in the Neighbourhood unlock'd their Trunks to ſupply the Feaſt with their home-ſpun Flaxen, which they had carefully laid up againſt the Marriage of their Daughters.

In other Rooms, or rather Cloſets, which are ſeldom furniſhed but upon this Occaſion, the Leaves of the Tables are rough Deal boards; ſo full of ragged Splinters, for want of plaining, that there is as much Danger in laying down a Hand without Caution, as there is in graſping the Branches of an old ſtubborn Gooſeberry-Buſh; for the Ceremony of a Table-Cloth was quite laid aſide, as if it was as obnoxious to the Company as a Surplice to a Conventicle; ſo that nothing appears beſides batter'd Plates and crack'd Trenchers, to hide the ſhagged Boards, which are juſt in the ſame Condition as they were brought from the Saw-pit, and only looſely laid on upon empty Buts and Barrels, that as the Gueſts ſit at their Tables, when over-gorg'd they may piſs into the Bung-Holes to make Room for more Liquor. Whoever propoſes to make a hearty Meal ought to take ſpecial Care to bring a Knife in their Pocket; or, notwithſtanding the Feaſt, they may chance to make a Faſt-Day of it, if they depend upon the Borrow; their Seats have hitherto been an odd Mixture of little Forms, Crickets, Buffet-Stools and Runlets; the laſt of which are commonly choſen by the greateſt Guzzlers, becauſe when Nature is ſo oppreſt that they want Leakage, they may turn their Conduit-Pipes into the Tap-Holes of the Caſks they ſit upon, without giving themſelves the Trouble of a Remove to the Chamber-pot. Moſt Parts of the Houſe, beſides the Club-Room above, and the Boxes below, are furniſh'd upon the Feſtival after the foregoing Manner, and I make no Doubt but ſome of the Society, whom my Landlord dare truſt, are glad to ſqueeze into the Cellar, there to ſtand among Tap-Tubs, devour

their

their Dinners upon But-Heads, and to wipe their greasy Fingers betwixt their Legs upon their patch'd Breeches. Their Provisions consist always of the best Substantials, as Beef, Pork, and Mutton, for they are seldom troubled with such squeamish Stomachs that require the Cookery of a *Pontac*, or *Locket*, to toss up Dainties for their Appetites; there being some of the Company who, for their own single Shares, would eat a *Rumford Calf* cut into *Scotch* Collops, besides an answerable Proportion of forc'd Meats and Bacon; for which Reason the Bill of Fare, as it is ordered by the Stewards, is most commonly a true *English* Catalogue of noble Sir-Loins, huge thundering Legs of right *Hampshire* Pork, and astonishing fat Giggets of rare *Leicestershire* Mutton: As for Lady-picking Wild-Fowl, Venison-Pasties, and such expensive Superfluities, they leave them to the Court Quality, and rich gormondizing Citizens, who have little else to do with their Money but fool it away upon nice Bits, Raggoes, and Kickshaws: As to Liquors, like true and faithful Subjects, they never exceed the natural Products of our own Country, but chearfully content themselves with full *Humbesters* of good Mild and Stale, the rare coroborating Juice of wholesome Malt and Hops, such that strengthens the Backs of jolly Watermen, Porters, Coachmen, Carmen and black thirsty Vulcans, who drudge at the nuptial Anvil, like Slaves in a Plantation, to hammer out lusty Boys for the Defence and Service of their Country, and abandon all inglorious Lusts after foreign Clarets, those costly Occasions of Fevers, Gouts and Rhumatisms. The last Dish which is brought up two Pair of Stairs to the principal Table, is a live Bird Pye, which contains such Variety of feather'd Songsters, that no sooner is the Lid cut up, and the little Prisoners set at Liberty, who lay before immur'd between Pye-Crust Walls, but the Room, in an Instant, is turned into an *Avery*, whilst the Company like wild Cats tumble all into Confusion, and madly leaping over one another's Heads, claw, fight

fight, and ſcramble, in their Hair brain'd Purſuit of their poor frighted Quarry; who to eſcape the Hands of their contending Enemies, dodge them for a Time till ſome of the fatteſt of the Company, quite tir'd with the Chaſe, are forc'd to give out, and ſit puffing, hawking and coughing, ready to diſcharge their full Stomachs of thoſe greaſy Dabs they had ſo plentifully eaten; whilſt others, who have more Breath, and are more active, catch the beſt of the Birds, that they may carry them Home as Tokens of their Affections to their Wives and their Daughters; upon the Diſpatch of this Ceremony, which is commonly attended with broken Shins, much Laughter, and abundance of Diſorder, the Dinner is concluded, and then the Plate is handed about for the Relief of the poor Widow of ſome deceas'd Bird-Fancier, which has no ſooner made its Way thro' the ſeveral Branches of the well-ſtuff'd Society, but a Period is put to the grand Solemnity; and *you are heartily welcome Gentlemen.*

How fond is ev'ry Fool to be a Gueſt,
Where wild Diſorder Crowns the noiſy Feaſt?
As if indecent Scrambling with each Clown
And rude Confuſion makes the Meat go down:
Sure Wife and Children, whom we ought to love,
Vexatious Meſs-Mate to the Huſband prove;
Or elſe no Spouſe would rather chuſe to dine
Among ſuch greaſy Herds of two-leg'd Swine,
Where dirty Boards or muſty Veſſels be
As Tables, ſome too low, and ſome too high;
And where coarſe Towels of a Groat a Yard,
Are only to the Pariſh Dons preſer'd;
Whilſt thoſe of lower Rank have neither Cloth,
Or Napkin, but are deſtitute of both;
Yet all ſit eaſy o'er the Fare they find,
And gladly lick their Fingers when they've din'd:
Drink with their Lips unwip'd till greaſy Oil
Glazes the Surface of their powerful Swill:

Yet no nice Guest, like squeamish Beau finds Faults.
But swallows down the Fat that crowns the Mess;
Why not? since each Man, left the Proverb lyes,
Must eat a Peck of Dirt before he dies.

But if at publick Feasts we can agree
With such course Usage and Indecency;
And tho' we pay, yet be content to bear
With Slights and Failings when our Hosts shall err.
Why then at Home, when Trifles prove uneasy,
Should we grow angry and disturb our Peace?
What tho' the Capons *are in Roasting spoil'd;*
Or the Calve's-Head *too much, or little boil'd?*
What if the Cloth be neither clean or fine,
When some dear Bottle Friend's brought Home to dine:
Or that your Wife should at the Table frown,
Because, perhaps, undrest in Morning Gown,
For Want of timely knowing she should be
Oblig'd to entertain strange Company,
Why should such Female Follies vex our Hearts,
And make us mad at Home by Fits and Starts?
Since we abroad, at our Expence, can bear
A thousand Faults that more provoking are,
To the proud Madams of the Bar bow low,
But to our Wives morose and slighting grow:
Wink at great Errors for a Whitler's Gain,
But oft at Home without a Cause complain.

Therefore, since guzzling Spendthrifts can dispence
With dirty Ale-House Slights without Offence,
When Mawdling drunk they from their Revels come,
They should not crow and tyrannize at Home:
For he that snubs his Wife he ought to prize,
Is born to be a Cuckold e'er he dies

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The Lying *Club, and how it came to be eſtabliſh'd.*

SIR *Harry Blunt*, a witty Gentleman, and very famous in the Art of *Mendacieloquence*, being under an Obligation to give a Tavern Treat to ſome foreign Travellers, who were come over into *England*, to make themſelves acquainted with our Cuſtoms and Curioſities, did accordingly invite, in the Year ſixty-nine, his outlandiſh Guests to the *Bell-Tavern* in *Weſtminſter*, to a plentiful Entertainment, their Dinner conſiſting of a huge over-grown *Carp* ſtew'd: three Brace of *Partridges* and a *Leveret* in the Middle, for the ſecond Courſe, and a butter'd Apple-pye to conclude the Feaſt. When each of the Company had ſuffic'd Nature, and their Tongues began to be at their uſual Liberty, the Dainties which ſo lately had oblig'd their Appetites, occaſion'd them to fall into a Diſcourſe of Fiſhing, Fowling, and ſuch Sort of Sports, as 'tis reaſonable to believe the Creatures they had eaten muſt naturally introduce, eſpecially among ſuch Perſons that happened to be Sportſmen; ſo that every one being fond of amuſing the reſt with ſome extraordinary Adventure, as an Evidence of his Skill in thoſe rural Recreations, a forward Gentleman, who was willing to break the Way, begins the following Story, to ſhew what miraculous Succeſs he had once met with in his Hunting, *viz.*

About ſeven Years ſince, when I lived in *France*, a few Leagues from *Montpellier*, in the County of *Languedoc*, an unhappy Gentleman, who was my near Neighbour, happen'd to be murder'd by his own Servant, who alſo broke open a Caſket, and carry'd off ſome Jewels of a conſiderable Value; but public Intelligence being immediately diſpatch'd throughout the whole

Kingdom, there was no Possibility of his attempting to get over Sea from any of the Ports, but he must of Necessity have been taken. About a Week after this horrid Villany was perpetrated, the Sea being agreeable, I had a strong Desire, mov'd by some secret Impulse, to take out my Dogs, being inwardly assur'd, that in such a distant Wood I should meet with a wild Boar that would yield us excellent Sport, accordingly one Morning an Hour before Sun Rise, having given my Huntsman Notice over Night, we were all in a Readiness to take the Field; and prepossessed of infallible Success away I marched, with only my Huntsman, a Relation and my Servant, in Quest of the Game I had already row'd in my Fancy, we had not long been enter'd into the Avenues of the appointed Wood, but the Dogs, who were beating in one of the thickest Copses, began to open, and no sooner had the Huntsman given them Encouragement, but away they went full Cry, tho', what Game they met with was but as yet Conjecture, at length, hearing them all open in the Middle of the Wood a long Time together without any Cessation, and much about the same Place, as near as we could guess, we judg'd by the Eagerness of their Mouths, that they had something at a Bay, upon which, fir'd with the Resolution of keen Sportsmen, we bolted thro' the under Wood, leaving here a Bit of Coat, and there a Bit of Skin, to back the Dogs against their powerful Adversary, who, as we thought, was defending himself with his Tushes; at last, after many painful Scratches, and other implacable Difficulties, we came in to the Hounds, who were all spending and tearing at a Bottom of a high Tree as if the Devil had possess'd them; but finding no Signs of any Thing that could warm the Dogs with such unusual Fury, we were ready to conclude they had hunted some old Witch in the Shape of a Bear, who had given them the Drop in that Place, by mounting upon a Wither, and riding o'er the Tops of the Trees to take Sanctuary in her own Cottage; but as we were thus standing

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under, the Umbrage of the Oak which the Dogs had surrounded, all strangely amus'd at this uncommon Disappointment, down drops a Sursreverence from the Top of the Tree upon the Withers of my Horse, just under my Nostrils, which in plain *English*, stunk much worse than ever I smelt a *Pole-Cat*. Mor'lu, thought I, what unlucky Bird is this that has dishonour'd my Galloper with such an ignoble Crest? And with that, looking upwards, I beheld a huge bald Pair of Buttocks, with the other Appurtenances hanging dangling down like a Lyon's Tongue when he has been well hunted, perched upon a crooked Bow instead of a House of Office, to prevent the unsavory Fruit of his Labour from dripping into his Trouzer. How now, Sirrah, said I, Trees were made for Birds to perch upon, and not such Beasts as you are, who cannot elevate your unmannerly Rump, but you must pur down your Dendely'on Dung upon the Heads of your betters. *Pray Sir forgive me*, cryes the poor Fellow, *it was nothing but the Overflowings of my extraordinary Fear; and I thought a Branch Stool would be much more comfortable than a foul Pair of Breeches.* Sirrah, said I, come down, and let me know who and what you are, or my Man's Fusee shall fetch you off your Perch; upon which Threat, he only beg'd Leave to button up his Breeches, saying, he would then descend, and submit himself to our Mercy; accordingly, the frighted Refugee quitted his lofty Station, and slid down the Trunk with as much Agility as a Monkey; but, no sooner had he drop'd himself upon *Terra Firma*, e'er I presently discovered him to be my Friend's Servant who had robb'd and butcher'd his Master; upon which, I positively charg'd him with the Fact, and with a sorrowful Countenance he confessed himself Guilty; I then enquir'd of him what was the Meaning that the Hounds persu'd him, to which he answered, he could assign no Reason, but these Two, the first was, *that his Pumps were made of the tann'd Hide of a wild Boar, and by the Heat of his Feet left a Scent, as he supposed, like*

the Ground, which the Hounds had been us'd to; or elſe, *that Providence had ordain'd that a Man who had kill'd his Maſter ſhould be hunted by Dogs into the Hands of Juſtice*; ſo, in this miraculous Diſcovery we ended the Sport of the Day, and deliver'd the Offender into the Power of the Law, who, in a little Time, was broke upon the Wheel, as he juſtly deſerv'd, for his moſt treacherous Villany.

No ſooner was this Story ended, but another Gentleman, with the Licenſe of a Traveller, ſucceeded it with a ſecond, no leſs remarkable for its ſurprizing Contingencies, that what might be obſerv'd in the preceeding Amuſement, *viz.*

About nine Years ſince, being order'd from *Holland* to negotiate ſome Buſineſs in *Nova Hollandia*, in the *Eaſt-Indies*, I was oblig'd to reſide for ſeveral Months, in the *Dutch* Factory; in which Time being curious to inſpect a little into the adjacent Country, I got an honeſt Fellow, who was a neighbouring *Indian*, that could ſpeak a little *Dutch* to bear me Company; and willing to give myſelf ſome Diverſion in my Ramble, I took with me ſuch Fiſhing-Tackle as the Country afforded, that we might pleaſe ourſelves, by the Way, with an Hour or two's Recreation by the Sides of ſuch Rivers as we ſhould chance to meet with, Angling being a contemplative Paſtime that I always delighted in. When we were thus equip'd for our wandring Expedition, away we jog'd upon our Pedeſtals, till at laſt we came to a pleaſant River which the *Indian* was acquainted with, who told me, it abounded with a delicious Fiſh in the Language of the Natives call'd a *Pouxten*, which ſignifies a Glutton; ſo nam'd, becauſe a voracious Fiſh that would frequently prey upon its own Kind; walking by the Banks to pick out a ſhady Place that might give us a little Umbrage from the ſcorching Sun-Beams, we at length came to a curious Bed of Oſiers, where we might ſtand with Pleaſure, and there accordingly we prepared our Tackle, and reſolved to try our Fortune. The *Indian* being but

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a Bungler at this Sort of Sport, could not get himself in a Readiness so soon as myself; so that I was enter'd upon my Pastime, whilst he was very busy in fumbling out his Implements; nor had I laid into the River above two Minutes, e'er I found, by my Float, I had a swinging Bite, but, as ill Fortune would have it, I happen'd upon my Head to have a feather'd Cap, much worn in that Country, and as my Noddle was moving among the Tops of the Osiers, a swinging *Hawk*, which are generally very large in those Parts, hovering about, just over me, and taking, I suppose, the Plumes upon my Noddle to be some strange Sort of Bird, and having a Mind to taste whether it was good Food, or not, came stooping down, and made such a furious Stroke at her new Quarry, that I thought, for a Minute or two, she had left my Shoulders Headless; under which Surprize I dropp'd my Angle-Rod, and so lost my Fish; but coming, by degrees, a little to myself, I began to scratch my Ears to feel whether I had a Head on, and in groping after that, I found I had only lost my Cap: I was very much amaz'd at this unaccountable Assault, and gazing around me to discover the Assailant, but seeing No-body near me but my *Indian* Companion on the other Side the River, I turn'd my Eyes upwards, and at a considerable Distance, there I saw the feather'd Thief sailing upon the Wing to the next Wood, I suppose to examine into his Booty: My Fishing Mate was so busy that he perceiv'd not the Disaster, and was as much surprize'd when I told him what had happen'd, as I myself was who had surviv'd the Danger; however, having no great Damage, I stood again to my Tackle, and apply'd myself to my Sport, but remember'd the Sportsman's Saying, *viz. Have Hawk*, and kept my Eyes about me, for Fear the hungry Rapparee who had snatch'd away my Cap, when she found herself disappointed, should come again for my Head, which, as empty as it is, I was very unwilling to spare her: I had not long been return'd to my Pastime, e'er I had another Bite, but

juſt as I ſtruck I found a ſtrange flouncing in the Water, and ſuch a Weight pulling at the End of my Line, that I did not fear to weigh what I had faſten'd for fear of ſhivering my Tackle, ſo that I play'd with my unknown Supper down the Stream, till at length we came to a gravelly Shallow, where, with eager Eyes, I beheld the Monſter I had tir'd with my Management, upon Sight of which in ſtepp'd my Companion, and it was as much as he could do to give him a Heave upon the Shore; when we had thus ſecur'd him, he had ſo gorg'd my Hook, that I was forc'd to rip him open, or muſt have broke my Line, but found, upon the Defection, that the leaſt of ſeven Fiſh had firſt taken the Bait, and being well faſten'd was ſwallow'd by a bigger; theſe two by a third; the three by a fourth; the fourth by a fifth; the fifth by a ſixth, and all thoſe by an over grown large one, which compleated the Number afore-mention'd; ſo that I caught a Neſt of Fiſh one within another, at one fortunate Stroke, to make myſelf Amends for the Loſs of my feather'd Cap, at which Succeſs I was ſo highly pleas'd, that we put up our Tackle, and return'd homeward, with abundance of Satisfaction; but that which happen'd to be the moſt fortunate Miracle that attended our Adventure, was, that juſt as we came within Sight of the Factory, my Cap, which I had loſt after ſo odd a manner, came tumbling down in a perpendicular Line, from a lofty Diſtance, and chuck'd as cloſe upon my Noddle, as a new Hat fitted on by an *Engliſh* Haberdaſher; being ſtrangely ſtartled to find ſomething clapp'd upon my Head, and my Companion before me, I pull'd off my Bonnet in a great Surprize, and perceiv'd it to be the very individual Cap which the *Hawk* had robb'd me of, and viewing it all over, for my better Aſſurance, found that the merry Bird had muted in the Lining, and, either thro' Deſign or Accident, had crown'd me with a Surreverence: I preſently recollected the old *Engliſh* Proverb, *viz. That ſhitten Luck was good Luck*, and highly commended the good Humour of the *Hawk*, that

that would not suffer me to return into the Factory with a callow Pole, which being new shav'd was as bare as a Bird's Arse, so I wip'd off the Soil, put on my feather'd Mounteer, and was pleas'd I had met with a Bird of Prey, that had much more Honesty than some of my fellow Creatures. Upon the Conclusion of which Story, *Indeed, Sir,* says Sir Harry Blunt, *had not the* Hawk *been so civil as to return your Cap, I would have given you mine, for I think you deserve, for the Wonders you have told us, all the Caps in the Company.*

Sir *Harry* being a Gentleman of ready Wit, and quick Invention, and it now falling to his Turn to entertain the Company, considering it highly concern'd his Reputation to oblige them with something that might be worthy of his Character, accordingly he presented them with a Specimen of his Genius, after the following Manner, *viz.*

As for my Part, Gentlemen, the only Exercise that I particularly delight in, is drawing the long Bow, in which Piece of Archery, by continual Practice, I am so expert, that I have oftentimes, with an Arrow, taken a single Jack-daw from the Weather-cock of a Church Steeple, so that I as frequently go a Fowling with my Bow and Arrow, as other Gentlemen do with their Nets or Birding Pieces, and as often return Home with unaccountable Success: It happen'd no longer since than Yesterday Morning, that my Man and I cross'd the River into *Surry*, to try if we could meet with any tolerable Sport on that Side the Water, where we rang'd the Woods and Fields for several Hours, before we met with any Sort of Game that was worth our shooting at, insomuch that we were quite tir'd with our fruitless Endeavours, and to ease our Legs, had taken up our Sitting upon the pleasant Bank of a narrow Rivelet; also to consult which Way we should steer our Course, that we might mend our Fortune: As we were thus talking and refreshing our weary Limbs, casting my Eyes around me, I happen'd to espy a *Woodpecker* very busy at work upon the Trunk of an

Apple-Tree, whose Boughs were laden with very beautiful Fruit, growing by Chance in a Meadow on the other Side of the River; so that, tho' I very well knew a *Woodpecker* was no Food, yet, to exercise my Hand, I resolv'd to let fly at her, accordingly drew my Bow, at which Instant up leap'd a swinging Carp, a great Height above the Stream, in a diametrical Line to the Mark I had taken Aim at, that my Arrow very luckily took the Fish in the Head, carry'd that to the *Woodpecker*, and peg'd them both fast into the Body of the Apple-Tree, being greatly overjoy'd at this unexpected Success; by the Help of my Man's Grape-Staff I took a running Jump, and sprung over the River; and pulling out my Arrow with some Difficulty, down dropp'd my Fowl and Fish both as dead as a Herring; Upon this, stooping for a little Grass to wipe off the Blood from the Peg of my Arrow, I happen'd to catch a young *Leverite* by the Ears, who finding himself taken, did so claw my Hands in struggling for his Liberty, that, being vex'd at the Smart, I gave his Neck a Twist, and flinging him in a Fury a few Yards from me, cast him, by good Fortune, among a Covy of *Partridges*, and by the Violence of the Throw kill'd three Brace: Being strangely astonish'd at this miraculous Event of one single Shoot, I toss'd back the Staff, that my Man might come over to me, who, with lifted up Hands, beheld the bleeding Wonder, and picking up the Game, put them into his Hawking-Bag. By this Time the Heat of the Day, and our tiresome Walk having made us drowthy, we began to remind ourselves of the Apples over our Heads, so that I order'd my Man to climb the Tree, who mounted accordingly, and shook down as much Fruit as we could well bring off with us; thus highly satisfy'd with our unexpected Success, we return'd Home last Night, on Purpose to entertain this good Company with the Fruits of our Labour; so that the *Carp*, the *Partridges*, the *Leverite*, and the *Apple-Pye*, which were brought to the Table this very Day, I hope will

convince

convince you, that I scorn to tell less Truth than the rest of my Neighbours.

Pray, Sir Harry, says one of the Gentlemen, *what did you do with that Whetstone?* Poh, poh, replies Sir *Harry*, I intend to dry him in an Oven, then hang him up in our Hall with a Parchment Label about his Neck that shall convey the Miracle to succeeding Generations.

A sober grave Gentleman sitting next to Sir *Harry*, who had no extraordinary Talent in such Sort of Stories, but it being his Turn to continue their Mirth, the Company were very importunate with him to oblige them with a Relation of some Adventure that might be agreeable with the former; but the Gentleman conscious of his own Insufficiency, and perceiving the rest to be all Masters of the Art of Amusement desired to be excus'd, but they still persisted in their troublesome Intreaties till they teaz'd him into a Passion, into much, that he wraps out a great Oath, and breaths out this Expression, *viz. I surely believe every Tittle you have said to be infallibly true, and that since I must be over-rul'd, I think as great a Lye, as any I have heard yet.*

The foregoing Sarcasm being spoke with Warmth, it put the Company into a Fit of Laughter: *Well,* says Sir *Harry, since we are all Travellers, and so happily met together, let us constitute a Meeting once a Week in this very House we are now to marry in, that we may refresh Nature with a cheerful Bottle, and exercise our Faculties to one another's Satisfaction,* to which Proposal the whole Company assented; *but hark ye, Sirs,* says the Gentleman whom they had teaz'd with their Importunities, *a Society without a Name, is like a Book without a Title; therefore if we intend to hold a constant Meeting, it is necessary we should assume some certain Denomination;* upon which, one would have it the *Gentleman's Club*, another the *Traveller's Club: No, no,* says the Jeering Satyrist, *let us call it the* Lying Club, *and chuse Sir* Harry *for our Chair-Man:* Being all very

Merry over their Wine, they were beſt pleas'd with the laſt Diſtinction, accordingly reſolv'd themſelves into a Club under the ſame Title; and before they parted ſettled all the Preliminaries, and agreed to be govern'd by the following Orders, *viz.*

ORDERS to be obſerved by the LYING-CLUB, *holden at the* Bell-Tavern *in* Weſtminſter.

THAT the Chair-Man ſhall be oblig'd to wear a blue Cap with a red Feather in it, or upon his Refuſal to do the ſame, ſhall for ſuch Contempt, be turned out of the Society.

II. That no Perſon ſhall be admitted as a worthy Member of this worſhipful Society, till he has given ſufficient Teſtimony of his Qualifications to the whole Board.

III. That whoſoever ſhall preſume to ſpeak a Word of Truth between the eſtabliſh'd Hours of ſix and ten, within this worſhipful Society, without firſt ſaying with an audible Voice, *by your Leave, Sir* Harry, ſha'l, for every ſuch Offence, forfeit one Gallon of ſuch Wine as Mr. *Chair-Man* ſhall think fit.

IV. That when any worthy Member ſhall modeſtly introduce any ſtupendious Improbability, beyond what the *Chair-Man* ſhall be able to parallel, that then the ſaid *Chair-Man* ſhall reſign his Cap, and deliver up his Chair to ſo deſerving a Member, who ſhall hold the ſame, till ſome other Member, by his extraordinary Merits ſhall happen to oblige him to the like Reſignation.

V. That

V. That any worthy Member of this worſhipful Society, who ſhall preſume to ſwear during Club Hours, except to grace a Lye, ſhall, for every ſuch Offence, forfeit one Bottle of ſuch Wine as the *Chair-Man* ſhall appoint.

VI. That if any Member of this worſhipful Society, ſhall neglect to appear upon the Club Night, between the aforeſaid Hours of ſix and ten, that every ſuch Aggreſſor, upon the ſucceeding Club Night, ſhall for ſuch Contempt, be amerc'd four Rhodomontades off Hand, or forfeit five Shillings to the Servants of the Houſe, and in Caſe he doubles his Neglect by not attending the Board upon the next Club Night, then to be amerc'd upon his next Appearance, as many thumping Lies as the *Chair-Man* ſhall think fit, or to be expell'd this Society.

VII. That no Perſon be admitted a Member of this worſhipful Society, except Doctor *Oates*, or ſuch as ſhall bring under the Doctor's Hand and Seal a Teſtimonial of their Qualifications.

VIII. That this worſhipful Society be duly adjourn'd at ten of the Clock, or the *Chair-man* to forfeit a Gallon of Claret to the Board, and his Cap and Feather to his right Hand Neighbour.

Upon this Footing the *Lying-Club* was at firſt eſtabliſh'd, over which Sir *Harry Blunt* preſided as *Chair-Man* above a Twelve-month, till at length, a merry Gentleman, who was an abſolute Maſter of the lying Faculty, diſrob'd him of his Authority; but Sir *Harry* in a little Time recover'd his Reputation, and re-inſtated himſelf in the Chair, which he held ſucceſſively for ſeveral Years after, till he had the Honour to become the Patron or Mæcenas of all the Fictions in the Town, therefore, ſince I have given you the Riſe and Conſtitution of this memorable Society, I ſhall now proceed

proceed to some of their fabulous Stories, deliver'd by certain Members upon their first Initiation; also several remarkable Extravagancies that pass'd to and fro, between the famous Knight, and such of the witty Members as contended for the Chair.

In a short Time after the Society was establish'd, came a Couple of young Gentlemen to desire their Admittance, being well qualify'd, as they thought, to perform their Exercise according to the Custom of the Club, upon sending up their Business by a select Drawer that attended the Society, they were admitted to the Board, to give Proof of their Endowments; upon which the most forward of the two began to exercise his Talent (after paying his Compliment) in Manner following, *viz.*

Gentlemen, about five Years since, I had the ill Fortune to marry a very beautiful Woman, in whose delightful Embraces, for a considerable Time, I thought myself not only secure, but extreamly happy, till at length, as I was walking early one Morning in my own Grounds, according to my Custom, I happen'd to meet with an old Woman, who was sauntering towards my Dairy-house to beg a Pitcher of Butter-milk, *Good-morrow to ye, old Mother*, said I; *Good-morrow, Master*, quoth the beetle-brow'd *Beldam*; adding, if I would cross her Hand with a Piece of Silver, she would tell me my Fortune, which accordingly I did, but more out of Charity, than any Curiosity I had to hear my Destiny; no sooner had she receiv'd a Token of my Bounty, but, in plain Words, she told me I was a Cuckold; You're a lying old Hag, said I; and I could find in my Heart to have you lash'd at the next whipping Post. *Since you will not believe me*, cries the surly Witch, *I'll make you see your Horns, e'er you go much further*; and so we both parted, muttering at each other, but I had not gone above two hundred Yards, before I came to a curious Spring, which tempted me to refresh my Eyes with some of the running Water, which I had no sooner done, but stooping to the Stream to

repeat

repeat the same, I saw myself in the Water perfectly transform'd into a mighty Buck, with a Load of Antlers upon my Head sufficient to have set up a Knife Cutler; I was strangely astonish'd at this unaccountable Change, and began to consider that I was certainly bewitch'd by that confounded Sorceress, who had told me my Fortune; for I still found I had my Memory left, though I was depriv'd of Speech, and totally divested of my human Appetites, so that my Brains run upon nothing but shady Woods and fresh Pastures; and were so strangely possess'd of unaccountable Fears, that the Barking of a Dog frighted me much worse than a Clap of Thunder; I now, to hide myself from the Sight of the Passengers, made the best of my Way to a neighbouring Cover, where I lay in Solitude for several Days and Nights, and was glad to nibble off the Bark of my own Trees, for a starving Sustenance: In this unhappy State of a timorous Brute I liv'd for several Months, till it began to be rutting Time with me, that I found my Dowsets itch as much after a Doe, as ever my Concupiscence did after a Woman, and was grown of a sudden so Horn-mad withal, that I was ready to run a Tilt at every Thing that came near me; so that I left my Cover in the Night, and jump'd over the Pails into my own Park, in Hopes to match myself with a Mate, where I had not been above a Quarter of an Hour, but I heard a strange Voice over my Head, crying, *Marcum, Marcum, draws Blood of thy Rival, and the same shall restore thee to thy former Shape.* I listen'd, you must believe, with all the Ears I had, and was glad to be inform'd, that there was any Possibility of being once more recover'd into a State of Humanity, but was still as ignorant which Way to prosecute the Advice that the Witch or Devil had given me, as I was, before I was instructed, how to shift off my Brutality; so that I was ready to fancy, the Hag had only scoff'd me, for I could not foresee any Prospect that I had of pursuing her Directions; but the next Day proving excessive

ceſſive hot, and I, who ought to have been the Maſter Buck, being a Stranger to the Herd, was beaten by my horned Brethren, from all the Covert of the Park, that, for my Eaſe as well as my Security, I ventur'd to leap over a lofty Pale, that fenc'd in an Orchard adjacent to my Houſe, there couch'd myſelf amidſt a Thicket of Currant-buſhes, where I had not lain long, but my Rival and my Lady came ſailing along the Graſs, link'd ſo amorouſly together, as if they were retir'd with a mutual Deſire of giving their Arſes a Sallet: Juſt as I imagin'd, ſo it prov'd, for no ſooner had they ſcreen'd themſelves behind a thick Holly-Hedge, but down he lays my Lady, and juſt as he was going to add one Sprought more to my unmerciful Creſt, up rouſes I, and with the revengeful Fury of a Horn-mad Cuckold, run full tilt at the Poſteriors of my Rival, and goring his brawny Drivers with my Brow-Antlers, I was immediately reſtor'd to my priſtine Humanity, which the Adultreſs beholding, in a ſtrange Confuſion, ſkipp'd as nimbly from the Ground as a *Dutch* Tumbler; and flying in a Fright, with her Gallant halting after her, happen'd to plunge into a deep Well, over-grown with Nettles, and her Spark upon her, ſo I clapp'd on the Lid, for fear they ſhould ſtruggle out again, went into my Houſe, reconcil'd myſelf to my Servants, and came to Town on Purpoſe to oblige you, ingenious Gentlemen, with this amuſing Relation, in hopes to become a Member of this worſhipful Society.

Truly, Sir, replies the Chairman, *this Story may paſs for a ſubſtantial Lye amongſt ſome ignorant Pretenders, who are not able to diſtinguiſh between Truth and Falſehood; but we cannot here, by the Laws of our Society, admit any Gentleman, who is ſo careleſs, in the Performance of his initiating Exerciſe, as to corrupt his Genius with the leaſt Probability: No adulterated Lye, daſh'd and brew'd with Truth, will paſs current in this eminent Society; though a great Part of this Story is fabulous enough in Reaſon, yet nothing is more likely than*

that

that you may be cuckold, and the Probability of that destroys the Incredibility of all you have reported; for as Truth out of a Liar's Mouth ought scarce to be credited, so nothing can deserve the Sanction of a Lie, but what is refus'd with Judgment from all manner of Probability; therefore I hope, Sir, you will excuse us, for we cannot possibly admit you.

This unexpected Disappointment so dash'd the poor Gentleman out of Countenance, that he had nothing further to offer in his Defence, but up he started, and stepping abruptly out of the Room, *Z——ds*, says he, *if you Lies as these will not get a Master among you, the Devil himself is only fit to be your* Chairman; so went hastily down Stairs, left his Friend behind him, and marched off, muttering, very much dissatisfy'd.

No sooner had the Society dispatched this Gentleman, but Silence was commanded, and his Companion that came in with him was called upon to report to the Board what he had to offer, that might recommend him to the Society; upon which, though he was a little dispirited to see his poor Friend come off so unsuccessfully, yet, having a pretty good Assurance, he resolved to give them a Specimen of his Talent, and thus began his Amusement, *viz.*

My Father, being a *Derbyshire* Gentleman, happen'd to have an old Seat near the *Peak*, and a plentiful Estate in that County; behind the House, among other Wonders, there remains a deep Well, into which, not only our Family, but many of the Neighbours, in the intestine Wars, cast the best of their Treasure to secure it from the Rebels; but, when the Troubles were over, attempting to recover what, as each believ'd, they had so carefully disposed of, they found upon their Search, the Gulph that had swallow'd up their Wealth was of such an immensurable Profundity, that all the Cart Ropes in the Country, join'd together, were not long enough to fathom it; upon which my Father, being troubled at his Neighbours Losses as well as his own, sent up to *London* for a Waggon Load

of

of Hemp, and had it spun and twisted into a strong Line in Order to reach the Bottom; when he had thus far proceeded, he erected a Windless over the Mouth of the Well, had a Bucket made as large as a *Gravesend* Tilt boat, furnish'd it with a good Featherbed, a Runlet of *Derby Ale*, a Peck Loaf and a *Cheshire* Cheese, Pipes, Candles, and Tobacco, and offer'd five Pound to any Country Fellow that would venture to travel to the End of this infernal Thoroughfare, but notwithstanding the Provision he had made, and the Reward he promis'd, yet the Country People had such frightful Notions of this terrible Descent, that none of them would engage in the subterranean Expedition; at length, a poor *Scotch* Pedlar, being robb'd of his Goods, as travelling to a Fair, came in great Distress to my Fathers Door, and beg'd for a hard Onion and a little Oatmeal to help him forward in his Journey, upon which my Father told him the whole Story, offered him the Gratuity aforementioned, and, for his further Encouragement, a Tythe of all the Riches he should happen to recover; these joyful Proposals so readily prevail'd with the indigent Pedlar, that he presently undertook his perpendicular Journey, and swore, were it the Fundament of Hell, and he should meet the Devil by the Way, yet, if it were possible, he would earn the Money: Upon this his Resolution, my Father bound him to his Bargain by an Earnest of ten Shillings; so the Tackle was got ready, and after a little Repast, the Pedlar, without Fear, stept into his Cabbin with his empty Wallet upon his Shoulder, and was let down Gradatim for two Days and two Nights, and then the Line slackened, from whence we concluded that he was arrived at the Bottom, where we suffer'd him to remain the best Part of a Day to gather up the Riches; at last, we found he gave the Rope a Pull as an *Item* of his Willingness to return, accordingly we wound up, and, to our great Satisfaction, found him much more ponderous than in his Passage downwards, from whence we reasonably conjectured he had dis-

covered the Wealth, and made a profitable Voyage; by this Time the Neighbours were collected in a Body, all gaping for the fortunate Resurrection of the bold Adventurer, like the Rabble waiting at the Foot of the Mountain for the Sight of a strange Monster; some enliven'd with the pleasing Hopes of sharing the wealthy Returns he had recover'd from the Deep; others expecting to hear wonderful News from the *Antipodes* of the lower World, all equally importunate to behold the Undertaker of so dangerous an Expedition; at last, after three Days Labour to reduce him from the Deep, up came the Vehicle, and out step the *Scotsman*, with his Pack upon his Back very richly laden with *Muscovy Callicoes*, and *Silk Handkerchiefs*, but without a Tittle of the lost Treasure for which he had been diving; we presently attack'd him with a thousand Questions, about what Discoveries he had made in the Subterranean Travels, particularly how he came to be so well furnished with such a Stock or Commodities, in Answer to which, he told us, he had met with nothing remarkable in his long dark Passage, till he came among the *Antipodes*, where he happen'd to find a Parcel of *Indian* Weavers selling their Goods at a Fair, so that he improv'd the Opportunity by buying good Penny-worths, and had replenish'd his Pack with several *Indian* Manufactures, at the small Expence of what my Father had given him; but, as for the Treasure he went in Search of, what had been pour'd in on this Side the Globe, was taken upon the other Side, and past all Recovery, so that every Body was forc'd to be content with their Losses; as soon as he had given us this sorrowful Account, beholding himself surrounded with such a Number of Spectators, he fell to opening his Pack, and all People present, being curious to purchase something of what was gain'd so miraculously, bought up all his Wares at his own Price; upon which, the Pedlar was very importunate with my Father to give him the Liberty of going a second Time to Market; but my Father, being a Man

of

of a covetous Temper, deny'd the *Scotsman*'s Request, and resolv'd to go himself, but the Tackle breaking in the Middle of his Descent, let him drop at once to his Journey's End, beyond all Recovery; so that I lost my Father, but got the Estate, and am now come up to *London* to offer this *New-found Passage*, upon reasonable Terms, to the *East-India* Company.

His mirthful Story being thus ended, *truly young Gentleman*, says the Chairman, *considering your Youth, I think you have given a sufficient Testimony of your Qualifications, and, because so promising a Fellow should not be known of his Matriculation, we admit you as a Member of this most great Society; so my humble Service to you, and you are welcome to Esther.*

Upon another Night, when there was a full Board, and the Fumes of the Wine had inspir'd the Society with much Wit and Pleasantry, some, who were ambitious of being seated in the Chair, resolv'd to make a home Push at Sir *Harry Plant*, and by the Dint of extravagant Lying to thrust him out of his Authority, the Chairman being obliged to resign his Post, if he attempted a Tale that he could not make passable, or when another told a Lye that he could not readily parallel. Pursuant to this Design, which was agreed on by some Travellers, one of the Undertakers, who was warm'd with Emulation, began as follows, *viz.*

As I was once travelling upon the *West India* Continent, I happened to behold a Cabbage whose Leaves were so extensive, that it was at least a Months Journey for a *Snail*, or a *Slug* to cross the least of 'em; and that one single Leaf, in Case of a Famine, was sufficient to subsist a whole Country for a Week; but that which was most remarkable, the Stalk was as thick as a Church Steeple, and as high as the *Monument*: out of the Sides of which, beneath the Cabbage that grew upon the Top of the Stem, sprung a plentiful Excrescency of such delicious Sprouts, that a Mess of them boiled with a Gammon of *Bear-Bacon*, was the best Victuals in the Universe.

Travel

'Twas a thumping Cabbage, indeed, reply'd Sir *Harry*, *but I once met with as great a Wonder in my late Travels through* Prester John's *Country*, viz. As I was riding upon an *Elephant*, with my Man behind me upon the same Beast, in my Passage from *Chimaza* to *Tottimoza*, I happened, by the Road Side, to espy a brazen Wall of so stupendious a Height, that I got a Crick in my Neck by gazing at the Top of it. When we had rid by the Side of it about a League and a half, we came to a very tall Ladder erected against the Wall, and pitch'd against a Hole half a Mile below the Cornish, through which I imagin'd the Inhabitants of the City, so miraculously fortify'd, pass'd in and out; being strangely amaz'd at this wonderful Sight, I stop'd my *Elephant*, and leaving the peaceable Brute to the Care of my Servant, mounted up the Ladder to satisfy my Curiosity by a Peep on the other Side, and having climb'd to the Port in about half an Hour, with an Aching Heart and a giddy Brain, I cast my Eyes downwards from my lofty Promontory, but could discover nothing at so great a Distance, but a great Number of little black Things, who were pecking like so many Rooks in a new sown Pease-field; but finding another Ladder on the contrary Side, I took Heart of Grace and descended down amongst 'em, and when I came there, what above I took to be Crows, I found below to be Tinkers very hard at Work; and what I had foolishly conjectured to be brazen Walls of some rich and populous City, proved nothing more, upon a clear Enquiry, than an old Caldron, about a League in Diameter, which had sustain'd some Damage by careless Usage, and so an Army of Tinkers were employ'd by the Owner to stop its Leaks. *A Cauldron*, cry'd the Author of the foregoing Story, *a League in Diameter too! Zounds, Mr.* Chairman, *pray what could it be for? Sir*, reply'd Sir *Harry*, *it was made on purpose to boil your great Cabbages.* By which witty return Sir *Harry* maintain'd his Honour and secur'd his Chair from the Invasion of his Rival.

Upon

Upon this Disappointment, another of the Combinators, to back his Confederate, thus began his extravagant Fiction, in hopes to win that Honour which his Friend had fail'd of.

Being sent into *Persia*, some Years since, to negotiate an Affair concerning the Silk-Trade, with an Eminent Merchant of that Country, and hearing, when I was there, an incredible Account of the *Sophy*'s Palace, I had a great Curiosity to behold the same, accordingly gave myself the Trouble of a Day's Journey to gratify my Desire; but when I came within Sight of the magnificent Pile, I was much more astonished at its wonderful Appearance, than I was at the Description; for the *Alps* are no more to be compared to it in Height, than a Mole-hill to Mount *Caucasus*. The *Sophy* being retir'd to his rural Palace, by seeing of a Servant I had an Opportunity of viewing the Inside; but the Foundation of the Edifice was so vastly deep, that it cost me a Week's Time to go down into the Wine-Cellar, where we could hear the *Antipodes* hallow over their Liquor, as if they had been hunting: From thence we were six Weeks Time in climbing into the Garrets, which stood above all the Clouds so extravagantly high, that the *Moon* had until'd the House, but the Night before, by knocking her Horns against the Roofs of the Building: I took but little Time in looking about me, for our Provisions falling short, we were forced to return hastily, for fear of being starv'd before we got down again; and though we trip'd it as nimbly as a Ploughman from Church to a Bag-Pudding, yet we made it a full Month before we could recover the Ground-Floor; so I thank'd my Conductor for his great Civility, and return'd to my Merchant's House as heartily tir'd, as if I had been rowing six Months in a *French* Gally.

I confess, Sir, replies the *Chairman, this is as strange a Palace as ever I heard of: But as I was once travelling in the Country of* Mauritania, *I happened to take a view of a Giant's Castle, which had formerly been the noble*

noble Seat of that Monster of a Man, Antæus, *who was slain by* Hercules, *that he might Kiss his Wife* Tagenna; *who, as well as her Husband, was about seventy Cubits high; and there indeed to my great Wonder, I saw one Dancing-Room, where they us'd to entertain their Friends upon Festival Days, which to oblige my Curiosity, I measured exactly, and found it to be something above a Mile in length, but that which was more remarkable, it contain'd a Table within, upon full Extention, was two Miles long.*

Now, Sir Harry, cries his laughing Antagonist, *I am sure we have caught you: How can a Room that's but a Mile long, to have had a Table two Miles long? I must tell you, Gentlemen,* replies Sir *Harry, you may cast your Eyes, for it was a dancing Table, and happen'd to be put in but a Mile at each end.*

No sooner had Sir *Harry,* by his witty Come off, preserv'd his Reputation, and defended his Chair, from the Usurpation of his Rivals a second Time, but a third renew'd the Challenge by the following Amulement, viz.

As I was travelling in the *East Indies* from one of our Factories further into the Country, I happened to meet upon the Road an overgrown *Tyger,* as big as *Homer* reports the *Trojan* Horse, with as many Fortune-tellers riding upon his Back, as ever the other carried Warriors in his Belly, yet the Beast was so very Tame, that he bore them all quietly without the Government of a Bridle, and went Purring along like an old Cat, as if he was proud of his Servitude; I took the Liberty to ask them what they had fed him with, to nurse him up to that prodigious Magnitude? to which they answer'd, that they never gave him any thing; for that he only lived by licking his Whiskers. There happening in the Company to be a lusty Gentleman with a huge Pair of Whiskers, who had spent his Fortune by consulting of the Stars among *Gadbury, Culey,* and the rest of the Wise-akers, who pretended to Astrology, and was often

forced

forced to depend upon the Society for Want of Money to pay his Club, who, finding the Story so applicable to himself, steals down Stairs, and shave of the Ornament of his upper Lip at the next Barbers, returns again to the Company, who presently observing the mighty Alteration, took the Freedom to ask him what was become of his Whiskers; *Z———s*, says he, *that honest Gentleman in his Story of the* Tyger, *gave me so hard a Pull by 'em, that I went immediately and cut them off, to spoil his Hold for the Future.*

Sir *Harry* according to the Custom of the Chair, now entered upon this Story in answer to the Challenge, *viz.*

I confess I never beheld such a large Tyger as that worthy Member has reported to the Board, but I have often seen in the West-Indies, *to my great Admiration, what has been equally wonderful, which are a Sort of monstrous Bees of such a prodigious Magnitude, that they are commonly as big as our* English *Bull-dogs, and have their Arses fortify'd, Dragon like, with such extensive Stings, that they can dart a Man through at one Thrust, as if he was stuck with a Rapier. Pray, Mr.* Chairman, says a thwarting Member, *what Sort of Hives have they in that Country? Just such,* replies Sir *Harry, as our Bees have in* England; with that the whole Society burst into a Laughter; crying, *how can such monstrous Bees creep into such little Hives? Nay, nay,* cries Sir *Harry, let the Bees look to that.*

In these Sort of merry Jests, and extravagant Fables, the Rodomontading Society us'd to spin out their Club-Hours, judging the Largeness of a Man's Genius by the Mightiness of his Lyes; in which preposterous Talent they so plentifully abounded, that they furnished the whole Town with their fictitious Stories, and rais'd their fabulous Society to such a Pitch of Reputation, that scarce a Lye could pass Muster that had not the Honour to be fathered upon their judicious Assembly. Thus they made themselves famous for several Years, till at length

length, Sir *Harry*, who was the principal Supporter of the diabolical Faculty, pik'd over the Perch, and then the Club dwindled into publick Contempt for Want of the great Example, as well as Direction, of such another *Chairman*.

A Poem *in Praise of the Art of* LYING; *written by a Member of the* Lying *Club.*

O Muse! inspire me with a brazen Face,
For good Assurance is a Lyar's Grace;
No painful Studies can our Thoughts refine,
Or gild our Wits like Impudence and Wine:
Such Pow'rs united bless us double fold,
One makes us bright, and t'other makes us bold:
O! Let me neither want, that I may praise
The Art of Lying in Romantick Lays;
That ancient Art, which has in Fashion been
E'er since fair *Eve* was Monarch *Adam's* Queen:
That noble Art, which taught them first to know
Forbidden Springs, where Tides of Pleasures flow;
And how by mutual Struggles to improve
The Force of Dalliance, and the Joys of Love.
What tho' it is by *Saints* and *Priests* decry'd,
And by the Great to meaner Slaves denyd?
Yet well bred Lying is an Art that's us'd
By those the most, by whom it's most abus'd;
It hides a thousand Faults from publick View,
And adds a Grace to ev'ry Act we do;
It is the *Statesman's* Friend, the *Lawyer's* Plea,
The *Poet's* Muse, the *P———'s* Security;
The *Trader's* Conscience, and the *Woman's* Veil,
That hides the Failings of her wanton Tail:
It conquers Beauty, carries on Intrigues;
It leads to Battle, and consummates Leagues;

It

It Merit gives to Fools of high Degree,
And yields the *Pope* Infallibility;
It draws the Crowd into a wild Belief,
Quickens our Joys, and moderates our Grief;
It does the *Bishop's* Wealth encrease,
And starves the Author to enrich the Press;
It paints the Patron of a glorious Hue,
And makes him learn'd in Arts he never knew;
It gives a Sanction to the wealthy *Knave*,
Bleeches the *Dowdy*, makes the *Coward* brave;
It shews the *Harlot* in a modest Dress,
And weaves a Covering for her foul Disgrace;
It oft appeases Jealousies, and finds
Pleasing Excuses, and a thousand Blinds,
Preserves the Comforts of a nuptial Life,
And makes the *Cuckold* hug the *Jilt* his Wife.

What tho' of *Hellish* Race, as some do hold,
And the first Lye was by the *Devil* told;
Yet should the Art of Lying be suppress't,
And us'd no more in Earnest, or in Jest;
A thousand hurtful Truths would then arise,
Which now are screen'd by necessary Lies;
My Lady could no more with Cousin hide,
And by her Maid and Footmen be deny'd;
Our *Teachers* no Petition Tale impose,
To lead believing Thousands by the Nose;
No fulsome Praise from *Poets* Pens would flow,
To flatter this rich *Knave*, or that fine *Beau*;
No nauseous Adulations shame our Schools,
To raise the Fame of undeserving Fools:
In short, the greatest then must low'r their Pride,
And hear those Truths they would be glad to hide:
The Lady then that scolds her Lover's Arms,
Would seem no more all Innocence and Charms,
But her brib'd Confidants, when ask'd, betray
The shameful Secrets of each sinful Day;
Nor could the honour'd *Fool*, or wealthy *Ass*,
Thro' the whole Nation for a *Solon* pass;

But

But all appear, if ſtript of their Diſguiſe,
Empty and vicious to the vulgar's Eyes:
Then why ſhould buſy Mortals be enjoyn'd
To follow Truth, ſince in this Age we find
Officious Lyes ſo uſeful to Mankind?

The BEGGARS *Club.*

THIS mendicant Society of old bearded Hypocrites, wooden leg'd Implorers of good Chriſtian Charity, ſtroling Clapperdudgeons, lymping Diſſemblers, ſham diſabled Seamen, blind Gunpowder blaſted Mumpers, and old broken limb'd Laborers, hold their weekly Meeting at a famous Boozing Ken in the Middle of *Old Street*, where, by the Vertue of ſtrong Tipple, the Pretenders to be dark are reſtor'd inſtantly to their Sight; thoſe afflicted with feign'd Sickneſs recover perfect Health; and others that halt before they come in Lane, ſtretch their Legs without their Crutches. When the jovial Crew are met, no ſooner are their woolen Heads unbound; their dirty Handkerchiefs and Night-Caps ſtript into their Pockets; and their crippled Legs and Arms taken out of their Slings, and return'd from their cramping Poſtures to their Eaſe and Liberty; but every drowthy Mortal whips off a *Winchester* at a Draught, that they may drown Sorrow at once; waſh away the Thoughts of Beggary, and the terrifying Fears of Juſtice *Mendy* and the *Whipping-Poſt*, and wholly reſign themſelves to Mirth and Jollity, without any Interruptions. When their extended Gullets are pretty well liquor'd by a haſty Repetition of large Go-downs, and their Hearts begin to be light with the powerful Effects of rare ſtrong Beer, deliciouſly improv'd with a Daſh of humming two Threads: Then he who is, amongſt 'em, the moſt celebrated Songſter, to exhilerate the reſt, begins to open his Pipes, rumbling out a groaning

broad Baſs, with running his ſtubbed Fingers along a ſmooth Table, whilſt his merrry Companions, by bearing a Bob, make up the Hogity Harmony, which is generally ſo ſingular, and the Songs they ſing ſo well adapted to themſelves, that I think it not amiſs to entertain the Reader with one of their neweſt Ballads, which had the Honour to be lyrick'd over by a blind Fidler, and ſome of the jolly Members at their laſt Quarterly Feaſt, *viz.*

Tho' Begging is an honeſt Trade
That wealthy Knaves deſpiſe,
Yet rich Men may be Beggars made,
And we that beg may riſe:
The greateſt King may be betray'd,
And loſe his ſov'reign Power,
But we that ſtoop to aſk our Bread,
Can never fall much lower.

CHORUS.

Then on with your Night-Caps, and tie up your Legs,
A Begging let's go for the *Smelts* and the *Megs*;
When the *Mants* and *Rum Culls* have recruited our Store,
We'll return to our Boozing. *O pity the Poor.*

What louſy foreign Swarms this Year
Have ſpoil'd the begging Trade?
Yet ſtill we live, and drink good Beer,
Tho' they our Rights invade:
Some ſay they're for Religion fled,
But wiſer People tell us,
They're only forc'd to ſeek their Bread,
For being too rebellious.

CHORUS.

Then on with your Night-Caps, *&c.*

We

We hug our Eaſe, ſecure from Care,
Whilſt Numbers loſe Eſtates;
And ſome who our kind Maſters were,
Become our jolly Mates:
If theſe good pious Days ſhould laſt,
As moſt believe they will,
Hard Times will other Fortunes blaſt,
Whilſt we are Beggars ſtill.

CHORUS.

Then on with your Night-Caps, &c.

Let heavy Taxes greater grow,
To make our Army fight;
Where 'tis not to be help'd, we know
The King muſt lose his Right:
Let ſome ride high, and t'other mourn,
We nothing have to fear,
But that great Lord ſhould Beggars turn,
To be as Rich as we are.

CHORUS.

Then on with your Night Caps, &c.

What tho' we make the World believe
That we are Sick or Lame,
'Tis now a Virtue to deceive,
The Righteous do the ſame:
In Trade diſſembling is no Crime,
And we ſhall live to ſee,
That begging, in a little Time,
A common Trade will be.

CHORUS.

Then on with your Night-Caps, &c.

Come

Come fill a Bumper, Brother *Mump*,
And let us be as merry
As *Cavaliers* that burnt the *Rump*,
And sung, *Hey down-a-derry*:
Let *Soldiers* fight, and *Sailors* cruize,
Whilst *Cowards* curse the Taxes,
We'll stay at Home, tope humming Booſe,
And hug our *Maunts* and *Doxies*.

CHORUS.

Then on with your Night-Caps, and tie up your Legs,
A Begging we'll go for the *Snicks* and the *Negs*;
When the *Maunts* and *Rum Culls* have recruited our Store,
We'll return to our Boozing. *O pity the Poor.*

When with Drinking and Singing they have given Nature a Fillip, and elevated their beggarly Souls far above the Pitch of their ſcandalous Profeſſion, then up ſtarts the nimbleſt of the jovial Crew, and to make Sport for the reſt of his mendicant Brethren, entertains them with a Dance, wherein he expreſſes by Variety of Grimaces of a Beggar's Life, ſometimes affecting a ſorrowful Look, and a diſſembled Lameneſs, halting along the Room, Cap in Hand, as if he was at the Arſe of a miſerly Alderman; then biting his Nails, and ſhaking his Head, puts on a grimming Countenance, as if he curs'd him in his Heart, becauſe he had not the Charity to reward his Prayers with a looſe Half-penny. Next, flinging away his Crutches with abundance of Contempt, he cuts as many wild Capers as a Punch-drunken Seaman, ſhewing his Muſick-Houſe Activity before the Maſt, to pleaſure his proud Commander; then ſuddenly, as if bitingly attack'd by his eight-leg'd Enemies, he fell to fingering his Collar, conveying his little Foes that he happens to take Priſoner between Finger and Thumb, from his Neck to his Mouth, that he may bite the Biters, which he diſpatches ſo naturally, that

at

it is hard to distinguish whether he is in Jest or in Earnest: Thus he recreates himself, and diverts the Company, who cannot forbear shrugging at the lousy Performance, as if they itch'd by Sympathy.

No Sooner is this Scene ended, but the Stewards of the Club require every Member to shew his Manner of Mendication, that by an ingenious Discovery of their several Shams and Wheedles, they may prevent their interfering with each others Way of Begging; so that every poor Stroler may be the more secure of the Pity-moving Wheedles he commonly makes use of, as if the same were his own Right and Property: Upon which Demand of the Stewards, the oldest Mumper being allow'd the Precedency, each takes his Turn according to their standing; so, pursuant to their daily Practices in the Streets, every one, in his Way, shews a distinct Method of opening his miserable Case to excite Christian Charity. The first, with an *Abrahamick* Beard down to his Leathern Girdle, thus begins the Comedy; *Good your Worship cast an Eye of Pity upon a poor decay'd Tradesman, who has been the Husband of three Wives, the Father of thirty Children, the Master of eighteen Apprentices, and has kept six Journeymen at work for many Years together, till at last, undone by long Sickness, and severe Creditors, was kept a Prisoner in* Ludgate *for sixteen Years; and now, in the Winter of my Age, forc'd to beg my Bread through downright Poverty, and incurable Lameness.* Then follows a Second, whose Legs are dismaliz'd with artificial Ulcers, a dirty Handkerchief bound about his Head, and his Face gilded of a *Termerick* Complexion, *viz. Good Christian People, shew your tender-hearted Charity, to a disabled Wretch, who has been troubled these twenty Years with the running Evil: Pray look upon my deplorable Condition: I have been touch'd by two Kings; have been in all the Hospitals about* London, *but turn'd out as incurable; have been brought to Beggary and Want by ill Surgeons, and unkind Relations; and am now in a starving Condition, unless the Lord opens the Hearts of some good charitable Christians*

to relieve a poor diſtreſs'd Creature under a Load of Miſeries. After him a Third, who has loſt one Eye in a Flux, and counterfeits Blindneſs with the other, leaning upon a Quarter-ſtaff, and turning up the Sight of the beſt under the upper Lid, thus exhibits his deplorable Story, *viz. Pray pity the poor Blind, who loſt his precious Sight in the late Wars at Sea, by a Bleſt of Gunpowder; beſtow your Charity upon a poor Soul who has loſt his Eyes in the Service of his Country, and now wanders about the World in perpetual Darkneſs.* Then a Fourth, dreſs'd up like a decay'd Shop-keeper, with his Right Arm bound up in an old ſilken Sling, thus ſets forth, in a ſoft Voice, the humble Manner of his hypocritical Complaint. *Pray, worthy Sir, compaſſionate the Sufferings of a poor decay'd Citizen, who, after many Croſſes in his Fund, and Loſſes by Trade, had his Houſe burnt down by the Carelegneſs of a Servant, and the Uſe of his Right Arm taken from him by the* Dead Palſy; *and now forc'd to ask the Charity of well-diſpos'd Perſons, not only on the Behalf of my poor ſelf, but a diſtreſs'd Wife, that has lain Sick and Bed-ridden above theſe two Years.* A Fifth, with a wooden Leg, and but one Eye, having loſt the one by Wreſtling, and the other by Boxing, with a Thrum Cap upon his Head, a Pair of Mittings upon his Hands, and a Seaman's Handkerchief about his Neck, makes a blunt Repetition of his fabulous Oration, *viz. God bleſs you, noble Captain, remember a poor Seaman, who has loſt a Limb in the Service, and an Eye in the Battle; was I able to fight, I'd ſcorn to beg; I have been a whole Man in my Time, therefore, pray Captain, beſtow your Charity upon what the* French *have left me.* Next theſe, a Sixth, to ſhew his Qualification in the Art and Myſtery of Begging, by ſcrewing up his Limbs, ſeems to diſlocate his Joints, and crumples his whole Body into ſuch a lame diſtorted Poſture, as if he had been broke upon the Wheel, and his Life afterwards preſerv'd by ſome *Dutch* Mountebanks, puts on a ſorrowful Look, like a Play-houſe Ghoſt, and in a frightful Tone thus informs the reſt

reſt how he implores your Charity, *viz. O pity a poor Labourer, who, by falling off a Scaffold from the Top of* Pauls, *had my Bones broken, my Skull crack'd, my Limbs crippled, and in one Moment's Time, was made this miſerable Spectacle, who is now forc'd to travel upon his Crutches to beg your tender Charity.* After him, a cleanly old Fellow with a Copper Countenance, ſilver Hairs, a broad brim'd Hat, clean Band, but a Coat patch'd with as many different Colours as are to be ſeen upon a *Herald*'s Mantle, ſtarts up among the reſt, uncovers his Grey-head with abundance of Deliberation, makes an humble Bow, and with ſingular Formality, begins the following Story, *viz. Pray, Sir, vouchſafe to look upon a poor decay'd Gentleman, who was once Poſſeſt with a good Eſtate, kept an Hoſpitable-Houſe, and had many Servants; but by my over Kindneſs to an ill Wife, my Friendſhip to poor Relations, and being bound for ungrateful Friends, have unhappily brought me to Want and Miſery in the Winter of my Age.* Next to this Lying Hypocrite, up ſtarts a ragged old Fellow, with a Louſy Look, whoſe Beard is ſhap'd like an old Stable Broom, and rowling about his Eyes, without ſaying a Word, down he drops at the End of the Table, clinches faſt his Hands, foams at Mouth like a *French* Prophet in a Fit of Inſpiration, and beating his Head againſt the Floor, moſt artificially diſſembles the Falling-Sickneſs till at length recovering, up he gets upon his Breech, ſets his Back againſt the Wall, and ſweating with the Pains he had taking in his Mimickry, falls into abundance of *God help me's, and Lord bleſs ye's*; and then re-aſſumes his Seat at the Board, among the reſt of the Society.

Thus every one, in Turn, acted his Begging Part, uſing ſuch agreeable Geſtures, apt Words, ſorrowful Looks, and moving Cadencies, performing their Hypocriſies with ſo much Humour, Art, and Livelineſs, as if ſome had been Educated in *Drury-Lane* Theatre, and others train'd up in ſome fanatical Seminary. By that Time they have concluded this diverting Part of

their Evenings Exercise, their Six-pence a-piece, which is their common Club, is pretty well exhausted; then those who, through the Badness of their Day's Work, are a little Deficient in the Pocket, begin to exclaim against the Pulpit Cacklers, for not exciting the Rumcullies to more Charity. One crying, That he had known the Time when he could but have step'd into *Moorfields* for an Hour, and have pick'd up a Hog with more Ease than he now could eight Jacks upon an *Easter* Holiday. A Second, shaking his Head, crying, Ah! *Tom!* I shall never forget King *James*'s Reign; those were blessed Times, when a Man might have hopp'd to *Wild-House*, about eleven o'Clock step'd in, and cross'd himself with a little Holy-Water, stood at the Chapel-Door, when Mass was over, and have got Half a Crown before Dinner; and now a Man may put on a sanctify'd Look, and wait a whole Afternoon at a Meeting House Door, and not get enough to buy a Knapper's Nul for Supper. A Third Mumper of a more ancient Date, saying, He had always observ'd, that when Vice was most rampant, Charity was most fluent, extolling King *Charles*'s Reign for the most glorious Days, when Trading flourished, and Whores could afford to be charitable, and when Great Men spent their Estates, and Beggars got 'em. Thus the poorest of the Crew turn Commentators upon the Times, and are glad to try their Credit for eight Jacks, or a Teaster, among their richer Brethren, so that tho' their Club is adjourn'd when their Six-pences are in, yet every one has the Liberty of running into such exceedings as himself shall think fit, provided he wants neither Money nor Credit to satisfy the Maut, that is, the Mistress of the Boozing Ken: So that they commonly Tipple on till as Drunk as Lords, and then some to Hustle-farthing, and others to All-fours, till by Wrangling and Squabbling, they wake the Children, and disoblige my Landlady, so that the Smith's Daughter is turn'd in a Huff upon the Cellar-door, and then away Hop the Jovial Crew, upon their Wooden-Legs and

and Crutches to their Ally Habitations, where they sleep contentedly without the Danger of Thieves, or the noisy Interruptions that attend much Business.

Since begging Vagrants, who alone depend
On Providence, that universal Friend,
Can be content to glean their daily Bread,
And bless the bounteous Hand by which they're fed;
Sing and be joyful when their Store's but small,
And with a generous Freedom spend their All,
How wretched must the Miser be, who lives
In dread of Want, and neither spends or gives,
But vainly hugging of his useless Store,
Starves, tho' he's rich, thro' Fear of being poor

The Beggar for to Morrow takes no Thought.
Thinks himself rich at Matter of a Groat,
Because when Hunger craves, he dares to part
With his whole Substance to revive his Heart.

The Miser, tho' encompass'd round with Gold,
Does on his Bags of Wealth that he untold,
In fetter'd Trunks the tarnish'd Droit secures,
And pines herewith those Wants his Gut endures.
T' improve his Hoard does Nature ill abuse,
And vainly worships what he ought to use.

The poor Man needs but few Things to compleat
A happy Life, and make his Labours sweet;
Has the true relish of his homely Food,
And thinks his mouldy Scraps extreamly good.

But he that's Rich, and covetously bent,
Wants all that's needful by his own Content;
Denies that Sustenance which Nature craves,
And makes himself to Wealth the worst of Slaves.

The Beggars Wishes seldom are profuse;
He only covets what he dares to use;

Limits his Hopes according to his Sphere,
And when he's able will enjoy good Chear;
Ne'er ſtarves to multiply his Pence to Wealth,
But gladly drinks his Benefactors Health.

The Miſer's Luſt to greater Sums aſpires,
The more he has, the more he ſtill Deſires:
Is ne'er content, but ſtill improves his Pounds,
And grows moſt ſtingy when he moſt abounds;
Torments his Body till his Sands are run,
Then leaves his Hoards to ſome unthankful Son,
Who finding Bags on Bags in Coffers heap'd,
Profuſely ſquanders what the niggard'd ſcrap'd.

Then who'd not chuſe a gen'rous Beggar's Fate,
Much rather than a Miſer's wretched State?

The Scatter-Wit *Club*.

A FEW Years ſince a Parcel of young Gentlemen, who were Pretenders to Wit, and great Adorers of the Muſes, form'd themſelves into a Society, which they kept at the *Rose* Tavern in *Covent-Garden* chiefly, becauſe it happen'd to be ſo near a Neighbour to *Apollo*'s *Seſſion-Houſe*, where our celebrated Wits are forc'd to take their Trials, and abide by the Judgment of a Herd of Criticks, who aſſume to themſelves the judicial Power of *Damning* or *Saving* any *Stage-Author*, according to their Prejudice or Partiality; ſo that, upon every Occaſion, they were ready to ſtrike in with any Pit-Faction, that by the additional Aſſiſtance of their Clap, or Hiſſes, they might be able to over-rule the more candid Part of the Audience, and, according to the Mode, put a modeſt Poet to' a repenting Bluſh, or advance the Reputation of ſome forward Block-head above the Standard of his Merit. When the Scatter-

Wit

Wit Society were met over the Flask, and the Wine had inspired them with a strange Conceit of their own pregnant Genius, then a Pipe of Tobacco could scarce be fill'd, a Glass of Wine drank, or the Drawer snuff the Candle, but a Pun, or a Bullock, was hammer'd out upon the Occasion. One, perhaps, having furnished himself with a notable Collection of *Swan*'s old Cunnundrums, which he had muster'd up at Beau *Coffee-houses*, and Gaming *Ordinaries*. A second, by the witty Conversation of *Dan Gunmut Flat* had acquir'd such an admirable Knack of turning upon a Syllable, that a Man should not say Cant but he would *mundo* the *a* into a *u* Vowel, to make the Company Laugh. A third, perhaps, had pick'd up so many Scraps out of the *Diverting-Post*, and the *Plain-Dealers Miscellany*, that he would have some Dogrel or other to apply to all Purposes; and could not speak a Sentence but he must tag it, like the End of an Act, with superexcellent Couplets. A fifth, having made himself such an absolute Master of old celebrated *Hudibras*, that he could no more forbear tickling the Ears of the Society with the Silver Hairs he had pick'd out of *Butler*'s Beard, than a Country Pedagogue can decline a *Latin* Sentence, without giving the Authority of a Rule in Grammar. Thus every one had his peculiar Talent, either in fashionable Banter, punning Wit, ready Repartee, or dull petition; and now and then, perhaps when their Thoughts were elevated to a poetical Pitch, then the Drawer was call'd in haste to bring Pen, Ink, and Paper, that they might unburthen their Brains of some seraphick Ditty upon my Lady *Suckbottle*, for enriching her Nose with Carbuncles, by drinking *Cold-Tea*. A Piece of Lyrick Bombast in Praise of *Juniper-Ale*: A comical Dialogue between *Whig* and *Whiffler*: Or a quaint Prodigy of a Poem upon some such like Subject, that might shew, at once, the Nicety of their Choice, as well as the Greatness of their Wit, and the Sublimity of their Invention: And that some of their singular Performances may be made known to the Curious, I have here inserted some

of

of their whimsical Product, for the Entertainment of the Reader; the first being written by the Cock of the Company under the following Title:

A Hobby Horse Ditty in Praise of Juniper Ale.

To the Cow-Dance Tune of Gallop and Skite.

I.

Come all ye grave old gouty Dons,
Lame Aldermen and Beadles,
Clap'd Beaus and Rakes, by butter'd Buns
Inflam'd with Pins and Needles.

II.

Come ye Misers that find
You have nothing but Wind
In your Guts, by neglect of good Eating
And you Tun belly'd Swine,
Who as oft as you dine,
Stuff your Bellies with more than is fitting.

III.

If Cholick Pains, or aking Brains,
The Dropsy, Stone, or Gravel,
Bruises or Smarts, i'th' upper-Parts,
Or Ails below the Navel;
Or if hard bound by toping round
Bad Punch, or cotlive Clarets,
Or Midnight Joys, have made your Eyes
As Blood-shot as Ferrets.

IV.

Drink my *Juniper-Ale*,
Not too Mild, or too Stale;

It

It gives ease in the worst of Conditions,
Mends the whole Mass of Blood,
And will do you more Good,
Than the College of *Quacks* and *Physicians.*

V.

Come all ye merry Dames that drink
Too much *cold Tea*, or *Coffee*,
And haren *Jezabels* that think
All fruitful Women scoff ye.

VI.

Come ye whither'd old Jades,
And ye tallow fac'd Maids,
Who are sick for a lusty young Lover,
And ye Saint looking Tits,
Who are wicked by Fits,
And repent when the Pleasure is over.

VII.

Come you that find, by being Kind,
Your Guts begin to grumble;
And you that cry, when kiss'd, *O fie*,
But yet will backward tumble.

VIII.

Come High-Church, Low-Church,
Trimmer, no Church,
Libertines and Quakers,
I'll cure you all, both great and small,
From Lords to Kennel-Rakers.

IX.

CHORUS.

Drink my *Juniper-Ale*, and 'till open the Tail,
Turn a Hypocrites Zeal into Farts;
Make a canting old Cuff, if he drinks but enough,
Out chatter a Master of Arts.

It

It will cool a Man's Veins, purge his Belly and Reins,
And infallibly root out the Scurvy,
Give a Husband new Life, make him snuggle his Wife,
Till he tumbles her Topsie-turvy.
It is brisk in the Mouth, very good to quench Drouth:
I most excellent after a Fuddle.
Take a little 'twill cool any Feaver by Stool,
And a Dose will climb into the Noddle.

When such a merry Piece of Drollery, as the foregoing Whim, had been lug'd out and read to the Satisfaction of the Company, it commonly put the rest upon producing some deform'd Off-spring or other, lest one, above the rest, should plead a Title to the Bays, which they had the Equity to think ought not to be ingross'd, but shared among the Society: So that no sooner had the former been conn'd over with Applause; but it was seconded by the following Rapture, which was compos'd by one of the Members, as he was cooling his Intrails upon a Close-Stool, after he had taken Physick, *viz.*

I.

O that my Rump had but an Eye to weep,
And that my Farts like mighty Guns could roar,
My Arse no Councils for the great should keep,
But echo Wonders from the *British* Shore.

II.

Some Night man's Doxy would I dub my Muse,
She should my Guts, instead of Brains, inspire.
A Painter's Pencil for a Pen I'd chuse,
And dawb whole *Fools-Cap* Reams with T—d and [Mire.

III.

III.

My Tail prophetick Poems should excrete;
I'd rise Arse upwards ev'ry Day by times;
On Boghouse Walls I'd dignize my Wit,
And shitten Luck should wait upon my Rhimes.

IV.

The Pope with Heath'nish Scandal I'd besmear,
And with *Dutch* Morals poison *Turks* and *Jews*;
I'd make each modern Saint a Knave appear,
And *H—y H—h*, should pirate all my Works.

I'd sing of Lads, Lits, and lustful Kings,
Justice to Knaves, and Wit to Blockheads teach,
At stool I'd puzzle out a thousand Things,
And with Quack's Bills, then mundify my Breech.

The next Member in his Turn, perhaps, of a more amorous Disposition, would signalize his Art in a most exquisite Sonnet upon some bouncing Doxy, who, with the Glance of an Eye, or a Jut of her Bum, had kindled more Fire in his Heart, than he could vent out at his Codpiece; and therefore could not be easy without plaguing his cherubimical *Dulcidella* with some of his rhiming Impertinence: As for Example,

I.

Tho' *Phillis* my Request denies,
I'm sure she hugs me in her Thoughts;
Sh'as Nests of Sparrows in her Eyes,
And in her Heart a Herd of Goats;
For when I ask her to be kind,
Tho' her deceitful Tongue crys no,
Yet to the Joy she seems inclin'd,
For something else crys *yes* below.

II.

II.

O that she would but let me know
How much she does the Bliss desire,
With balmy Drops, as white as Snow,
I'd add fresh Fuel to her Fire:
Therefore since she my Flame can cool,
And with new Pleasures fan her own,
Is not the silly Nymph a Fool,
To long for Man, yet lie alone,

III.

I see by every Step she treads,
And every Glance the Gypsie throws,
That tho' she's rank'd among the Maids,
She first in Fancy as she goes:
Her Bubbies heave, her Buttocks move;
Her Belly cleaves the yielding Air;
Her wrinkling Eyes dissolve in Love,
And shew the Joy she finds elsewhere.

IV.

O how her luscious Charms will melt,
When she the nuptial Dart receives.
What Man, for Millions, would be gelt,
Whilst such a lovely Creature lives?
What tho' she's coy, and does withdraw
Her Smiles, when I entreat and pray,
Yet Virtue, when she's warm will thaw,
And drop like melting Ice away.

No sooner was this salacious Ditty lyrick'd over to some Tune, but another Member of this *Scatter-Wit* Society, to shew his poetical Knack in tagging Meter with a little Somewous Gingle, would be tendering to the Board the newest Off spring of his working Brains, that

the

the reſt might paſs their Judgment upon his Brat of Fancy; which happen'd to prove the following Piece of Monſtroſity, by Way of Riddle, *viz.*

I.

There is a Thing that's ſeldom ſeen,
Felt, heard, or underſtood;
Yet 'tis a Place we've all been in,
E'er we were Fleſh and Blood.

II.

It's a warm pleaſant Houſe that has
Seven Chambers on one Floor;
And tho' it is ſo wide a Place
It opens but one Door.

III.

It is an eaſy Manſion, where
Both Sexes live and dwell;
It has no Window, I aver,
But is as dark as Hell.

IV.

The Door three Quarters of a Year
Is very oft kept ſhut,
And then what enter'd lifeleſs there,
From thence comes living out.

V.

Whoever dwells within its Walls,
Meat Drink, and Cloathing find;
But when the Dame that keeps it calls,
They leave it all behind.

VI.

VI.

Tho' Moneyleſs, to Food they're free,
But never chew one Bit;
They live and thrive, but cannot ſee
What 'tis they drink or eat.

VII.

They often kick their deareſt Friend,
Till they can bear no more,
Who then does for Aſſiſtance tend,
And turns them out of Door.

VIII.

But when the Tenant's forc'd to quit
Their warm and thriving Station,
The Meſſage in a Month is fit
For further Occupation.

A fifth, unwilling to be behind the Lighter, being ſkill'd enough in Flattery, to be a Gentleman Uſher to ſome Counteſs Dowager, would oblige the Company with a moſt accurate Panegyrick upon my Lady *Fizzleton*'s Lap-Dog, which ought for its Singularity, to be honour'd with a Place among the other notable Performances of his Brother Poetaſters; therefore I have here recommended the rhimatical Fangle to the Judgment of the Reader, *viz.*

Jewel, how charming is thy cole-black Noſe;
How moiſt it looks; how pretuly it grows;
Shap'd like an *Æthiopian* Lady's Snout,
And ſhines like poliſh'd *Ebony*, or *Jut*;
Flat in the Middle, riſing at the End;
Cool as the Waters that from Rocks deſcend,
And to the ſweaty Palm a pleaſing Friend.

Conti-

Contiguous to this beauteous Feature hangs
A lovely Mouth, well arm'd with *Ivory* Twangs,
Whose Lips are honour'd oft with kind Salutes
To Man deny'd, tho' granted thus to Brutes:
A Mouth whose Tongue my Lady's Wants supplies,
But never tell the Freed m it enjoys;
Pleases much better than the *Spanish* Art,
Tickles at once and mundifies the Part.

Large rowling Eyes the fav'rite Puppy wears,
Whose flowing Juices gum the neighb'ring Hairs,
Which Miss, to shew how far her Love exceeds,
Wipes with her Tongue to cleanse the pretty Beads,
Kindly rewards the little four-leg'd Beau,
For secret service he perf rm: below;
Who at the Monster does half frighted stare,
And cries *Bow-wow*, as Butcher's Dog at Bear.

Like modish Wig, his flapping Ears hang down
Below his Nostril, from his curling Crown,
Comb'd every Hour with so much Art and Care,
'Tis difficult to find one straggling Hair;
But fall so nice, are such a charming Grace,
To ev'ry Feature of the Puppy's Face,
That no Bel's Pinner tiff'd half a Day,
Can make the am'rous Wanton look more gay.

His pretty Paws, like Hoof's of *Flanders* Mare,
Or something else, are cover'd o'er with Hair,
That as he treads 'twixt Chimney and the Door,
Like little Brooms they sweep the dusty Floor;
And gather in his Range the nimble Flees,
That hop for Air from Madam's Thighs and Knees:
And when he's comb'd are by the Whelp convey'd
To the flabby Bosom of her wither'd Maid,
Who shakes them off upon the Coachman *John*;
So thro' the House the high-bred Vermin run,

Left a wet Finger does their Lives betray,
And Thumb-Destruction meets 'em by the Way.

His Body does a Party-liv'ry wear,
Made up of white and liver-colour'd Hair,
Oft trimm'd by *S—gw—k*, that the Cur may prove
An Object worthy of his Lady's Love:
Who with her own soft Fingers parts his Crest,
And curls the Rudder of the fondled Beast,
Whose Stern, to make amends, must bear the Blur,
When Madam drops by Chance a gentle Slur:
So cunning Statesmen to preserve their Fame,
Find Puppies, when they Err, to bear the Blame.

O happy *Towel*, to be thus caress't,
And by so fair a Dame so highly blest:
Pamper'd at Table with the nicest Bits,
And made Partaker of expensive Treats;
Hug'd in the Lap of Pleasure by the Fair,
As if God *Priapus* himself was there.
Stroak'd as thou slumberst 'twixt thy Lady's Knees,
As if thou hadst some secret Power to please;
Fondled all Day, and then at Night prefer'd
To sleep in Holland, and be Honour's Guard,
That none without thy Notice should approach
The Seat of Joy, which thou hast Leave to touch,
And with thy icy Nose presum'st to kiss,
Without Offence, the very Gates of Bliss.

O! that I might thy happy Place supply,
Where many a Christian would be glad to lie.
Like thee I'd start at ev'ry Noise I heard,
And snarl at each new Rival that appear'd;
Ingross those Charms which you so oft salute,
And hang thee for a bold aspiring Brute.
For who that loves without Revenge can see
A Cur enjoy more Happiness than he,
And not expel thee from the Sheets design'd
Only for Mortals of a nobler Kind.

And

And should the charming Dame that hugs thee now,
At my Commands, but shew an angry Brow,
I'd scorn the Quean that should so sooth be,
And wholly give her up to Dogs like thee.

For she that does her Beauty such Disgrace,
As in her Bed to give her Whelp a Place,
And tho' her angry Lover does complain,
Will still commit the Folly o'er again,
E'en let her live with Dogs despised by Men.

Thus the whole Society were such notable Versifiers, that when any one ventur'd to pull some new Excrement of his Brains out of the postical Side of his *Spanish* Breeches, the rest as naturally fell to't his Example, as the Beaus do at *Man*'s Coffee-House; when any one discalabats his Watch to enquire nicely after an Astrological Minute; or as Sheep do, when one bolts a Hedge all the Flock run after. Thus when every Member, to shew the wonderful Respect he had for those old-tuft-ear'd Gentlewomen, called the Muses, had either read or repeated one of the newest of their Products, they began to be pretty well tir'd with their whimsical Performances; so adjourned their Club till the next succeeding Night, and commonly had Recourse early enough to the Play-House to furnish their Memory with new theatrical Jests, and their libidinous Desires with saucy half Crown Mistresses.

Rimings become a *London* Plague,
That spreads like Knavery at the *Hague*;
Mechanicks, whom *Apollo* knows,
Ought only to romance in Prose;
Have now improv'd the Gift of Lying,
Into the Knack of Versifying,
As if, cause Trading is no better,
They were resolv'd to starve in Meter.

The Bankrupt Trader, heretofore,
Uſs'd to turn Law Solicitor;
Manage bad Cauſes in the Hall,
To gain at laſt the Dev'l and all;
Bribe Witneſſes to ſay and ſwear,
What's uſeful in a legal War,
That an ill Cauſe mayn't want a Lye
To ſteer the honeſt Jury by.
But now, as ſoon as left his Shop,
And giv'n his Creditors the Drop.
He tags his Brains, and up there ſtarts
A poetizing Aſs of Parts,
Who ſtorms the Church with grinning Satyr
And ſo becomes a Saint-like Creature.
For he that would be reckoned witty
By the grave Gooſe-Caps of the City.
Muſt learn of *F*——— to ſcandalize
All Truth and Honeſty with Lies;
Then ſhall the Saints his Cauſe eſpouſe,
And fix the Lawrel on his Brows;
For 'tis not Wit, in theſe dull Days,
But Malice, that muſt gain the Bays;
Therefore thoſe *Scatter-Wit* Buffoons,
Who deal ſo much in Church Lampoons
Cannot do leſs, to pleaſe their Party,
Than damn themſelves to ſhew they're hearty;
And then to make his Fame the brighter,
They'll ſwear he's a Saint-like Writer.

The Florists *Club.*

THIS odoriferous Society of *Pink* and *Tulip* Worshipers, who can walk ten Miles to see a new Stripe in a *Clove-gilly-flower*, or gaze away whole Hours upon an odd colour'd *Dasie*, preserve an amicable Conversation, at the Sign of the Bloody-King of the *Quadrupedes*, near *Hoxton* Hospital; it being a noted House where our Luxorious Citizens carry their plump Wives and buxom Daughters to feast them, in the Holidays, with hot Cheese Cakes, that themselves may have the Opportunity of stuffing their own Guts with rare *Lincoln*-Ale, which the jolly Landlord keeps on Purpose to fatten up lean Shopkeepers to the graceful Bulk of a Churchwarden or Alderman, as he has puff'd up himself, by the same Liquor, to the ostentatious Stature of a Trainband Lieutenant, that his Tun-belly might become a Marshal-Sash, as well as a Hogshead does a Hoop, or a Vintner made a military Commander, does the Print of his Apron strings. These Knights of the Nosegay, or floriferous Gentlemen, who are as seldom to be seen without a Flower in their Mouths, or stuck into their Button-Holes, as a Horse-courser without a Switch, or a Gentleman's Footman without a tag'd Shoulder knot, assemble not themselves weekly like other Clubs, but have their several Festivals, dedicated to the Honour of such certain Flowers which are highly esteem'd by the most judicious Worm-pickers, and other whimsical Garden-gropers, for excellent Beauty, and reviving Fragrancy; as in particular, they have their *Tulip*, their *Auricula*, their *Rose*, their *Gilly flower*, their *Carnation-Feasts*, &c. which are held Annually at the *Marygold* and *Gilly-flower*, the *Snail* and *Cabbage*; the *Artichoke* and *Thistle*: the

the *Radish* and *Dunghcat*, or at such sort of Houses, kept in the neighbouring Villages by some of the Muck-hill Brethren, who, finding it difficult to pick up a sweet Penny out of a T———d, are glad to sell *Brandy*, *Ale*, and *Cyder*, that the Town Sparks and Ladies may have recourse to their Gardens, and there, without the Danger of a reforming Constable, give their Arses a Salad. But the principal and most flourishing of these fragant Feasts, being held in *Hoxton* Fields, at the Sign of the four-leg'd Emperor aforemention'd, I shall therefore only entertain the Reader with the diverting Humours of this particular Society: For who would treat separately of a Bear-baiting, Bull-baitings, and a mercenary Combat between a couple of Gladiators, when all may be handsomely included in the natural Description of the noisy Bear-garden. About the meridian Hour, upon the Day of their Triumphs, Tickets having been given out, and Provision made by the Stewards of the Feast, the scatter'd Members, with prepar'd Appetites, begin to assemble themselves at their general Rendezvouze, from the Military Major to the Snail-crushing Adamite; and from the honest High-church Doctor, who dares to speak Truth in the worst of Times, to the little low Church Ignoramus, who has scarce Sense enough to know a *Primrose* from a *Hollyhock*. The Doctor stepping in with a *Carnation* in his Mouth, as big as the Rose of his canonical Hat-band; the Major with an *Auricula* tucked into his Button-hole, as beautiful and gay as his Sash and Feather, and as flourishing as the Colours of his own Company: the *Hoxton* Gardner with a *Clove-gilly flower* in his Hand, blown as big as a *Colliflower*, and the principal Director of *Wilores-Ditch* Parish with a huge double *Marygold* stuck under his Chin, adorn'd like a piece of Bull-beef in a Shop-window of a Boiling-cook, in *Cluck-lane-corner*. A fifth, as tall and as upright as a Staff in the powerful Hand of a stern midnight Constable, with a Rose as large as an Artichoke, so nicely supported between Finger and Thumb, as if he had forgot himself,

and

and fancy'd he was handing up a Bill to his fanatical Teacher, to desire his Prayers for a despounding Sister, who had been preach'd mad the last Lord's Day. A sixth, a notable Defender of Revelation, Principles, with a *Sweet-William* sticking under his own Hawk-nose, which beloved Flower, tho' it was but a paltry one, was respectfully introduced and admired by every Body; not at all for its Beauty, but for it's Name's sake: So that Bull-beef with his *Mary, II*, and old Cant with his *Sweet William*, had the Honour to be seated at the upper End of the Table, because they revived the Blessed Memory of the Protestant Partner, by bringing into Company two such precious Flowers. Thus in a little Time, the Company dropped in one after another, each having robb'd his own Garden, or Neighbour, of the most beautiful Ornament that spotted Nature had prepared for their Hand; so that the Variety of their Nosegays, when they were assembled in a Body, made them look like so many Cow-keepers met together to dress up Flowry Garlands for their Cherry-cheek'd Milk Maids against *May* Day; or that they were so many *Pagan* imbued of *Christian*, come in a solemn Manner, to pay their heathenish Devotion to that lascivious Goddess, *Flora*, a worse Whore or Strumpet than the very Whore of *Babylon*. When they were first met and seated on all the Sides of an oblong Union of *Spanish* Tables, for want of right Precedency who and who should be together, they were all match'd, and as promiscously accompanied, as Hogs, Hens, Geese, and Turkies, in a Farmer's Yard; for here sat a High-Church Parson, a Man of Wit and Learning, between a couple of fanatical Hum-drums, that whenever they spoke 'twas like a groaning Board; there sat a Tacker, a Man of Honour and Resolution, wedged in between two Sneakers, who looked as sickly in the Face, by over charging their Consciences with occasional Oaths and Sacraments, as if they had weaken'd the whole Frame of Nature by casuistical Vomits to fetch them up again; and next these sat an honest Church-

man, of found Principles and unſhaken Fidelity, among a parcel of Double looooking Saints, call'd Moderators who ſpit Oil out of one Side of their Mouths, and Vinegar out of t'other, whoſe Palates agreed beſt with Ale and Stale-beer, becauſe it was ſweet and ſour: Oppoſite to theſe ſat a rigid Preſbyterian, next to a jolly Quaker, who looked at one another, over the neighbouring Shoulders, as if Thee and Thou was angry to ſee the Geneva Saint above him, and that *Jack Preſtiter* was as vex'd to ſee the Quaker, ſo near him: Next theſe ſat a conſcientious Nonjuror, and an All-ſwallowing *Williamite*, who leer'd at one another, as if *Jack* thought *Will* a very conformable Knave, and that *Will* thought *Jack* as obſtinate a Fool, to be even with him; next theſe ſat an honeſt well meaning *Heaton* Gentleman; and a ſtingy querimonious Grumbletonian Shopkeeper; one in his Converſation eaſy, pleaſant, and facetious, and the other, hanging down his Head, with his Snout in his Boſom, look'd like a Hedg-hog rowl'd up in his own Briſtles: Oppoſite to theſe ſat a jolly young Libertine, who talk'd as if he had never entertain'd one Thought of Religion, ſince the Time of his Baptiſm: Next him a Seeker, who had been a Man of as many Opinions, in Matters of Faith, as there are ſpecify'd in *Roſſe's View of Religion*; but thoſe two ſat Check-by-Jole, and were as well coupled as any Pair of my Lord Mayor's Hounds. In ſhort, when they were all together, there were as many different Churches in one Room, as ever were diſcovered by St. *Paul* in *Epheſus*. However, by degrees, to prevent Diſpute, and to make themſelves the more eaſy, they chop'd and chang'd Seats, upon every chance Removal, till at laſt thoſe of the ſame Kidney got cloſe to one another; and ſo Birds of a Feather flock'd together; and then, by that Time the Company had taken a pretty handſome Whet, the Dinner was ready for the Table; but I ſhall not trouble the Reader with a Bill of Fare, leſt it ſhould happen, with a dull Entertainment of groſs Food, to overcharge his Stomach; therefore I ſhall only

only touch upon two or three Diſhes, which, by great Accident, gave Abundance of Diverſion. The firſt was a Side of *Salmon* very palatably dreſs'd with Shrimps and Oyſters, inſomuch that one of the Members, who had a Body like an Elephant, a Stomach like a Tyger, and a Mouth like an Allegator, as he ſat ſhovling in the Fiſh, and a Sewer [illegible] to his dirty Vehicle, happen'd to be highly commending the Excellency of the Sauce. Now, [illegible] Fellow that ſat directly oppoſite, Don't you know one of the Stewards 'is a Kitchen-Gardener, and to ſave [illegible] Charges 'has put in Worms inſtead of Shrimps, and Snails 'in the room of Oyſters. Which unlucky Saying put ſuch a ſudden Check to the Voracity of the Glutton, that he mumbl'd about the Morſel he had in his Mouth with as much Leiſure, as a Cow does her Cud, or an Aſs a Thiſtle, till at laſt forcing it down with as great Difficulty as a Patient does a Bolus, he forſook the Fiſh, and reſerv'd the Remainder of his Appetite for ſome other Dainty. This luxurious Introduction to their further Plenty, was ſucceeded with Variety of more ſubſtancial Food, ſuch that was ſufficient to pacifie the craving Stomachs of induſtrious Gardeners, who had dug ſix Hours before they came, to get good Appetites to their ſumptuous Feaſt, which was ſo wonderfully garniſh'd with all Sorts of Hortelage; that after the Company had din'd, a Drove of Hogs might have made a very good Meal of their green Fragments: The laſt Courſe that was brought to the Table conſiſted of Cheeſe-Cakes and Lobſters, both which went merrily down, as if every Member, by [illegible] to his Flowers, had begot himſelf a freſh Appetite. But, no ſooner had the Floriſts gutted their Shell-Fiſh, e'er a warm Contention aroſe amongſt 'em about the Lobſter's Claws, and how they ſhould be divided, that every one might have ſome to hang over his Flowers, to trepan the Earwigs. The Major urging, that as he was a military Officer, and the Lobſters being red Coats, he ought to command them; the Parſon aſſerting, 'That as they were black

'Coats

' Coats before they were boil'd, they ought to belong ' to the Church, and therefore he, as a Priest, had the ' best Right to 'em.' A third, who had no Garden of his own, pointing to his opposite, said, ' his Neighbour *Mutable*, was once a Fanatick, tho' now a Churchman, and therefore, since he had chang'd his Coat, ' as the Lobster had his Colour, he ought to have the ' Claws for his Flower Pots.' A fourth, starting up amongst the rest, said, ' That his Father was a Captain, ' and his Mother a Parsons Daughter, and therefore, as ' he was nearly related to both the Lobsters Colours, had ' the best Title to both the Lobsters Claws; at length up rises a Quaker with as much Deliberation, as an independant Teacher craves a Blessing upon his Food; ' Verily, cries *Ananias*, ' your Mouths were so nimble, ' I could catch none of your Fish; therefore the Spirit ' moves me to tell ye I have the best Right to the Shells. The Quakers Argument proving the most cogent, every one of the Company withdrew their Pretensions, and to the Claws were resign'd to the primitive Contender *Nemine contradicente*.

The Dinner being now ended, and the Doctor having given a *Quietus* to the Teeth of the Society, the Flowers began to be handed about that every Man's darling Beauty might be nicely inspected by those who had the Vanity to set themselves up as the most distinguishing Judges. When like a parcel of conceited Antiquaries tumbling over a Bag of rusty *Roman* Trinkets, they had begun their View, one Flower was highly applauded for its white Edging, which look'd as pretty round the frizzl'd Carnation, as a silver Puff round the scarlet Edges of my Lady *Plump*'s Neck-Handkerchief, and was christen'd, for its Beauty, together with its Fragrancy, *Dulcedia*, which signifies Sweet and Fair.

A second was greatly admired for having a Stripe of yellow upon a crimson Ground, and was notably compared to the Gold Galloon round Gammar *Gurton*'s red Petticoat, and for its remarkable Singularity, was nam'd, by the learned, *Zelotypa*, because Nature had

tinctur'd

tinctur'd it with a [illegible] of [illegible]. A third was very much approv'd for the Largeneſs of its Bloſſom, and the Diverſity of its Colours, and was ſaid by ſome of the Company, to [illegible] *[illegible]*, becauſe it was adorn'd with ſuch a motley Variety, but happen'd to be chriſtened by the [illegible] Name of [illegible], for Reaſons beſt known to thoſe that were its Godfathers. A fourth, tho' it [illegible] pale, [illegible] by ſome, was very much commended by others for the Conſtancy of its Leaves, the Continuance of its Colour, the Sweetneſs of its Scent, the Liveline ſs of its Bloom, and for Blowing without burſting in ſo bluſtering a Seaſon. This, ſome of the ſober Judges, at [illegible] Fellows of [illegible] Die, compar'd to a [illegible] without Blemiſh, that had no Spots in his Reputation, or Blot in his Scutcheon, he was a much [illegible] Flower in its Colour, than [illegible] Flower. 'A [illegible] 'ſpring of my Garden, added [illegible], ſhall chriſten it but myſelf; accordingly he ſmil'd upon the flouriſhing Gugaw, and [illegible] the Darling by the Name of *[illegible]*; then convey'd it to his Noſe, that he might refreſh his Senſes with the wonderful ſweetneſs the Name had added to its Odour. The 11th was a Double Cowſlip, every diſtinct Bloom being of a different Colour, which, together, were compar'd to the many Sectaries that now bloſſom'd in the Kingdom; but for holding down its Ears, which is the Nature of that Flower, it was called a Sneaker. The next fragrant Curioſity that was handed up, was an *[illegible]* Tulip, of ſuch a changeable Colour, that, like the Feathers of a Woodpecker, turn it one Way, it would ſeem to [illegible] another way Greeniſh. This according to the different Reflection of the lucid Rays, would change its Tincture like the beautiful *Camelion*; ſo that none were able to determine what was its natural Colour; therefore it was ſaid to be like a Cunning Trimmer, who ſo manag'd himſelf ſo, that no-body could diſcover what ſide he was moſt affected to, for which Reaſon, the Tulip was honoured with the Name of Moderator.

Moderator. The Quaker, as they commonly affect Singularity, having ty'd up a huge Nosegay of common Pinks, Daisies, Bluebells and Butterflowers, some out of his Garden, and others gather'd in the Fields, till he had bundled up enough rifraf to have fill'd a couple of Flower-Pots; which thundering Posie, according to custom, was handed up very merrily, to be view'd by the Judges as a great Rarity, who, in looking upon the Variety he had presented to the Board, happened to espy abundance of little black Insects, with which Flowers are oft infested, crawling up and down his fine flourishing Mess of Medly; upon which, cries a skilful Florist, 'You have brought us nothing, 'Mr. *Sly*, but a Parcel of beggarly Trumpery, not worth 'our looking at: Besides they are so confounded Lousie, 'that they are enough to infect all the Flowers in the 'Company: For which Reason, replies the Quaker, I 'shall call my Nosegay the Palatine Protestants, and 'the more Lice thou findest the fitter it is to bear the 'Name I have given it.' Thus they went on, pleasing themselves with their effeminate Toys, till they had run through the Flowers of the whole Company, and then every one returning his gay Bauble to his Button-hole, fell to Drinking and Smoking, nothing being heard, for an Hour or better, among the Flower-croping Vertuoso's, but some new Discovery or other, for the further Improvement of Auriculas, and Carnations, Daisies, Butterflowers, and Primroses, *&c.* One averring Mole, Lime, and Ass-Dung to be the best Earth in the Universe for a Pot-Flower. Another asserting Cow-piss to be an excellent Cordial for a sick *Chrysolly Flower.* A third humbly proposing, that a tin Extinguisher, provided it be clean scowred, and fixt the Crown of a Flower-stick, is as good a Trap for an *Earwig*, as either a Lobster's Claw, or the Head of a Tobacco Pipe. A fourth alledging, that nothing is better to lay a Clove or a Carnation, in either Bed or Pot, than the inflexible Stumps of an old Stalk-Broom. A fifth undertaking to blow a Flower to twice

as

its usual Expansion, with only a few additional Puffs of a Pair of mathematical Dem nstrators. Thus they rambled on for a little Time, each vending his own whimsical Notions, like a Parcel of *Alchymists* slip'd into the Lack of the Transmutation of Metals, till at length they chang'd their Subject, and fell into a Contest about what was the best Flower that a Garden produc'd. One loves an Auricula, another, a Carnation; a third, a Tulip, a fourth, a Rose; and so on, till at last up starts Friend *Animatus*, and tells them, according to his Opinion, 'Of all the Flowers in a Garden, a 'good Cockscomb was the best.' Thus they past away their Time over some Wine, much *Lincoln* Ale, amidst a cloud of Smoke, and many thwarting Claps of verbal Thunder, 'till all, when every one was well satisfy'd with the plentiful Entertainment, then away went the Major with his Dulcibella; old Tumble with his Zelotypia; Mr. Occasional with his Toleration; the Doctor with his Tucker; Mr Cant with his Moderator; Esquire *Safe* with his *Speaker*; and the merry Quaker with his Louise Nosegay of Palatine Protestants, attended with a Croud of Sallet-pickers, Cabbage-Merchants, Slaves, Knaves, and Flower-Fanciers, who, with full Cups and dizzy Brains took an amicable Leave of one another; mutually wishing Happiness till their next merry Meeting.

'Tis strange that Men of Sense should doat
Upon a gaudy fading Toy,
Bestow a Woman's fonder thought;
In all its Bloom not worth a Groat,
It does so quickly die.

Man should delight his pensive Mind
With things more permanent and bright,
Wherein the active Soul may find
Employments of a nobler Kind,
That reach beyond the Sight.

Flowers are Gugaws only fit
To gratifie a Womans Pride
And Man that boasts superior Wit,
Should leave those Toys so fair and sweet,
To th' study of his Bride.

Adam *first Master of the Spade,*
Who did in Eden dig and love,
Altho' a Gardiner by his Trade,
We never read that e'er he made
One Nosegay for his Eve.

Such blooming Trifles ne'er imploy'd
One careful Hour of Adam's *Life;*
They only grow in some back-side,
The privy Garden of his Bride,
Indes'd to please his Wife.

'Tis true much Beauty we may find,
In blushing Roses *and* Carnations;
But what are they to Woman kind,
Who yield the Body and the Mind,
Much sweeter Recreations?

But Man should elevate his Thought
To yet a much sublimer pitch,
And not, like Maids, on Flowers dwat
Or too much on the Petticoat,
But curb the foolish Itch.

But if a Man must please his Sight,
And be a Slave to Beauty's Power,
Give me the Lass that's young and bright,
Full of good Humour and Delight,
Take you the gaudy Flow'r.

Bou

Bob Weden's *Cellar Club.*

Bob Wed-, univerſally ſo call'd, was the younger Brother of that unfortunate Gentleman, who, after he had given a new Turn of old *Jack-Lane*, and to his great Expence had deſign'd and promoted many uſeful Projects, for the Benefit of the Publick, convey'd himſelf out of a jarring World, to the peaceful Grave, by the Miſapplication of an ignominious Halter which he had never deſerved. *Bob* being the Pin-Basket of the Family, was put Apprentice to *Greenhil* the famous Painter, but before he had acquir'd a ſufficient Perfection in that ingenious Art to get his Bread by his Pencil; a Fortune of two Thouſand Pounds falling into his Hands, e'er he was Maſter of ſo much Diſcretion as to make a right Uſe of it, he preſently put a Stop to his farther Progreſs in the Art of Painting, and totally reſign'd himſelf to Wit and Pleaſantry, in which himſelf had a very ſprightly Genius; ſo that in a little Time, he had not only waſted his Patrimony, in a Purſuit of ſo Pleaſures, but ſo far diſabled himſelf, by a neglect of Buſineſs, from living in the World by any creditable Means, that he was forc'd to depend upon the Bounty of his Friends, and the Extravagance of his Companions, for an uncertain Subſiſtence, being every way qualify'd for the Converſation of ſuch Gentlemen who valu'd not their Expences, if they had but a Song or a Jeſt to give the better reliſh to their inebrious Exceſſes. Having, by this Time, acquired the airy Reputation of a pleaſant Companion, he was highly celebrated for a Wit, by all the Rakes in the Town. And now, that he might be conſtantly found, by all that were deſirous to have a taſte of his Converſation, he ſettled an every Days Meeting at the Sign of the Still in the *Strand*, where he had a little Cellar, about ſix Foot under

under Ground, which they had converted into a Tuddling-Room; and this being judg'd as the most secure Retirement from the Surprize of Bailiffs, and the fittest Appartment of their Midnight Revels, was therefore chosen by *Bol*, as the most convenient Sanctuary, not only for himself, but such as he had selected for his daily Companions, who were generally Gentlemen of Fortune, Petticoat-Pensioners, *Irish* Captains, and such Sort of Improvident Sharpers, who, as they got their Money over the Devils Back, neglected no Opportunity of spending it under his Belly. Their Time of meeting was generally in the Evening, *de Die in Diem*; the Liquor that they drank, commonly Bumpers of *French* Brandy; and their Time of parting, the next Morning by Day-light, tho' sometimes they sat, without any Adjournment, for half a Week together, scorning any other Refreshment than a Nod in a Chair, or a Sleep upon a Bench, till at length the Emptiness of their Pockets forc'd them home to compose themselves, that every one in his Way, might be able to exercise his Talent for a new Supply, which was no sooner obtain'd cunningly, but as foolishly wasted, after the foregoing manner. Their principal Diversions, when, like Ghosts and Spirits they were revelling at Midnight in their subterranean Cavern, were Jesting, Punning, Singing, opening their Intrigues, Insciously telling bawdy Stories; wittily prophaning Scripture; merrily despising Vertue; impudently ridiculing all that was good and pious; and blundering out Bulls foolishly; in which the Non-Commission Captain *Mac*'s, had so excellent a Gift, that they could no more tell a Story without fifty *Irishisms*, than a Fanatick Pray without as many Grimaces. Sometimes they had a Harp, to add a Sprightliness to their Mirth, and sometimes a celebrated Musician would drop in amongst 'em to enliven their Hearts with a new Play-house Song, or merry Spur-bottle Catch, made by some whimsical Rake, and sung as an applicable Encouragement to their present Extravagance. Every Mans Pocket was in common to the Company, for if any one wanted, and another had

had it, he that abounded was despis'd as a Niggard, when the Reckoning came to be paid, if he refus'd to make up the Deficiency. When a fresh Rake was decoy'd into their Company, who, perhaps had an ill got Estate fallen into his Hands, by the long wish'd for Death of an old miserly Father, to be sure he was set upon as the very Idol of the Society, and so hug'd and caress'd for a worthy accomplish'd Gentleman, till, in a little Time, he was forced to make use of the wicked Wit he had learn'd, and turn'd sharping a Town Shift, in his own Defence, as if he had been bred up from his Cradle to cut, sham, and wheedle. When their Brains were elevated, and the Fumes of the Brandy had robb'd them of their Modesty, which should have conceal'd their Intrigues, one, in a Bravado, to shew his Gallantry, would swear there was not a Vintner's Book between *White-Chappel-Barr* and *Hide-park Corner*, but what his Name was register'd in for a round Reckoning. A second, would laughingly assert, that there was not a Hackney-coach in the whole Town, but what he had bilk'd two or three Times over. A third, would merrily affirm, that there was scarce a stroling Punk in all *London*, but what at one Time or other, he had pawn'd for a Tavern Treat. A fourth, would jestingly maintain, that he had as many Whores Masks in his Closet, which he had snatch'd from them in the Streets, as would make a Stage Mountebank a velvet Jacket. A fifth would report, under a thumping Oath, that he had never worn a Waistcoat this seven Years, but what had been made of a Silk Petticoat; or any other Nightcap, than Womens Cambrick Handkerchiefs. A sixth would rap out a Curse, upon the whole Female Gender, and swear that he never got any Thing by the Sex, but a damn'd Clap or a Bastard Child; affirm, that he had not been one Year free from either Pox, or Parish, since he left the University. A seventh, the extravagant Son of a parsimonious Doctor, would scoffingly insinuate, that what his Father had got by Praying

ing and Preaching, he had generously flung away in Drinking and Whoring. An Eighth would be commending his Taylor, for the honestest Fellows in the Universe, for that he always wore as good Cloaths as 'Squire Any-body, yet they never cost him above Half a Crown a Suit, and that he gave to the Finisher, whom he always appointed to bring his Cloaths home upon a *Sunday* Morning, so that he had Time to make use of a double Advantage, and at one Stroke bilk his Lodging and his Taylor. Thus, in their Cups, they us'd to make themselves merry over the scandalous Impositions they had put upon others; and their drunken Rendezvous standing just upon the Bounds of the *Savoy* Liberty, and the Sparks taking Care to keep themselves in Fee with the Bailiff of the Dutchy, bid Defiance to the Law, and being safe over their Liquor, made a Jest of their Villainies, and a Scoff of their Creditors. *Bob Wilden*, who had happen'd, in a severe Salivation, to catch an incurable Hoarseness from the Excoriations of the Mercury, never car'd to talk much, because it was painful to express himself so loud as to be heard; but when he did, to be sure it was to entertain the Company with some biting Sarcasm, or ill-natur'd Jest; for he was a perfect Satyr in his Temper, and had Wit enough at Will to command an apt Thought, and to make his Words darting. He was but little in Stature, but never fail'd to add some Inches to his Stature, by the extravagant Heels of his rather Stilts than Shoes, for which he was remarkable. Tho' his Tongue, in his Cups, was too keen and piercing, and his galling Repartees were oft provoking, yet he always wore a very pacifick Sword, which was often without a Point, and sometimes adorn'd with no other Handle than a rusty Ribbon. As his Life was a Contradiction to all humane Prudence, so in his Dress he was commonly a Dissenter from all modish Observances; for in Summer he was usually equipp'd in Cloth or Frieze, and in Winter thin clad, in a Sarge Suit, or some of *Derby*'s Manufacture, cast off by some new Acquaintance. When the different Seasons

Seasons of the Year requir'd a Change of Apparel, his Hat, Wigs, Linnen, and all his other Appurtenances were so agreeable to the former, that they all help'd to compleat an Index of his unhappy Circumstances; for whoever view'd Herald Bob's Outside, saw the Symptoms of decay'd Gentility, most visibly read Pride, Poverty, and Carelessness in the most elaborate Contexture of his unfashionable Rigging; yet, Philosopher like, he made a Virtue of Necessity, and learn'd to make many Things his Choice, which were the Result of his Misfortunes. As he was under the Indigency of *Diogenes*, so he wanted not his Vanity, for he was always insolent to his Betters, and only affable to those who were as necessitous as himself. While over the Bottle he was a perfect *Democrite*, for his highest Satisfaction was to laugh at the rest of the World, but without Liquor was as sad as *Heraclitus*, who always wept when he went abroad, to amuse others that laugh'd at him. A Bed he valu'd as little as a *Gipsy* or a *Hermit*, and thought it great Extravagance to contract for a Lodging above Twelve-pence a Week, tho' he never paid a Farthing, since he could refresh himself as heartily with a sound Nap upon a hard Bench, or a Coal heap.

In a little Time after, he fell a much-lamented Victim to that Kill Devil Liquor, *Rum*, so that he went as a Harbinger into the subterranean Territories, to provide an Apartment for his kind Master, who soon after follow'd him in the dark Mazes of an unknown Futurity. Therefore as my Friend *Bob* was an Original in his Way, a witty pleasant Companion, and a Man of singular Deportment, thro' all the Changes of his Life, I am willing to dedicate the following Elegy to the Honour of his Memory

Mourn all ye Bullers at a Jest or Pun,
Dabblers in Wit, who live as if you'd none;
Infernal Rakes, who with inebrious Bowls
Of Stygean Spirits, drown your thirsty Souls.

Weep

Weep o'er your Bumpers of the Hell-born Juice,
Drank now by Ladies, down to Whores in Stews;
Till your warm Tears into your Cups dejected,
Then fwill to th' Mem'ry of your abject Friend;
That he your Sorrows for his Loss may know,
And kindly pledge your burning Draughts below.

Let the curs'd Still *your craving Lungs supply,*
Like Weden *drink till you be one more Dry,*
That your parch'd, shriveld Entrails may receive
A Flood of Water to abate their Fire;
Then may you find that Regeneration Pool,
Which surely none but Weden *ever try'd,*
Who in a Sea of Brandy *drown'd his Care,*
And fear'd to only live by Fire and Air:
With flaming Quarts he boldly would engage,
And was the Salamander *of the Age;*
Victuals he slighted, as a useless Toy,
But Draughts united he would hug with Joy;
With Spirits fill'd his Veins instead of Blood,
For Brandy *was alone his Drink and Food.*

Brandy *i' th' Morning did his Stomach heal,*
That and Tobacco *was a princely Meal;*
I' th' Afternoon a Bumper chear'd his Heart,
Liquor'd his Brains, and made his Wits more smart;
Inspir'd his Fancy with a thousand Whims,
As fiery Zeal *does* Calvin's *Saints with Dreams.*

At Night it rais'd him to a nobler Pitch,
Made him not only Wise, but Great and Rich;
Proud as a Prince *whom Slaves and Vassals dread,*
And gave him large Dominions in his Head;
So th' Cobler, *when good Ale has warm'd his Brains,*
In Fancy forms new Worlds, o'er which he reigns;
Among fat Ale-wives does exert his Pow'r,
Till Sleep abates the drunken Caliture;
Then with a drowsy Noddle full of Pain,
Old Cæsar *to a* Cobler *turns again.*

Weep

Weep all ye [illegible] *and* [illegible] *Sots,*
Who sacrifice your Days to Cans and Pots;
That Bo[illegible], *the Glory of this drunken Age,*
[illegible] *his Pots* [illegible] *Stage;*
Here [illegible] *Toes,*
Was like a [illegible] *Nose;*
And suck'd Tobacco, Brandy, *and the* Pox,
Out-stunk the Plagues of Pandora's *Box;*
But now, alas, he lies embalm'd in Rum,
Whilst Swarms of Crabs [illegible] *his sandy Tomb;*
Then let him rest, to Brandy *once a Slave,*
Unmatch'd on Earth, *unequall'd in the* Grave.

* * *

The Mollies *Club.*

THERE are a particular Gang of *Sodomitical* Wretches in this Town, who call themſelves the *Mollies*, and are ſo far degenerated from all maſculine Deportment, or manly Exerciſes, that they rather fancy themſelves Women, imitating all the little Vanities that Cuſtom has reconcil'd to the female Sex, affecting to ſpeak, walk, tattle, courteſy, cry, ſcold, and to mimick all manner of Effeminacy, that ever has fallen within their ſeveral Obſervations; not omitting the Indecencies of lewd Women, that they may tempt one another, by ſuch immodeſt Freedoms, to commit thoſe odious Beaſtialities, that ought for ever to be without a Name. At a certain Tavern in the City, whoſe Sign I ſhall not mention, becauſe I am unwilling to fix an Odium upon the Houſe, where they have ſettled a conſtant Meeting every Evening in the Week, that they may have the better Opportunity of drawing unwary Youth into the like Corruption. When they are met together, it is their uſual Practice to mimick a female Goſſiping, and fall into all the impertinent Tittle-Tat-

tle, that a merry Society of good Wives can be ſubject to, when they have laid aſide their Modeſty for the Delights of the Bottle. Not long ſince, upon one of their Feſtival Nights, they had cuſhion'd up the Belly of one of their ſodomitical Brethren, or rather Siſters, as they commonly called themſelves, diſguiſing him in a Woman's Night-Gown, Sarſnet-Hood, and Nightrale, who, when the Company were met, was to mimick the wry Faces of a groaning Woman, to be deliver'd of a jointed Baby they had provided for that Purpoſe, and to undergo all the Formalities of a Lying-in. The wooden Offſpring to be afterwards chriſten'd, and the holy Sacrament of Baptiſm to be impudently prophan'd, for the Diverſion of the Profligates, who, when their infamous Society were aſſembled in a Body, put their wicked Contrivance accordingly into practice.

One in a high Crown'd Hat, and an old Beldams Pinner, repreſenting a Country Midwife, another buſy Ape, dizen'd up in a Huſſife's Coif, taking upon himſelf the Part of a very officious Nurſe, and the reſt, as Goſſips, apply'd themſelves to the travelling Woman, according to the Midwife's Direction, all being as intent upon the Buſineſs in Hand, as if they had been Women, the Occaſion real, and their Attendance neceſſary. After Abundance of Buſtle and that they had ridiculouſly counterfeited all the Difficulties that they fancy'd were cuſtomary in ſuch Caſes, their Buffoonary Maukin was at length diſburthen'd of her little jointed Baſtard, and then putting their ſhotten Impoſtor to bed upon a double Row of Chairs; the Baby was dreſt by the Midwife; the Father brought to compliment his New-born Son; the Parſon ſent for; the Goſſips appointed; the Child chriſten'd, and then the Cloth was ſpread; the Table furniſhed with cold Tongues and Chickens; the Gueſts invited to ſit down, and much Joy expreſſed that my Gammar *Molly* had brought her honeſt Gaffer a Son and Heir to Town, ſo very like him, that as ſoon as Born, had the Eyes, Noſe, and Mouth of its own credulous Daddy. Now for the

further

further Promotion of their unbecoming Mirth, every one was to Tattle about their Huſbands and Children: And to uſe no other Dialect but what Goſſips are wont to do upon ſuch loquacious Occaſions. One would up with a Story of her little [illegible], to ſhew the promiſing Genius of ſo witty a Child, that if he let but a Fizzle, would preſently cry out, *Mammy* [illegible]. Another would be extolling the Virtues of her Huſband, and declare he was a Man of that tractable, kind, and eaſy Temper, and ſo averſe to Jealouſy, that ſhe believed, were he to ſee another Man in Bed with her he would be ſo far from thinking her an ill Woman, that no-body ſhould perſwade him they had been naught together. A third would be telling what a forward Baggage her Daughter [illegible] was, for though ſhe was but juſt turned of her ſeventh Year, yet the young Jade had the Confidence to aſk her Father 'What the Girls call'd the 'Maidenhead that they were ſo afraid to loſe 'em?' A fourth would be wiſhing no Woman [illegible] marry a drunken Huſband, for her Sins; for all the Satiſfaction ſhe found in Bed with him, was to creep as cloſe to the Wall as ſhe could to avoid his Tobacco Breath and unſavory Belches, ſwearing that her Son *Roger* was juſt like him, for that the guzling Rogue would drink a Pint of ſtrong Ale at a Draught before he was three Years old, and would cry, *Mam, more Ale.* A fifth would ſit ſighing at her ill Fortune, and wiſhing her Huſband would follow the Steps of his Journeyman; for that was as careful a young Fellow as ever came into a Family. A ſixth would expreſs himſelf ſorrowfully under the Character of a Widow; ſaying, 'Alaſs, you have all Huſbands, and 'ought to pray heartily that you never know the Miſs 'of them; for though I had but a ſorry one, when I 'was in your condition, yet, God help me, I have cauſe 'enough to repent my Loſs; for I am ſure, both Day 'and Night, I find the Want of him.' Thus every one in his Turn would make a Scoff and Banter of the little effeminate Weakneſſes which Women are ſubject to when Goſſiping o'er their Cups, on purpoſe to extinguiſh that natural

natural Affection which is due to the fair Sex, and to turn their juvenile Desires towards preternatural Pollutions. No sooner had they ended their Feast, and run thro' all the Ceremonies of their theatrical Way of Gossiping, but having wash'd away, with Wine, all fear of Shame, as well as the Checks of Modesty, then they began to enter upon their beastly Obscenities, and to take those infamous Liberties with one another, that no Man, who is not sunk into a State of Decadence, can think on without Blushing, or mention without a Christian Abhorrence of all such heathenish Brutalities. Thus, without Detection, they continu'd their odious Society for some Years, till their sodomitical Practices were happily discover'd by the cunning Management of some of the under Agents to the reforming Society, so that several were brought to open Shame and Punishment; others flying from Justice to escape the Ignominy, that by this Means the Diabolical Society were forc'd to put a Period to their filthy scandalous Revels.

'Tis strange, that in a Country, where
Our Ladies are so kind and fair,
So gay and lovely to the Sight,
So full of Beauty and Delight;
That Men should on each other doat,
And quit the charming Petticoat:
Sure the curs'd Father of this Race,
That does both Sexes thus disgrace,
Must be a Master, mad or drunk,
Who bedding some prepost'rous Punk,
Mistook the downy Seat of Love,
And got them in the Sink above;
So that at first a T——d and They
Were born the very self-same Way;
From whence they drew this cursed Luck,
Not to the Belly, but the Breech;
Else who could Woman's Charms reject,
To such a beastly Practice sly?

'Tis

'Tis true, that Swine on Dunghills bred,
Nurs'd up in Filth, among [illegible]
Have oft the flow'ry Meads forsaken,
To wallow Belly-up in Muck;
But [illegible] *brutal* [illegible]
[illegible]
For [illegible] *Creature,*
Love, but according to true Nature;
But the Bug'rant two-legg'd Brute,
Pursues his Lust contrary to't,
The brawny Boar will [illegible] *his Sow;*
The Horse his Mare, the Bull his Cow;
But Sodomites *their Wives forsake,*
Unmanly Liberties to take;
And fall in Love with one another,
As if no Woman was their Mother:
For he that was of Woman born,
Would to her Arms again return;
And [illegible] *never dare to play*
His lustful Game the backward Way:
But [illegible] *has appear'd too plain,*
There are such Brutes that pass for Men;
[illegible] *on the* [illegible]
P [illegible] *deep in D* [illegible] Oates,
[illegible] *but unto all black Coats.*

The Bawds Initiating *Club.*

IN one of the Streets built out of *Clarendine*, alias *Dunkirk-House*, there lives a famous wither'd Lady, who (after a universal Diſpenſation of her youthful Favours, ſo long as ſhe had any Remains of Beauty to oblige a Lover) was forc'd, in the *Autumn* of her Debauchery, to commence Bawd for an honeſt, comfortable Subſiſtence; which commendable Employment ſhe had no ſooner undertaken, but for the better Promotion

tion of the good old Trade of Basket-making, she got an experienced Covy of Salacious Wag-Tails to settle a Club at her *Cumalary* Ware-House, upon *Mondays*, *Thursdays* and *Saturdays*, to spend their Twelve-pence a piece in Brandy, Ratefea, and such Sort of Liquors, which she sold privately to correct the Coldness of Female Constitutions: And whenever any She member could convert a Proselite, and bring her over from a vertuous Life to be willing to embrace that earthly Tabernacle, Man, for such excellent Service done to the Church of *Venus*, she was to receive ten Shillings of the Mother of the Maids, provided the Conformist was under twenty Years of Age, had a tollerable Share of Beauty, and either was, or could confidently put herself into the Hands of the old Matron, as a *Virgo intacta*, and would submit herself to be disposed of by her as should be most agreeable to their mutual Interest; the Lady Abbess of the *Bawdy Nunry* is never wanting among the Select us Quality of her old Acquaintance; a Gouty Courtier, or some such over-grown Officer, to be ready-money Chapmen for any of her Punchable Nuns, who had not, as yet, broken the brittle Vow of Female Chastity. The new Convert, after the first Surrender of her unhaz'd Pippin, to be oblig'd, the next Club-night, to treat the whole Tickle-Fool Society with such a plentiful Bowl of Punch as shall be agreeable to her Ability, of which herself is to drink the first Cup, tofs the empty Vehicle over her unmaiden'd Head, and to cry *Farewell Maidhy*; by which Ceremony she is firmly Initiated in to the Edifying-Club, where, without Reserve, she is to be candidly taught all Arts and Subtilties that properly belong to the Business of Intrigue, and the dark Mysteries of Harlotry; how to File a drunken Cully; sweeten an old Letcher; wheedle a constant Customer; deceive a keeping Coxcomb; humour a Town-rake; jilt a troublesome Bully; bribe a reforming Constable; soften the Sternity of a crabbed Justice; and pass at once a Sham-Saint, and a Maidenhead upon a loose Quaker, or an old letcherous *Non-Con*: how

to

to manage a Great-Belly to the beſt Advantage, to lay it to twenty Fathers, till ſhe has feather'd her Neſt, and then to paſs it handſomely upon the Pariſh, without the Danger of *Bridewell*; to put off a Dun with as much Grace as a Courtier; to make a Puritan Landlady wink with both her Eyes, when ſhe happens to carry Home a Cully for a Bedfellow; to be an abſolute Miſtreſs of all *Aretine*'s Poſtures; to elevate her Coxendix according to the School of *Venus*; to manage herſelf rightly in her Approaches to, and returns from a Student's Chamber, in any Inn-of-Court, or Chancery; and, amongſt the reſt, how to Swear like a Bully; Domineer like a Tyrant; be as Coy as a Maid; as forward as a Widow; as demure as a Holy Siſter upon a *Sunday* Morning; and as Treacherous as a Wife who has a young Gallant and an old Huſband. So that, let her happen to fall into what Company ſoever, ſhe may be able to put on ſuch a Diſguiſe, and to act that Part which may be moſt agreeable to her own Intereſt, and the Temper and Character of every freſh Gallant that takes a liking to her Perſon. And when thus qualify'd it is highly preſum'd ſhe may wriggle her [illegible] into ſuch tawdry Silks as the Cully may well [illegible] her with; become a celebrated Punk at *Drury Lane-Pit*, for the firſt Year or two; after that a [illegible] Cuſtomer for the Eighteen-Penny Gallery; from thence turn *Fleet-ſtreet* Stroler, in a Sarſnet Hood and White Apron, only a fit Miſtreſs for a *Water-Lane* Pick-pocket; in which miſerable Station ſhe is likely to continue, till Pox and Poverty recommend her to an Hoſpital, where a thorough Salivation either ſends her to the Devil, or patches up her rotten Carcaſe for ſome foreign Plantation.

To theſe Noble Ends and Purpoſes, this looſe Society of mercenary Wantons were procur'd to meet by the old Diabolical Jezabel, that young Girls out of Service, forward Wenches without Parents, and ſuch, who, through the Ripeneſs of their Years, their natural Propenſity to Lewdneſs, and the want of Virtuous Educa-

tion, might be decoy'd by their own Sex to take those vicious Liberties, which too many young Creatures, in the Salacity of their Youth, are very apt to be inclin'd to: Nor has the wicked Project fail'd of the intended Issue; for there is scarce a Club-Night that the tempting *Syrens* meet, but there is some innocent Wretch or other drawn in by Subtilty, or prompted by her own Lust, who is rashly resolv'd to shift off her Modesty, and to resign her Maiden Favours to such a Libertine as the old *Succubus* shall appoint, so that she may be cultivated and qualified for that miserable Employment, which if the Devil himself should take upon him, though so hauden'd in his Wickedness, would surely bring him to Repentance: For when the Hour of their Meeting draws nigh, in shall belt one airy *Phillis* with her tawdry Silks half torn off her Back, just kick'd and ruffled by some mad Rake or Bully, whom Madam had severely clap'd the last Time he lay with her. After her, fair *Chloe*, without her Furbelo Scarf, which she had just pawn'd to free herself from the Clutches of a *Reforming Constable*. Next her, Miss *Daphne*, rattling in a Hackney to the Door, with torn Pinners, a black Eye, and her beautiful Phiz full of revengeful Scratches, given by the angry Wife of one that keeps her Company: By and by, Madam *Billingate*, in a Chair, as drunk as the Devil, with her Garments so disoblig'd by second-hand Claret, that she stinks as bad as a Country Sheriff's Breath at the latter End of Assizes. After her, perhaps, poor ghastly *Althea*, with her Jaws as thin as lean Tripe out of the Belly of an old Cow that died of the Blood-flale; her Teeth as loose and as rotten as a Set of old Park-pails round the Seat of a decay'd Family, and her Countenance as heavy as a desponding *Puritan*, just going to hang himself, with all the other severe Effects of a vicious Life, and a late slabbering Salivation. Next, in comes *Chloris*, full of abundance of Joy, that her Spark had redeem'd her from the Hands of the Tally-man, who had threaten'd to make Dice of her Bones, for the Non-

payment

payment of what was due for her laſt furbelow'd Petticoat. After her, ſteps in the celebrated Madam *Pockh*. Curſing and Damning her Surgeon, for refuſing to ſend her more Phyſick, till ſhe had paid for the Cure of her laſt Clap. Thus they are never free from ſome Misfortune or other, yet, by that Time the Brandy, Ratefea, Punch, or what-ever Liquor they happen to be drinking, has gone twice or thrice about, they are as utterly thoughtleſs of all their Sins and Calamities, as a Woman that vows future Continence in the Height of her Labour, is at the Month's End after the paſt Miſeries of Child Birth, but grow as merry over their Cups, amidſt a Circle of Misfortunes, as if they had Infidelity enough to imagine there was no other Being hereafter: So that, quite careleſs of Heaven, and fearleſs of Hell, they ſwear like *Scotch* Officers; talk Bawdy like ſo many Midwives; boaſt of their Bed-Adventures, like Bullies of their Duels, and open all their looſe Intrigues with as much Pleaſure, as they do their Arms to a vigorous Gallant; and ſo far excell the lewdeſt of Men in all Manner of Obſcenity, that it would make a Rake bluſh, and the worſt of Libertines abjure the Converſation of all mercenary Harlots to be Witneſſes of their Impudence. When they are met together in one of their brothel Sanctuaries, where they lay aſide that Effeminancy that ſhould be Part of their Nature, and without Diſguiſe, let looſe the very Devil, that to their Shame, poſſeſſes them, 'till wrinkled Age, a painful Decay, the Slights of the World, and all the other miſerable Conſequences of a wicked Life, either hurry them to Deſpair, or bring them to Repentance; to the laſt of which, before it be too late, I moſt heartily recommend them.

Would ſhe who can her Virgin Honour boaſt,
Conſider wiſely, e'er the Jewel is loſt,
That her own Happineſs, her Parents Joy,
Depends upon her proving chaſte and coy,

Unlawful Pleasures she would then despise,
Value her Beauty, guard her roving Eye,
And o'er her youthful Wishes tyranize.
So he that is with too much Care oppress,
And hopes by one bold Stroke to purchase Rest,
Let him but think before he gives the Blow,
And from his Breast he will the Dagger throw.

Woman if once to sinful Pleasures won,
Can never stop till by her Ills undone;
One single Folly does her Charms divest
Of all that Honour that should keep her chaste,
Leaves her unguarded, ready to comply,
When any Man she likes attempts the Joy;
So he that has a daring Robb'ry done,
N'er sticks at any when he's flush'd with one.

Women should let their Virgin Thoughts aspire,
And learn themselves to prize what we admire;
When e'er they're told that they're divinely fair,
Altho' they blush, they should believe they are,
And think it far beneath 'em to debase
The lovely Charms of such an Angel's Face:
Or that their Breasts with Beauty so adorn'd,
Should into Snakes, and Serpents Dens be turn'd:
For Woman of her Virtue dispossest,
Is but a treacherous Creature at the best;
When that's once lost, she's as Nothing on her Side,
That can support a warrantable Pride;
Without which Champion to defend her Charms,
She lies expos'd to every Coxcomb's Arms,
Who has but Sense the yielding Dame to court,
And Courage to attack Love's feeble Fort;
For Lovers know 'tis easy to invade
Th' Hesperian Garden, when the Dragon's fled.

Woman should be reserv'd both Maid and Wife,
An Hour misus'd condemns her for her Life;

Nay

Nay all the Woes that can the Sex surprize,
From one unguarded Moment oft arise;
Beauty's in Danger always, and must watch
To keep her Magazine from Cupid's Match;
For if the Fire of Love be once misla'd,
It blows up all that should preserve her Chaste,
And when the Wall of Virtue ruin'd are,
She's always wretched, tho' she's ne'er so fair;
For none adore her Charms, to others flee,
But further to compleat her Misery.

SAM SCOTS *Smoaking Club.*

MY maggoty Man *Sam*, as his Master us'd to call him in the Time of his Apprenticeship, when he set up for himself, kept a Musick-Shop at the *Temple Gate*, where the Bastard Sons of *Apollo* were accustomed to furnish themselves with Harps and Fiddles; and the Tiptoe Masters of the Mathematical Step, us'd to supply their Occasions with new Minuets and Bories. *Sam Scot*, the better to ingratiate himself with his Customers, affected such a Sort of Life as he thought might be most agreeable to those whimsical Performers, who, having their Heads stuffed with Crotchets, and their Heels full of Activity, could neither rest in their Beds, till they had tam'd their Faculties, drown'd all Thoughts of their airy Professions, and chain'd up their Qualifications, with an inebrious Excess. This *Sam Scot* observing, was resolv'd to be as forward as any of them in all Bottle Adventures, and merry Midnight Revellings, to which he found the Brethren of the String, were not a little addicted, 'till at length by habitual Drinking, Smoaking, and sitting up a Nights, that he found but few upon a Level with his Quality, that were able to cope with him, and those he selected to himself as his dearest Bosom Companions.

One a Linnen-Draper, who marrying the Daughter of a Boarding-School without a Fortune, and beeing qualified in the Step, was forc'd to turn Dancing-Master. Another was a *Salisbury-Court* Barber, one of the City Musicians, who us'd to act the Countryman, upon my Lord Mayor's Day, and play the Fool after Dinner, to please the Wise-Men of the City. A Third was a Graver, who us'd to dig new Songs upon Copper-Plates, for his Maggoty Musical Companion. And the Fourth a *Scotch* Writing-Master, who was famous for Graving the Lord's Prayer, which he seldom said, within the Compass of a Silver Penny. These had acquir'd such an expeditious Way of consuming a Pipe of Tobacco, that when they were met together, they would make no more of smoaking a Pound in an Hour, than the Drinking Shoemaker does of a Gallon of Claret for his Mornings Draught, and were so extremely proud of his singular Qualification, that they took a Delight in smothering all the Houses that ever they frequented; so that, at the Request of the Victuallers, they were forced to adjourn from Place to Place; for though they spent their Money freely, yet they were unwelcome Guests, because, where ever they came, they poison'd the rest of the Customers; for which Reason, though they us'd no House constantly, they were call'd *Sam Scot*'s Smoaking Club. One unlucky Rogue of a Victualler, on the Back-side of St. *Clements*, having excellent Tipple, notwithstanding he had oftentimes desired they would find a new Meeting-House, or to Smoak with more Moderation, yet the Goodness of the Liquor made them very unwilling to forsake their Quarters; so that one Evening having just tapp'd a Pound of Tobacco, and the Master of the House, who at that Time was Church-warden, perceiving they were pushing forward their old intollerable Custom, and that all his Rooms were to be fill'd with Smoak, like a *Yarmouth* Herring-House, step'd out to the Beadle, who liv'd near, and telling him the Story, ordered him to run presently and bring the Parish Engine, with two

or three Buckets of Water in it, and to place it right against his Door: The Master of the House returning Home to acquaint all his other Guests with his Project, that nobody might stir but the Smokers when the Alarm was given. No sooner was the Engine brought, but the Man of the House, seconded by several that were drinking, roar'd out Fire, as dreadfully as if the House had been in Flames; upon which, up started the Smokers, in a terrible Surprize, throw'd down their Pipes, as if the Father of everlasting Fire had been at the Heels of them, in a Hurry, tumbled over one another down Stairs, and just as they were in the middle of the Entry, striving who should squeeze out first, the Beadle, according to Direction, let fly the Engine into the House, and made them as wet as so many *Water-la* Divers, dry'd through a Horse-Pond: However, the Cry of Fire, though they met with Water, had so fearfully frighted 'em, that the dread of Burning, instead of Drowning, never minding the Engine, made them fly the House in as great a Consternation, as if a Gang of drunken Bullies had been spurring their Arses with the Points of their Weapons, till they had thought that were got far enough out of Harms Way, and then assuming Courage, they fac'd about to behold the distant Danger; but seeing no Signs of the Fire they had so lamentably fear'd 'em, they ventur'd to return back by slow Degrees, and with all necessary Caution, to enquire further into the unknown Mischiefs, they had so happily escaped; but in all their gentle Approaches, beholding no visible Signs of any such Combustion, as they had been thus alarm'd with, they took Heart of Grace, and re-enter'd the House, where they heard nothing but such a tumultuous Laughter, as if the monstrous Out-cry, according to the Fable, had ended only in a Mouse; upon which, they sat themselves in a little Box, and knocking for Attendance, the Master, who was in the Kitchen, making merry with his Guests at what had past, left his Company to wait upon 'em, crying, 'Lord,

'Gentlemen, where have you all been, that you happen to return in such a dripping Pickle.' Z——d, replied they, did you not all cry out Fire as if the Devil was in you, and in running down Stairs to discover where it was some unlucky Rogue or other, slap'd a Bucket of Water in our Faces. 'Bless me, Gentlemen, replies the Landlord, some of my officious 'Neighbours seeing such a terrible Smoak gush out of 'the Windows of your Club Room, ran, in a Consternation, and fetch'd the Parish Engine and the 'Buckets, and here they have done me I know not 'what Damage, in playing into my House, believing 'twas on Fire. Come, come, says *Sam Scot*, it's well it is no worse, prithee bring us some Pipes, that we may sit and smoak-dry ourselves a little. 'By my 'Soul, Gentlemen, replies the Landlord, if you fall 'again to Smoaking, in, Neighbours will run again for 'the Parish Engine, and the Buckets.' Say you so, replies he that was most wet, then prithee let us pay, that we may go dry our Jackets, and sunk our Noses at another House: So they discharg'd their Reckoning, and the Victualler, by this Stratagem, got finally quit of their fumiferous Company. This Story spreading among their rakish Acquaintance, they were all sadly teas'd and banter'd wheresoever they came; insomuch that, after this Affront, they never fix'd themselves at any particular House, for fear of meeting with some jocular Trick or other, in the like Nature, but made it their Business, or rather their Diversion, to haunt those Coffee-Houses where they were unknown, that they might slily puff out their Clouds instead of Whiffs, among other Funkers in the public Room, till they had thin'd the Company, without any body's discovering who were the dev'lish Smoakers that made such a damnable Smother; for where ever they settled themselves for that Evening, no Spectacle News-Monger could continue the Reading of a *Daily-Post*, unless he was able to live in Soot and Smoak, like a Brew-house Stoker, or a Chimney-sweeper; for no sooner were their

their Pipes well lighted, but there would be such a Coughing Consort among Nice Beaus, and Pusticky old Gentlemen, that a Man would be ready to think he had got to Church in the Hundreds of *Essex*, upon a Sabbath Day, in an open Winter. When the Fog began to spread, up would rise an old thrivel'd Shopkeeper, who had impair'd Life's Bellice by drinking Gills of *Canary*, and straining his Sides with a violent Fit of Barking, would throw down a half-read *Gazette*, in a mighty Passion, and before he could recover Breath enough to tell what ail'd him, should be forc'd to fling down his Penny, leave half his Liquor behind him, and run Head-foremast out of the Coffee-Room, to suck in a little Street Air, to reconcile his Lungs to their accustomary Office; after him, perhaps, an old asthmatical Counsellor, who had shorten'd his Breath by sucking in *Thames* Fogs, in boating it down to *Westminster*, would fall, of a sudden, into such a Fit of Wheezing, as if a Pauper Client was asking his Advice, without an answerable Fee, and that he had suddenly counterfeited a Fit of the *Asthma*, to get rid of his Impertinence; crying out, *Ah, Smoak, Smoak; more Air for Gods Sake*, 'till he had made a shift to hobble slowly into it. Next him, may be, a Beau would start up in a mighty Passion, cursing, as he went out, all the Tobacco in the Kingdom, and swearing it was good for nothing, but to spoil Gentlemen's Wigs, or for a Saint to puff into a the Devil's Nostrils. After this manner, they would clear a Coffee-house in half an Hour, and all the Time make it their own Diversion by the by, that they had been so troublesome to others. This Sort of Trade the extravagant Fumigators drove for a few Years, till they had stupify'd their Senses, by the Narcottick Fumes of the Mundungus Weed; dried their Skins to Parchment; bak'd their Intrails to Cinders; exhausted all their radical Moisture, and made themselves such irrecoverable Sots, by excessive Smoaking and Drinking, the Want of regular Laung, and seasonable Rest, that they all dropt off, in the Prime

of their Days, within a small Distance of Time of one another. Thus, as they led their Lives in a Cloud of Smoak, delighting to be always in a Tobacco Mist, so the, all at last were lost in a Fog, and went out of the World as well dryed as *Yarmouth* Herrings, *Yorkshire* Hung-Beef, or *Westphalia* Ba on, as if they meant, whilst living, to be their own Embalmer, and by the Power of Tobacco to preserve their mortal Kexes after Death, from Vermiparous Putrifaction.

How far do such tenacious Sots exceed,
The Ratio of these Brutes which cannot think?
Who sacrifice their Lives to such a Weed?
Whose only Virtues are to Smoak and Stink.

Wine is a Cordial that revives the Soul,
Yet that's deductive, drank to an Extream,
But damn'd Tobacco makes the Fancy dull,
And surely was, long since, the Devil's Dream.

What wondrous Vertues must be first ascrib'd,
To make the poisonous fiery Leaf go down,
Or Man its stinking Fumes had ne'er imbib'd,
But the curs'd Plant had rotted still unknown.

Well might the Royal Scot *so much exclaim,*
Against an Herb, that did such Mischief breed,
Which in his happy Days had scarce a Name,
Besides that odious Term of Indian *Weed.*

Nor would the nauseous Product e'er have grown,
Within these Realms, so popular a Vice,
Had it not brought large Incomes to the Crown,
And been a grand Promoter of Excise.

All Subjects may the Priviledge enjoy,
Of turning Fools, to serve the awful Great,
Or impious Knaves, if they can prove thereby,
They propagate the Int'rest of the State.

A Vice-Sick Nation soon might find a Cure,
From those wise Heads who do the Helm command,
Were not those Fripperies, made the Props of Pow'r,
Which spread the vile Corruption thro' the Land.

If Wine or Weed are like to prove the Bane,
Or other foreign Toys, our Sins encreate
Why do such Gluts in Triumph cross the Main?
Keep out the Cause, and the Effect will cease.

If the Temptation be allow'd to spread,
By those, who, by our Sins grow Rich and Great,
Why should they punish Fools for who are misled,
To gorge the Hook their very Rulers bait.

So Town Reformers full of Zeal and Grace,
Who only punish Whores that cannot pay,
Protect those very Stews, they should suppress,
As useful Traps to catch their heedless Prey.

They punish not the Sin to spoil the Trade,
That would themselves as well as Whores undo,
By the same reigning Vice both get their Bread;
The wanton Harlot, and Reformer too.

Thus she that is most wicked in her Way,
To staff Reformers is the surest Friend,
The more she sins the better she can pay;
And thus in Gain our pious Labours end.

Just so, our sober Zealots boast too late,
The Laws design'd our Vices to suppress,
Since now 'tis made the Int'rest of the State,
For Men to Drink and Smoak to an Excess

The Market Womens *Club.*

THERE are several of these Flat Cap Societies of Female Tatlers, who, as soon as their Business is over, Liquor their Weather-beaten Hides at the Taverns adjacent to the Markets which they use: But in a Description of one, you will have a View of the rest, for they are all so alike, when merrily met over the brimming Quart, that without Injustice, we may apply the old Proverb, *The Devil a Barrel the better Herring.* Therefore I shall only give you a Sketch of one of their principal Societies, which, every Market-Day, is held at a certain Tavern in *Clare-Market*, where any Cuckold that will hold up his Head, e'er he enters the House, may see his own Picture. The Pocket-Apron Quality that commonly compose this Tippling Sisterhood, are the Sun-burnt Dames, who, from distant Villages come riding into Town, like Kettle-Drummers, between their Gotch-belly'd Panniers, well stuffed with the edible Fruits of their own rural Hussifry; and those Gundy-Gut Matrons who deal in *Fee Lane* Tripes, and look as they sat straddling o'er their flabby Commodities that they bring to Market, as if Nature had shap'd them exactly for their Employments, and that the skinny Provisions they expos'd to Sale, were no more than the Pairings of their own invelop'd Sides, which a Man must guess, by their abounding Udders, hang in Folds and Wallops, like the Hide of a *Rhinoceros*: These, mix'd with two or three Greasie Bacon-Cutters, and Pot-belly'd Herb-Women, make up the Complement of the Club. Their Hour of Meeting, is about One a Clock, the best of their Business being commonly over by that Time, so that they trust their Stalls, and what is left of their Commodities, to the Care of their Wenches; something that is

nice

nice is always sent in to be got ready against their Coming; for though they drink like Wine-Coopers, they always eat like Ladies. When the Chickens and Asparagus, or some such like Dainty has fumm'd their Appetites, a Quart of the best Claret is brought to the Table by the handsomest Drawer in the House, who always takes Care that it be brimming-full, because he knows they never part without remembering his Kindness. The Steeple-crown'd Beldam, in respect to her Gravity, has the honour to place herself at the Upper-end of the Board; and when ever she talks Bawdy, is listen'd to by the rest, as the very Oracle of the Company. The first Health that is begun in the Society, is, *To the best in Christendom.* The second, *To their Cuckold Husbands, hoping the two P's may never fail 'em.* And the Third, *To all jolly Jades that love the Battle as well as a Bedfellow.* By that Time these good Wishes have gone chearfully round in flowing Glasses, one, tickled with the Discovery of her Neighbours Backslidings, enters, perhaps, upon a Story how *John Tod*, the Bacon-Man, catch'd *Will Grub*, his Hog-sticker, in Bed with his Mistress, when the Cuckold came Home, from buying Hogs at *Finchley*; and that the Hen-peck'd Booby had no more Wit than to run down Stairs into the open Street, and proclaim his own Cuckoldom. A pox of her Picture, cries merry *Moll Bunch*, that is she that us'd to exclaim against Drinking; and say, *That a Drunken Furbelow kept no Porter:* But I am glad, she has verified the old Proverb, *That the Still Sow drinks up all the Draught.* Another, among the Accidents that had happened in her Neighbourhood, would report to the Company, how young *Besi Dumbleton*, who was commmended by every Body for the modestest Lass in all *Hendon* Town, was got with Child by a Travelling-Tinker, who, being called into the House to mend the old Brewing Kettle, whilst her Mother was stop'd to the Bottom of the Orchard to look after her frizzl'd Hen, stop'd a Hole too much; and for a Cup of the best Beer, made her

Daughter's Modesty punchable, and that now the Pisse-wasted Jade was grown as Pot-belly'd, as if she had not above a Month or two to reckon. Marry, cries Goody *Rumnet*, They'll all do't but my Daughter and I; and as I live; we are forc'd to watch one another's Water, when a Man comes into the House, for fear he should run away with one of us. A Third, more bashful than the rest, falling backward in her Chair, sets her Arms on Kimbow, with her Thumbs outward, to shew her Wedding Ring; and when she has first laugh'd a little till her Modesty blushes at the merry Conceit, begins a Story of *Jeffry Gum*, a Neighbour of hers, who, being press'd to Sea, was taken by the *French*, and kept Prisoner so long, that when he return'd to *England*, his Countenance was so alter'd with his hard Fare, a long Beard, and the lousie Rags he came Home in, that his poor Wife was puzzl'd to know her own Husband; but as soon as he had convinc'd her by some private Token, away goes the poor Woman and buys him a new Shirt, heats a Kettle of Water, pours it into her Washing Tub, strips him of all his Rags, and rubs him with her warm, comfortable Hand, to cleanse him of his Vermin, before she shifted him; but as she was thus stroaking his dirty Hide, from Head to Heel, upstarts a third Person in the middle of the Way, that gave the good Woman such a Bang upon the Wrist, that, dropping her Tears for joy into the Tub of Water, she hug'd him about the Neck and cry'd, Well, *Jeff*, I am now assur'd 'tis thee, for look, look, see the poor Thing knows me too. After they had laugh'd heartily at the lusicious Jest; Efaith, says *Sarah Stiff*, there's nothing like a standing Evidence to convince a Woman of the Truth: I believe so too, cries *Mall Blunt*, what makes our Parson go so often to see the *Master's* Wife.

With such sort of Stories as these, they make themselves merry, when they are met over their Claret, interposing, now and then, either extraordinary Commendations of their Husband's Manhood, or some witty

Reflections

Reflections on their slender Qualifications or their aged Impotence, that those who are half starved for want of a reasonable Allowance between the Nuptial Sheets, may be pitied by those who tantalize the rest, by boasting of their Plenty. They are such Jolly Jades that they scorn to fix their Expences to a certain Limitation, but drink, as Women commonly do every Thing else, more or less, according as the Whim takes them. If they have any Rule that gives Bounds to their Extravagance, 'tis the Badness of their Market; but when they have a quick Sale, and a good Price for their Commodities, they will have a plentiful Dose, though they ride Home sleeping as sound between their Panniers, as if they were stretch'd upon a Feather-bed, which manner of Nodding they are so accustom'd to, that they can take a refreshing Nap, as heartily upon the Road, as they can at Church, when lull'd into a drowsy Fit by a dull Sermon. A Gallon a piece, after a good Market, is but an ordinary Allowance; for by habitual Drinking, they are most of them arrived to such a wonderful Perfection, in the Faculty of Wine Bibbing that they look upon her to be but a weak Sister, who cannot upon Occasion, drink a Ters to her Share, without Spewing, as shall be made manifest in the following Story.

A certain Vintner in *Cheapside*, famous for curing the Tooth-Ach, by wearing blue Spectacles, till he salivates his Gums by stedfastly staring through 'em at the dazling Light of three or four great Candles: Happening some Years since to bid a Sum of Money for a Parcel of Wines that he had a great Desire to be Master of, but the Merchant not complying with the Money he had bid, they digress'd from the Business, and among other Talk, chanc'd to touch upon the Subject of hard Drinking, which occasion'd the Merchant to pity the fair Sex, that Custom had deny'd them those happy Freedoms and Delights, which were only to be enjoy'd over the charming Bottle: In Answer to which, the Vintner urg'd, That Women no

more

more exempted themselves from the Pleasures of the Glass, than Men; only that they had the Modesty to Tipple with more Privacy and Caution, for that he drew a Quart of Sack a Day for a certain Common-Council Woman, which was fetch'd privately by her Chamber-Maid, and convey'd through the Shop, under her white Apron, to keep the comfortable Secret from the Knowledge of the Apprentices, and that several jolly Dames, (Thanks to his good Neighbours) would cuddle together in an Evening, and sip off their Half Crown Clubs, without wry Faces, whilst their Husbands were at the Coffee-House: Besides, says he, I'll engage to bring you three Women that shall drink a Hogshead of Claret, before they Sleep or Spew, provided you'll be at the Charge, or I'll be bound to give you your own Price for the Wines, and if they dispatch it fairly, you shall then let me have them at the Price I have offered you. The Merchant, pleas'd with the Conceit, and believing it impossible, readily agreed to the Proposal; so the Day was pitch'd upon, when the Bacchanal was to be celebrated; and the Hogshead of Red was sent in by the Merchant, in a potable Condition within a few Day after. The Vintner having several Times had the Experience of some of the stanch Members of the foregoing Club, thought the surest Way to fit himself, was to have Recourse to *Clare-Market*, lay out some Money at their Stalls, present some of them who had the best Stowage, with a liberal Morning's Draught, and acquaint them with the Business, which, upon the first Opportunity he perform'd accordingly: But when he had them at the Tavern, after he had inform'd such as were fittest for his Turn of his notable Undertaking, and finding one missing, whom he had long known to be an unquenchable Jade: Now, says he, if *Nan Toply* was but here, there's *Bess Gundy*, and *Moll Bunch*, you three jolly Girls, would make nothing of it: *Nan Topl*, replies *Bess Gundy*, turning up her Nose with abundance of Scorn, her last Child has taken her off her Speed: If I know,

Nan

Nan Toph, I tell you she will be as drunk as a Witch, with fifteen Gallons; no, no, she is not fit to be a third Woman; leave it to *Moll* and I, will bring you a merry Jade worth two of her; an honest Girl that will drink you a Kilderkin before she pisses: Well thought of, *Besi*, this will do, replies the Vintner: So he treated them handsomely, prefix'd the Day and Hour, and submitted the Sequel to their discreet Management.

When the Time came, the Hogshead being elevated up one Pair of Stairs into a commodious Room, and two Thirty Gallon Tubs for Chamber Pots, placed behind a Curtain in a convenient Corner, the Female Undertakers of the grand Exploit, very punctually at their Hour, made their personal Appearance, where the Vintner and the Merchant, with a Dish of Tongues before them, sat ready to receive them. After both Sides had pass'd their mutual Complements, down sat the Ladies in Home-spun Habits, who were to perform the Miracle, after they had refished their Mouths with two or three Slices of Tongue. Prithee, Mr. *Flower*, says *Besi Gundy* to the Vintner, fill that Monteth, there, (which held about two Gallons) that I may taste the Liquor, for we will not poison ourselves for e'er a Pimp in *England*. Accordingly the Hogshead was broach'd with a larger Cane than Ordinary; the Crown taken of from the Rim of the Monteth, and her Commands fulfill'd with a capacious Bumper, which she presently dispatch'd at three or four Gulps, without Breathing: Good Tipple, Efaith Girls cries the Dame to her Mess-mates: So the other two confiding in the Judgment of her Palate, pledg'd their Tun-belly'd Sister in the like Quantity, without winking, all agreeing 'twas as good a Tub of Tipple, as they would desire to make a Meal on. No sooner was this first Volley of Monteths discharg'd but the same were repeated in Honour to the Founder's Health, which was chearfully swallow'd and with as much Facility, as if their Bellies had been Tuns, and their Mouths Bung-holes; now they called

for

for Pipes and a Pound of Tobacco, which were presently brought 'em. Come, dish about, cries *Jenny* '*Swank*, who supplied the Place of *Nan Tofts*, once 'before we fill, and once before we light, it is a good 'old Maxim.' Accordingly, the third six Gallons was very fairly dispenc'd with, without so much as a staring Eye, or the least Sign of a Stomachial Uneasiness; and then they began to fill their Pipes with as much Gravity in their Countenances, as if they had been sober Saints come from an Evening Lecture. When they had charged their Guns, 'Come, Girls, 'cries the oldest, according to *Jenny*'s Rule, once be-'fore we light, and then we may find Time to Tittle 'Tattle.' No sooner was the Bowl replenish'd, but she advances its Mouth high between her Hands, crying, 'Come, you merry Jades, here's your old Health, 'To the best in *Christendom*; and of it went to a 'Super-naculum Drop. Well done, Girl, cries *Moll* '*Bunch*, that's a Health no Woman ought to baulk, 'that knows the Difference between a good Thing and 'a bad one. So round it went without any Hesitation, as currently as the former, 'Nouns, says *Moll* '*Swank*, I think my Belly begins to swell two or three 'Gallons before its Time. Prithee, *Flower*, send for 'a Quart or two of Brandy; we had as good take 'a Pint a Dram round, to make the Liquor pass; 'which was presently fetch'd, and tipp'd off accord-'ingly'.

Now the Merchant began to be under a Despondency of Winning, seeing them so little concerned at so large a Quantity, and thought it his wisest Way to acknowledge he had lost, to save the Remainder of the Hogshead; at which Proposal the good Hussifs grew so angry that they called him *Sneaking Cuckold*, and swore, 'That they came for a Belly-full, and a Belly-full they 'would have; and, That they would see the last of 'it, were it a Mile to the Bottom. So that the Vintner could not in Honour comply with the Merchant, but was forced to stand to his Articles, and hazard what

what he had laid upon the final Issue of the Matter. Now the Dames began to be pleasant Company o'er their Bowls: One telling a Story how her Grand-Mother drank off a Butt of *March* Beer at 'squire *Cockum*'s, in Four and Twenty Hours, and never pis'd but thrice till she came to the Bottom. The Second asserting, That she drank twenty Pitchers of Wort out of the Tun, when she was but Sixteen Years old, and that it never gave her the Wild-Squirt. The Third affirming, That the first Time that she try'd her Strength, before she was married, was at *Uxbridge-Fair*, and that she drank Nineteen Quarts of Sack and Sugar, to oblige young 'Squire *Cuddle*, and afterwards rid Home a Straddle, three Miles, upon her Father's Mare without falling. In such sort of Stories they tattled away their Time; now and then in their Turns stepping behind the Curtain to imitate the Roaring of *London-Bridge*, which according to Contract, the Men were to pass by, without any immodest Notice. Thus they Funk'd and Prattled, being continually mindful of the main Chance, till they had finished the Hogshead, which was by Five in the Morning, and then each called for a Quart of mulled White-Wine to settle their Stomachs, sip'd it off with more Expedition, than a grave Citizen does a sober Dish of Coffee; thanked the Merchant for his kind Entertainment, and away they jog'd by Six in the Morning about as merry as good Wives are, when they come from a Gossiping, so far from being drunk, or disabled from Business, that they marched very steadily down to *Clare-Market*, to meet their Horses and their Drudges, who were to bring in their Commodities, being dog'd by the Merchant, who expected their Walking, together with the Air, would have put the Wine upon a Firment; but he could not observe any Thing that looked whimsical or Frolicksome, till they came into *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*, where they joined Paws, took a short Dance round, and sung, *Three merry Wives are we*; then disjoining their Hands,

Mother

Mother *Gundy* advanc'd foremoſt, crying, *Come, come Girls, Drunk or Sober, always mind your Buſineſs:* Thus they all went off fairly without Stagering or Spewing; ſo that the Merchant was forced to deliver the Wines according to Agreement, and was thoroughly convinced from that Time, that Women as well as Men, underſtood the Pleaſures of the Bottle.

Women, who once from Virtues Paths recede,
And from the blaſting Fear of Shame are freed;
Whatever darling Vice they chance to chuſe,
Fanatick *like, with too much Zeal they uſe;*
Grow ſuch fond Lovers of the ſinful Toy,
That 'tis the only Idol of their Joy:
Nor can their Paſſions be content to taſte
A mod'rate Sip of the delightful Feaſt,
But with unbounded Appetites fall too,
And always to their Bane, their Luſts purſue;
Ne'er check the Reins, if they the Chaſe approve,
But even worry what they ſo well love:
So the tame Cat, that's prone to play abroad,
If once ſhe ſtrays into ſome Neighbouring Wood,
Fond of her Freedom will the Houſe refrain,
For Birds and Snakes, will Rats and Mice diſdain,
And grow too wild and pamper'd to return again.

If 'tis a Woman's Deſtiny to chuſe
Thoſe Stygean *Spirits, ſo advanc'd in Stews;*
Within the Reach of her extended Hand,
Both Day and Night the Fiery Juice muſt ſtand;
Stop'd ſafely cloſe 'twixt Glaſſy Walls immur'd,
Or ſhe's too Sick to be without it cur'd:
Faints if deny'd it; hugs it when it's brought,
And ſoon revives, not with a Dram but Draught,
Till the curs'd Fumes inflame her giddy Brains,
Then of the Vapours ſhe aloud complains;
Cries to her Maid, O feel my clammy Sweats,
Yet drinks it for that Illneſs it creates:

The

This wedded to her Vice she wears away,
But finds new Causes for her untill Decay:
On what she loves will no Aspersion cast,
But begs the Poison till it pierces last.

Or if she doats upon a Tavern Treat,
And thinks the Charms of costly Wine most sweet,
From one to many Quarts soe soon improves,
Till made a shameful Slave to what she loves:
No prudent Bounds can her Desires inclose,
In what's her Vice she still insatiate grows,
Will the vain Habit into Scandal wear,
And scoff the Friend that begs her to forbear.
This, if once enter'd, 'tis her foolish Pride,
To be undone before she's justly'd:
Just so the Robber, who repents too late,
Ne'er quits his Regueries till he meets his Fate.

Or if she's lavish of her Female Charms,
And too much Lust her colder Nature warms,
That 'tis her Vice to hunt the am'rous Game,
And Rival Crowds must fan her Restless Flame;
A Thousand Ways to win you, she'll devise,
Tempt you with Smiles, and Court you with her Eyes,
And if she finds your Modesty too great,
To use those Freedoms she would fain be at,
Or that your Want o' Courage spoils her Sport,
And makes you fearful to attack the Fort,
Into your Soul her Eyes shall dart their Fire,
And your chaste Thoughts, with Impudence inspire,
Force you, in spite of Grace, to prove unjust,
And lug you till you sooth her craving Lust;
Amidst the Joy, will be so kindly kind,
She'll charm you with those ills you ne'er design'd;
Make you by Dint of Extasy approve,
Her Arts, and think her Impudence, her Love,
When all the while she does her Powers exert,
'Tis but to ease her own lascivious Heart,

Where

Where Lustful Devils do in Legions dwell,
Her melting Charms with double Forces swell,
And in her Sinful Pleasures help her to excell.

So practise modulates the Singer's Throat,
And makes it yield a more melodious Note.

If Gaming chance to be a Woman's Vice,
She's then a ready Slave to Cards and Dice:
Husband nor Children can the Shrew reclaim,
But all must truckle to that tyrant Game:
Her kind Allowance, tho' it's ne'er so large,
Is all too little to support the Charge:
Fond of her Judgment, she conceits she knows,
The Game so truly well she cannot lose,
Yet seldom wins, but still pursues her Itch,
'Till Beggar'd, through the Hopes of growing Rich,
Except her prudent Spouse secures his Gold,
And gives her but the empty Bag to hold:
Which if he does, and wisely keeps her Poor,
If handsome then she in Revenge turns Whore:
Thus let her Vice be whatsoe'er it will,
Woman, without Restraint, will have her fill:
And if opposed in what she most approves,
Or by her Spouse debar'd of what she loves,
In spite of all his Care she'll Disobey,
And plague her Nuptial Lord some other way.

For Woman, if provok'd ne'er wants the Sense,
To out do Man in Craft or Impudence.

The Thieves *Club.*

THIS *Tyburn* looking Society of audacious Desperadoes, who commonly had the Fortune to wear their Destiny in their Faces, kept their daily Rendezvouz at the Sign of the Half Moon in the *Old Bailey*, a little Hedge Tavern, whose Appearance was sufficient to give an honest Man a Caution, how he set his Foot into such a wicked Den of impious Thieves and Ruffins, who were not only content to support their Luxuries by Frauds, Robberies, and Murders, but us'd to meet in a Body at the afore-mentioned *Ram Drapers*, their Cant for a *Vintner*, that they might drown all Thoughts of Shame, or Dread of Punishment in their inebrious Excesses, and glory in their Villanies, over their *Rum-Gutters*. The precious Mortal, who had the Happiness to occupy this diabolical Mansion, was one *Whitwood* a Thief Taker, who, by his deep Insight into the Mysteries of Iniquity; his familiar Acquaintance and daily Conversation with all Sorts of common Rogues, from the *Hedgar* to the *Housebreaker*, had gained such an Ascendancy over the whole Gang of *Newgate-birds* that infested the Town in his Time, that he could help People to any Sort of Stolen Goods, provided the Gratuity that the Loser offered, amounted to about half the Value of what the Rapparees had deprived him of, which is commonly as much as the Rogues, with Safety, are able to make of their Booty, because the Receivers, who either buy, or lend Money upon such Cargoes, always guess by their Chapmen, how honestly they are come by, and therefore will not deal without unreasonable Advantages. *Whitwood*, at whose Mercy the precarious Lives of this down-looked Fraternity most commonly lay, always took care to keep a black List of their infamous Names, and if

he

he found any of them shy of coming to his House, or unwilling to let him have a profitable Fellow-Feeling of their sinful Earnings, he would then think it high Time to procure them the just Reward of their hellish Labours, and use as much Industry to hang them out of the Way, as he would to protect and save those who were his better Customers. This occasioned the nocturnal Miscreants to make his House their Sanctuary, knowing the oftner they resorted thither, and the more Money they spent, the less they were in Danger; and for this Reason they settled a daily Meeting at his scandalous Tavern; which, indeed, was only fit for the drunken Revels of such incorrigible Wretches, as are always affected with those sinful Pleasures, and obscures Places, that are most obnoxious to honest Persons, who have an Abhorrence of their Practice: So that Day and Night, at this tippling Tenement, there was a perpetual Society of the Devil's Operators, some returning from, and others going to perpetrate some Villany, or other, that they might not want Money to continue themselves secure in the Friendship of their Landlord, who was commonly made privy to all their hellish Undertakings; for here, over the Bottle, they us'd to project their Roguenes, and hither return with the ill got Fruits of their wicked Adventures; that what they had gain'd over the Devil's Back, they might spend under his Belly. Here the Gentlemen of the *Nig*, in their Cant, but vulgarly called Clippers, us'd to wash away the Profits of their treasonable Labours. Gentlemen *Outers*, in plain *English*, *Highwaymen*, boast their dangerous Exploits upon the open Road; *Water-lane* Divers, alias *Pick-Pockets*, contrive new Stratagems to amuse unwary Passengers, till they *File the Cly*, *Snaffle Biters*, as they call themselves Rogues, who make it their principal Business to steal Horses, talk what rare Pads and Gallopers they had met with in their Time, and what excellent Pennyworths they had often sold to the honest Horse-Coursers in *Smithfield*; and where those infamous Villains who, as they cant it, *Go upon Fire and Faggot*, used

uſed to laugh at the Rogueries they had committed, and make themſelves merry over their Cups, with the paſt Succeſs of their notorious Barbarities, which they commonly effected by the following Stratagem, *viz.* Theſe tremendous Furies, clothed in Fleſh and Blood, who uſed to prepare their Way by Flames in this World to thoſe of everlaſting, put their pollituck Villanies in Practice chiefly in the Country, where Farmers often have their Barns built at ſome Diſtance from their Houſes, and where-ever they met, in their Wanderings, with ſuch a Conveniency for their Purpoſe, their Way was to lie lurking about, till the Evening, then to ſet Fire to a Parcel of Straw near the Barn, and to alarm the Family by an Outcry, that they might think their Barn was on Fire; ſo that whilſt the Farmer and his Servants were run to ſave what they could of their Corn or Hay, they might have the better Opportunity of plundering the Houſe, and moving off with their Booty. Thus all Sorts of Villanies were daily harboured under this unhallow'd Roof, by him that knew their Practiſes, till they fooliſhly had waſted what they had gleaned wickedly, and then if any one grew idle, either thro' Cowardice, or Reluctancy, and did not ſoon exerciſe their Talent for a freſh Supply, their honeſt Landlord, in a little Time, would have a *Friday* Jeſt, and merrily ſay, that the Tree had robbed him of a good old Cuſtomer. For *Whitewood*, who before protected him for his own Profit, would himſelf take him up if he found him, and hang him out of the Way for a worthleſs Scoundrel, who was only a Dabbler in a Miery that he knew not how to live by.

Juſt ſo reforming Conſtables protect
The Harlot that can bribe as they expect;
But if ſhe once grows Poor, thro' want of Trade,
In Triumph then, they fog the needy Jade.

When theſe Sons of *Satan* were met over the Bottle, and happen'd to be flush of Money, by the Succeſs of the

their Villanies, whilst the *Smelts* lasted, nothing was too costly for their luxurious Appetites; then the Fear of Punishment was kept at a Distance by their drunken Extravagance: And the Chearfulness of their Tempers would a little mend their saturnal Looks: So that an awkward Smile should hang upon their Beetle-Brows, and make their Faces resemble the unnatural Pleasantry of those Barbers Blocks, which, by a chance Stroke or two of the Chissel, have, by meer Accident, been carv'd Laughing. Then, amidst their Glass, when the Power of *Bacchus* had forc'd open His Cabinet, one to make a Jest of his Villany, would merrily discover that he once robb'd an old Lady of three hundred Pounds by the Confederacy of one of his Mistresses who was got to be her Chamber-Maid, and would mimick how heartily the old Granny begg'd, at her Store, that she might not be ravish'd: Another would up with a Story, how six of them robb'd an old *Kentish* Knight, who had newly marry'd a young beautiful Lady; and having bound and gag'd the Servants, and tyed the old Cuff to a Bed-Post, whilst the rest were rummaging, he took the Opportunity of obliging the Bride, that she might know the Difference between a Fumbler and a Workman; the old Knight crying, *Fie, my dear, what will you be a Whore?* The Lady replying, *L——d, my Dear, what would you have me do? Are you willing I should be murder'd? But, Husshf,* crys the old Cuckold, *if you was not as forward as be, you would not wag your Scut so; therefore keep your Rump still I say, lest the first Child should happen to be a Bastard.* A third, to shew his Gallantry, would boast how three of them stop'd five Gentlemen upon the Road, robb'd four of them, and the other, being an old Parson, they had Compassion upon him, and dismounting the rest a little out of the Road, they made them tarry in the Avenue of a Wood, till the Parson should Preach to them: Upon which Condition, if the Sermon pleased them, they promised he should go unrifled. *I thank you,* reply'd the Parson, *for your kind Proposal; but it is too short a Warning for a good Sermon:*

Sermon However, said the Priest, *I will endeavour to entertain you with what I am apt to think will be equally acceptable.* So to oblige his Comrades, the Rogue would give the following Repetition of the Priest's Parallel, viz. 'Gentlemen, you are the most like the old Apostles 'of any Men in the World, for they were Wanderers 'upon the Earth, and so are you; they had neither 'Lands or Tenements they could call their own; neither, as I presume, have you, they were despised of 'all but those of their own Profession, and so I believe 'are you; they were unalterably fix'd in the Principles 'they profess'd, and so dare swear are you; they were 'often hurry'd into Goals and Prisons, were persecuted 'by the People, and endured great Hardships, all which 'Sufferings, I presume have been undergone by you, 'their Profession brought them all to untimely Deaths; 'if you continue your Course, so will your bring you, 'But in this Point, believe you will differ mightily, for 'the Apostles from the Tree ascended into Heaven, and 'thither I fear you will never come. But as their Deaths 'were recompenced with eternal Glory, yours will be 'rewarded with eternal Shame and Misery, without you 'mend your Manners.

Thus, amidst their drunken Excesses, they us'd to please one another with an impudent Rehearsal of the Accidents they had met with in the Perpetration of their Villanies, and would shew themselves as proud of all their daring Roguerie, as if they had the Insolence to fancy there was as much Honour in breaking into the House of a High-Sheriff, or boldly Robbing a Train-band Captain upon the Road, as there was in wresting a strong Hold from an open Enemy, or taking a General Prisoner at the Head of his own Guards. At length *Whitwood*, of ever pious Memory, who was both the Encourager and Suppressor, the Protector and the Prosecutor of this infernal Gang, according as it best suited with his immediate Interest, happen'd by a natural Death, to escape the Gallows, to which by all Report, he had as good a Title as any that ever made

their Exit under that Triangular Edifice; and the scandalous Imployment, as well as the infamous Tenement, which *Whitwood* left behind him, were both jointly occupy'd afterwards by one *Jo Hix*, who seem'd by his Bulk, to be one of the overgrown Sons of the old rebellious Giants, who waging War with Heaven, tore up Rocks by the Roots, and tos'd them up against the Gods, to shew their impious Audacity: But because he now keeps a Country Inn, and has reformed his Life, in a great Measure, from his former Practises, I shall forbear to revive any thing that may terminate in his Reproach, and only heartily recommend him to a sincere Repentance. The wicked Weeds I have been here Treating of, have, of late Years, been pretty well how'd up, and drawn out of the *British* Garden between the Wars and the Gallows; and pray God send for the future, that more useful Plants may spring up in their Places, that we may have no such Societies to sit and brazen Justice betwixt *Newgate* and the *Sessions House*, not only to the Shame of the City, but the Scandal of the whole Nation.

What dismal Tracts do wicked Mortals find,
If once to Lust and Infamy resign'd?
What human Laws can stubborn Rogues reclaim,
When past the Fear of Punishment, or Shame?
Nor can the Threats of future Pains prevail,
Where Dread of Death, and present Tortures fail,
For he that will no humane Laws obey,
Will ne'er be aw'd by what the Priests can say;
But harden'd in his Ills will still rebel,
And hazard Life and Heav'n, in Spite of Hell;
So the fierce Bull Dog, mischievously bold,
Disdaining, at his Sport to be controul'd,
Will die by Peace-meal e'er he quits his Hold.

Some, when they're hurry'd to the Brink of Fate,
Where forc'd Repentance shews its Heart too late,

Will

Will on their Parents lay the final Blame,
And move our Pity, to lament their Shame
What Father then would let his Children want
Good Education, under due restraint?
Lest, if remiss in his paternal Care,
His wither'd Age so sad a Charge should bear.

Others, pursuant to a just Decree,
Drawn to the Brink of dark Eternity:
With trembling Nerves, and shaking Head declare
Their loose Companions taught 'em first to err:
Decoy'd them gently in, and by degrees,
Boldly conform'd them in their Villanies.
Let it O Youth! be then thy early Care,
To truly know what thy Associates are;
That from the Bad thou may'st select the Good,
And shun the poysonous Converse of the Lewd:
For he that rowles in Nettles must be stung;
Nor can the Fool be clean that wades in Dung.

Therefore the only Way to be secure,
And keep an honest Reputation pure,
Is to shew surely 'tis your Care to be
Distinguish'd by your virtuous Company.

The Small-Coal-Man's *Musick Club.*

THIS harmonious Society of Tickle-Fiddle Gentlemen, has been of long standing at the diminutive Habitation of an honest Small-Coal-Man, who happens to be a near Neighbour to St. *John* of *Jerusalem*, who at present flourishes his Banner before a noted old Tavern in *Jack Adams* his Parish, which serves to shew we have the Happiness to live in so reform'd an Age, that holds it no Scandal for a Saint to invade *Bacchus*'s Dominions; nor is the Painter blame-

able for depicting the holy Champion in a naked Posture, because it serves us as a double Emblem; *First*, to let us see, that by frequenting the Tavern too often, we may bring our Selves and our Families to the same Nakedness; and *Secondly*, it imports, that our modern Saints, in the reforming Times, may march in bare-fac'd to a Bottle Engagement, without the Fear of being claw'd off by their Teachers at the next *Sunday*'s Meeting; for the Shepherds, as well as their Flocks, have very wisely considered, that the good Things of this World were given to the godly much rather than the wicked: Excuse the Digression and now again to the Musick Club, which was at first begun, or at least confirmed by Sir *Roger-le-Strange*, many Years before his Knighthood, who was a very musical Gentleman, and had a tolerable Perfection of the Base-Viol, a very fashionable Instrument of those Days; though now hug'd only at Boarding-Schools, between the Knees of young Ladies, lest their Virgin Modesty otherwise should cause their Legs to grow so close together, that whenever they marry, their Bridegrooms should be puzzled to perform the nuptial Ceremony. The Reasons that induc'd Sir *Roger*, and other ingenious Gentlemen, who were Lovers of the *Muses*, to honour the little Mansion of the black and blue Philomat with their weekly Company, were chiefly the unexpected Genius to Books and Musick that they happened to find in their smutty Acquaintance, and the profound Regard that he had in general to all Manner of Literature, beyond whatever had been found before among the narrow Souls of those groveling Mortals, who are content to disguise Nature with such crocky colour'd Robes, and to hazard the Welfare of their Eyes in such a dusty Profession; however, like a prudent Man, though he might justly boast a great many Qualifications above any of his Level, yet he never suffered the Flatteries of his Betters to lift him up above the Care of his Employment; for though he always took Delight to spend his leisure Hours in the Studies of a Gentleman, yet he limitted his Industry to the Trade he had been

bred

bred to; and though he was Master enough of Musick to play his Part tollerably well, upon several Instruments, yet he would not grow too proud, to the profitable Tune of Small-Coal, or lay aside his Sack till his Day's Work was over, to dance after a Fiddle, having Sense enough to consider, that spare Time and empty Sound were the most agreeable Companions, and that Pleasure always ought to be postponed to Business. This sort of Diligence recommended him the more to all prudent Gentlemen, who liked his Company the better, when they found themselves out of Danger of incurring the Curses of his Family, because he would not be tempted into those Neglects that might terminate in his Ruin: Thus the Prudence of his Deportment, among those who were his Betters, procured him great Respect from all that knew him, so that his Musick Meeting improved in a little Time to be very considerable, insomuch, that Men of the best Wit, as well as some of the best Quality, very often honoured his musical society with their good Company, that in a few Years his harmonious Consort became as publickly noted as the Kit-Cat Club; notwithstanding the former was begun by a Small-Coal-Man, and the latter by a Person of Quality. Sir *Roger* continued to be a constant Meeter in the Zenith of his Glory, and many other Gentlemen, who were fit Companions for so worthy a Person of his Wit and Learning: So that *Ben*, when capped in his Hat Buttons, his Shoulder laden with his woollen Timber, and his Mouth twisted into his Mouth of his Sack, was as much distinguished as he walked the Streets, and respected by the good Huffifs, who were Customers for his Commodity, as if he had been a Nobleman's disguised Valet, who had only turned Small Coal Man, as my Lord *Rochester* did Quack, not out of Necessity, but to humour his Maggot; every one that knew him, pointed as he passed crying, *There goes honest Small-Coal Man, that's a Lover of Learning, a Patron of Musick, and a Companion for a Gentleman.* The better to demonstrate his Love of Ingenuity, he has made a very good Collection, to his great

Expente, of antient and modern Muſick by the beſt Maſters, had, ſome Years ſince, picked up in his Walks a very handſome Library, which not long ſince, was publickly diſpoſed off to a conſiderable Advantage, and has now by him a great many Curioſities, that, by Perſons of Judgment are eſteemed valuable, yet the Hut wherein he dwells, which has long been honoured with ſuch good Company, looks without Side as if ſome of his Anceſtors had happened to be Executors to old ſnorling *Diogenes*, and that they had carefully tranſplanted the *Athenian*-Tub into *Clerkenwell*; for his Houſe is not much higher than a *Canary* Pipe, and the Window of his State-Room, but very little bigger than the Bunghole of a Caſk. Tho', ſometimes ſince for the more commodious Entertainment of his *Thurſday*'s Audience, he had taken a convenient Room out of the next Houſe that the Company might not ſtew in Summer-Time like ſweaty Dancers at a Buttock-Ball, or like Seamens Wives in a *Graveſend* Tilt-Boat, when the Fleet lies at *Chatham*: But a worſe uſe than he expected happening to be made of the additional Liberty he had given to the Company, occaſion'd him, for ſome Reaſons beſt known to himſelf, to reduce his Society to their primitive Station, who, though they have loſt ſomething of their primitive Glory, yet they conſtantly continue their *Thurſday*'s Meeting, where any Body that is willing to take a hearty Sweat, may have the Pleaſure of hearing many notable Performances in the charming Science of Muſick, and among the reſt, perhaps the following Song, very applicable to their harmonious Conſort, *viz.*

I.

Come all ye merry Beaus and Blades,
Who love the charming Fiddle,
And airy Jades that paſs for Maids,
Tho' kind below the Middle.

Upon

II.

Upon Thursdays *Repair*
To my Palace, and there
Hobble up Stair by Stair;
But I pray ye take Care
That you break not your Shins by a Stumble,
And without e'er a Souse,
Paid to me or my Spouse,
Sit as still as a Mouse
At the Top of my House,
And there you shall hear how we fumble.

III.

For tho' I look black
When I carry my Sack
About Streets at my Back,
Crying Maids do you lack
Any Charcoal, or Small-Coal, within;
Yet by Fits and by Starts
Do I study all Arts
And can tickle your Hearts
With my sweet tenor Parts
Upon Viol, *or crack'd* Violin.

CHORUS.

Altho' disguis'd in sooty Looks,
I'm skill'd in many Trades:
Come hear me Fiddle, read my Books,
Or buy my Small Coal, Maids.

The Second Part.

I.

We'll [illegible] Corelli's Airs;
Fine Solos and Sonnettes
New Riggadoons and Maidenfairs,
Rare Jigs and Minuettes.

II.

We run squeaking up
To the Finger-Board Top,
And from Ela *can drop*
Down to G re ut a Sweep;
That would ravish ye were you but near us;
And when crampt by hard Tugs
At our Bottles and Muggs,
Then we give you such Fugs,
That would startle your Lugs,
And amaze any Master to hear us.

III.

Sometimes we've a Song,
Of an Hour or two long,
Very nicely perform'd
By one that's prepar'd
With the Charms of his Chloe's sweet Face.
That he chooses out his Love
Like the amorous Dove;
Which the Ladies approve,
And would gladly remove
All the Cause of his sorrowful Case.

CHORUS

CHORUS.

The Third Part.

I.

II.

Yet a Fool may divine
If his Thoughts are like mine,
That your pious Design,
Is to come at our Coin:
'Tis for that you dissemble and cringe
By your learn'd Master Cant,
Tho' as grave and as quaint,
As the Devil turn'd Saint,
It is Musick I want;
And we must have a Touch at the Pitch

III.

Lead away Mr. Prim;
Sir do you follow him
How the Parts severally Chime?
Mr. Clod mind your Time;
'Tis a wonderful Tune tho it's plain

What a Cadence is there!
How it tickles the Ear!
You're too fast Sir, forbear;
We are all out I swear:
Since 'tis good, let's begin it again.

CHORUS.

Altho' disgust'd with smutty Looks,
I'm skill'd in many Trades:
Come hear my Fiddle, read my Books,
Or buy my Small-coal, Maids.

THIS ingenious Society of *Apollo*'s Sons, who for many Years, have been the grand Monopolizers of those scandalous Commodities in this fighting Age, *viz. Wit* and *Poetry*, had first the Honour to be founded by an amphibeous Mortal, chief Merchant to the Muses; and in these Times of Piracy both Bookseller and Printer, who having, many Years since, conceived a wonderful Kindness for one of the greasie Fraternity, then living at the end of *Bell-Court* in *Gray's-Inn-Lane*, where, finding out the Knack of humouring his Neighbour *Bocai*'s Pallate, had, by his culinary Qualifications, so highly advanc'd himself in the Favour of his good Friend, that, thro' his Advice and Assistance, he remov'd out of *Gray's-Inn-Lane* to keep a Pudding-Pie Shop near the *Fountain*-Tavern in the *Strand*, encouraged by an Assurance that *Bocai* and his Friends would come every Week to storm the crusty Walls of his *Mutton-Pies*, and make a Consumption of his *Custards*. About this Time *Bocai*, who had always a sharp Eye towards his own Interest, having riggled himself into the Company of a Parcel of poetical young Sprigs, who had just wean'd themselves of their Mother University, and

and by their prolifick Parts and promising Endowments had made themselves the Favourites of the late bountiful *Mecænas*, who had generously promis'd to be an indulgent Father to the rhiming Brotherhood, who had united themselves in Friendship, but were as yet unprovided for; so that now, between their Youth and the Narrowness of their Fortune, being just in the Zenith of their poetic Fury, *Bocai* had a fair Prospect of feathering his Nest, by his new profitable Chaps, who having more Wit than Experience, put but a slender Value, as yet, upon their maiden Performances. Besides, the happy Acquaintance of these Sons of *Parnassus* gave him a lucky Opportunity of promoting the Interest of his beloved Engineer, so skill'd in the Fortification of *Cheese-Cakes*, *Pies*, and *Custards*; so that *Bocai*, to ingratiate himself with his new Set of Authors, invited them to a Collation of Oven Trumpery at his Friend's House, where they were nobly entertain'd with as curious a Batch of pastry Delicacies as ever were seen at the winding up of a Lord Mayor's Feast upon the Day of his Triumphs, that there was not a mathematical Figure in all *Euclid*'s Elements, but what was presented to the Table in bak'd Wares, whose Cavities were fill'd with fine eatable Varieties, fit for Gods or Poets. This procur'd the Cook such a mighty Reputation among his new rhiming Customers, that they thought it a Scandal to the Muses that so heavenly a Banquet should go untag'd with Poetry, where the ornamental Folds of every luscious *Cheese Cake*, and the artful Walls of every golden *Custard*, deserv'd to be immortaliz'd; they could therefore scarce demolish the embellished Covering of a *Pidgeon-Pie* without a Distich; or break thro' the sundry Tunicks of a Puff-Paste *Apple-Tart*, without a smart Epigram upon the glorious Occasion. *Bocai* wisely observing the good Effects of this Pastry Entertainment, and finding that Pies to Poets were as agreeable Food, as *Ambrosia* to the Gods, very cunningly proposed their weekly Meeting at the same Place; and that himself would be oblig'd to continue the like Feast every

every Club-Day, provided they would do him the Honour to let him have the Refusal of all their juvenile Products, which generous Proposal was very readily agreed to by the whole poetick Clan; and the Cook's Name being *Christopher*, for Brevity call'd *Kit*, and his Sign being the *Cat* and *Fiddle*, they very merrily derived a quaint Denomination from Pye and her Master, and from thence call'd themselves *The Kit-Cat Club*. And *Pye*, in respect that he was Donor of the Feast, and Promoter of this new Pudding-Pie Establishment, had the Honour to be chosen Chairman of the Society; to which presiding Authority, as most believe, he owes the Stateliness of his Brow, and the Haughtiness of his Temper. When *Pye* had thus far been successful in his new Mission, he had now nothing else to do, but to lay fresh Foundations for his young Artificers to build upon, and never to come empty, without some Project in his Head, that might have a probable Tendency to his own Profit. Now, every Week the listening Town was charm'd with some wonderful Off-spring of their teeming Noddles; and the Fame of *Kit-Cat* began to extend itself to the utmost Limits of our learned Metropolis. Not a Court Countess could compassionate her Lover with the tenderest of her Favours; the young buxom Wife of an old impotent Alderman, be beholden to a Courtier to make her sensible of the Difference between a strenuous Sportsman and a crazy Fumbler; a gouty Lord stole a jilting Mistress from that fruitful Nursery the Theatre; or a noted Beau be cheated of an hundred Guineas for a second-hand Maidenhead, but presently the pleasing Adventure was most notably handled by the *Kit-Cat* Bards, and sung down to Posterity; nor indeed could a great Man die, whose Memory was worth an Elegy, but they would find a Way to add ten Guineas to his funeral Charges; or a Man of Honour marry a celebrated Beauty, or a great Fortune, but they would draw him in, with a charming *Epithalamium*, to pay them Socket-Money.

Let

Let them ſend their Wits a Wool-gathering as themſelves thought fit. *Kit*, having already taſted of the ſweet Fruits of their early Labours, was reſolved to venture at all, giving the Cits but Pies for Poetry, and conſidering he had this Advantage, that what the Publick refus'd, his Friend the Paſtry-Cook took off his Hands at a better Rate than the Trunk-maker; ſo that the poetical Fraternity had half of their Pies bottom'd with their own Excrements, which proved ſo conſiderable an Advantage to all theſe Cuſtomers, that whoever came in for a Twopenny Fruit-Tart, was ſure to have a Penny-worth of Wit, or at leaſt Poetry, given into the Bargain, that when they had empty'd the Shell, they might have taught their Children to read upon the Bottom-Cruſt, as well as a Horn-book. Among the reſt of the celebrated Pieces that ow'd their Original to this Witty Society, that moſt accurate Banter upon the *Hind* and *Panther*, called the City Mouſe and the Country Mouſe, from thence ſtole into the World, and knaw'd ſuch an ugly Hole in Poet *Bays* his Jacket, that it could never be mended without a Patch, as ſcandalous as the Flaw the unlucky Mice had made in it. This fortunate Off-ſpring, the Reverſe of the fable Mountain, tho' it only promiſed a Mouſe, it produced a Monſter, which was ſo wonderfully admired by the whole Town, that a Man had no Title to open his Mouth in Company for the Space of ſix Months, after the Publication, if he could not demonſtrate it in any ſpecial Converſation, that he had bleſt his Eyes with a Sight of the Prodigy; nothing but *Mouſe, Mouſe*, was crept into every Body's Mouth, and the Tow'ring Monuments of Praiſe, which Mr. *Bays* thought he had ſo firmly erected upon a laſting Foundation, were at once in Danger of being undermin'd by theſe diminitive Bacon-eating Brethren, who were formidably ſent forth in Battle Array to attack his *Hind* and *Panther*. This ſucceſsful Flirt was ſo well tim'd, wittily penn'd, and met with ſo kind a Reception from all the Proteſtant Readers, that the Fame of the *Kit-Cats* now ſpread it ſelf univerſally, though, through the Judgment

Judgment of the Public who are apt to be miſtaken, he that had the leaſt Share in the Work, had the moſt of the Reputation, and in a little Time after by the Favour of their *Mecænas* was ſingled out from the reſt of the Herd, either as the beſt qualify'd for ſome peculiar Purpoſes, or the moſt deſerving of his Lordſhip's Promotion, which of the two is ſomething difficult to determine: But ſo it happen'd, that one Mouſe run away with all the Bacon, whilſt the other got nothing but the empty Cubboard, upon which Occaſion, the reſt of the *Kit-Cat* Members, in a merry Mood, ſcribbled the following *Epigrams, viz.*

A London *Sheriff kept ſo poor a Houſe*
His empty Cubboard ſtarv'd a hungry Mouſe;
But kind Mecænas *by two Mice addreſt,*
Tho' he ſtarv'd one, he did the other feaſt.

Another upon the ſame.

Great Men like Fortune do their Gifts impart
To gratify themſelves, not our Deſert:
Why, then, my Friend, art thou diſcountenanc'd?
To ſee leſs Merit for thy Wit advanc'd?
The Roman *Poet did the Lines deviſe.*
But he that ſtole the Fame, obtain'd the Prize.

A Third upon the ſame.

Since one induſtrious Mouſe took all the Pains,
'Tis hard the other ſhould ingroſs the Gains:
But ſmooth Tongu'd Confidence will ſtill prevail.
When Wit, ecaps'd with Modeſty, ſtands jail.

A Fourth

A Fourth upon the ſame.

'Tis hard that one Mouſe ſhould be made a Rat,
Feed on whole Flitches, and on Cheeſe of Cheſhire,
Whilſt t'other, who deſerves to be as fat,
Shall be deny'd the Comfort of a Roſter;
But maſtiff Poets oft are doom'd to Starve,
Whilſt Lap-dog Wits are hug'd, who leſs deſerve.

About the ſame Time that one of the celebrated Mice was happily crept into the High Road of Preferment, here, at Home, another of the witty Triumvirat, who had the Honour to be called my Lord *D*———'s Boys, was put in a fair Way to make his Fortune abroad; ſo that the Third, who had given much better Teſtimonies of his Wit, than any of them, was the only growing Genius of the Three that was left unprovided for; however, the Club being fam'd for the many ſmart Poems, and accurate Productions they had ſent into the World, and having uſurp'd the Bays from all the Town, they had by this Time rais'd themſelves to ſuch a Pitch of Reputation, that many of the Quality grew fond of ſharing the everlaſting Honour that was likely to crown the poetical Society, inſomuch that ſeveral great Perſons deſired to be admitted Members of the rhiming Community, ſome in Hopes to be accounted Wits; and others to avoid the very oppoſite Imputation; ſo that, by the Majority of the Members, it was now thought high Time to move out of the Scent of the Oven in hot Weather, and to adjourn their Club to the Fountain Tavern, it being wiſely agreed by the whole Board, that a noble Cellar of Wine was a better Foundation for a Society of Wits to erect their *Pyramids* of Fame upon, than the Arch of an Oven, whoſe voracious Mouth had ſwallow'd ſo many Reams of their inchanting Labours. But notwithſtanding they had thus determin'd to withdraw the Muſes from the purring Muſician

Musician, and her dancing Mice, from whence it is presum'd the poetical Partners had borrow'd the lucky Title of that celebrated Piece that had so redown'd to their Credit, yet, in Honour to *Bond*, they were still resolved to thankfully accept of this weekly Banquet, and to continue him in the Post, which they had observed he was so proud of, to that though they chang'd their Residence, they preserved their Customs, and being now strengthen'd by the lawful Presence of Knight Honourable Wit, and other wealthy Pretenders, who, tho' not qualify'd to be Poets, they were rich enough to be Patrons, and ready with an open Hand to bespeak the Honour of the next flattering Dedication, they began to set themselves up for *Apollo*'s Court of Judicature, where every Author's Performance from the Stage-Poet to Garret-Drug, was to be read, try'd, applauded, or condemn'd according to the new System of Revolution Principles, of which, like zealous Subjects, they have been always violent Asserters. Upon the additional Improvement of this High Court of Wit, compos'd of Patrons, Criticks, great Lords and Poets, *Bond*, who had still the Honour of the Chair, thought it now high Time to look about him, and to charge his Blunderbuss with that necessary Confidence, that might propagate his Interest among great Men, and make him a fit Associate for those honourable Dons, who had favour'd the Club with their magnificent Appearances; so that though he had no Title to set himself up for a Wit, yet he had found by others, that if he did but varnish over his natural Endowments with a little fawning Conformity, and anoint the Tip of his Tongue with a due Quantity of *Irish Pomatum*, he might ingratiate himself as well in the Favour of the high and stately, as those Wits who had the Knack of blinding their Betters with the Ashes of the old Poets, and topping false Quotations out of defunct Authors, to justify their own Errors. By this Sort of Conduct *Bond* made a very good Shift to get more by his Bookselling, than his Authors did by their Wit, and what was wanting to make

make his Company delightful, he was careful to supply with Courage, Confidence and Cunning, so that he daily gained Ground in Respect to his Interest, and was taught, in a little Time, by the great Example of his Honourable Customers, to exact as much Respect from his own Shop Fraternity, as he was forced to pay to his Betters: That though he looked but like a Bookseller treated among Lords, yet, once a-year, he behaved himself like a Lord when he came among Booksellers. When their Pye Feast was over, and they had done commending of the Rose Water Codlin-Tarts for their Helliconian Flavour, it was the Drawers next Business to clear the Board, bring every Man his Bottle and a clean Glass, and then the Wits, according to Custom, for the Diversion of the rest, would be so liberal of their Talents, that not a *Roman* Author, or a modern Worthy, could rest in their Graves for two Hours, but must be box'd about the Board, till every one had run over his whole Catalogue of dead Bards and Emperors, to shew his Learning in remote Antiquities, neglecting all Foresight to talk of Things past, as if, like Crabs, they had got a Faculty of running backwards. The Duke of *Marlborough* could not be nam'd without a *Scipio* to confront him, nor Prince *Eugene* mentioned without a *Hannibal* to oppose his Character, *Ben Johnson*, *Shakespear* or *Dryden*, remember'd without such a contemptible Pish, as if they were only fit to write Stage Speeches for a Mountebanks Orators, or Ballads for Pye Corner, yet their own Works sometimes should be flashingly repeated, that they might have a friendly Opportunity of treating each other with reciprocal Flattery, and put that Policy in Practice; so much in Vogue among Gentlemen Friends, viz. *I'll praise you, do you praise me.* In these Sort of learned Recreations that exercise the Mind instead of the Body, the *Kit-Cat* Wits us'd to waste their Hours, whilst the rest of their Members, who, perhaps, were not blest with so prolific a Genius, would manifest by their Liberality, when the Reckoning

ing

ing came to be paid, the Satisfaction they had found in the witty Discourses of their wiser Brethren. Thus honest *Bocai*, and his fruitful Semenary of transcendant Wits, establish'd and continu'd their *Kit-Cat* Club for a Succession of Years, till at last burnt out of their dear *Parnassus*, where they had long been settled, and since they happened to be dethroned by this surprizing Misfortune: Whether their Joint Wisdoms have thought it consistent with their infalliable Prudence to remove nearer to, or rather from the old *Kit-Cat* Oven, I cannot as yet determine, but instead of a further Account, shall, according to the Method I have hitherto observ'd, conclude the Chapter with a Poem.

Bright Phoebus, *Parent of the tuneful Quire,*
To whose kind Rays the Muses owe their Fire,
Shall now no more in mournful Dirges complain,
That British Dulness clouds the Monarchs Reign,
Since Kit Cat *Wits thy ancient Title own,*
Support thy Glory and assert thy Throne;
Great as Apollo's *Court, the Brethren sit,*
Claiming a Pow'r from thee to judge the Wit;
Nor will their Junto let unpolish'd Swains,
Prophane thy Altars with their croaking Strains;
But damn the Dross, will let no Counters pass,
That are not of their own Corinthian *Brass,*
So Princes, who the Right of Coinage claim,
Punish the Slave that dare to do the same,
Drag the poor Traytor to his farewell Prayers,
And hang him, tho' his Coin's as good as theirs.

Supreme in Fancy, tow'ring in Conceit,
The learn'd Cabal o'er Shoals of Custards meet,
Mix'd here and there with Jellies and with Tarts,
Set off with all Kits *Culinary Arts.*

In luscious Piles the charming Dainties stand
As if compos'd by some nice Ladies Hand;

One

One on his Plate does half a Cheese-Cake lay,
O'er which he sings the Praise of Curds and Whey,
Like a great School-Boy reds the childish-Food,
And strocking of his Belly swears 'tis good.

The next, to sotiate his luxuriant Gust,
Attacks a Pidgeon sortify'd with Crust,
Breaks down the Walls, and does most proudly say,
Thus did the *British* Heroes take *Tournay.*

A third, to sweetly sooth his craving Youth,
Ladles down Custard to delight his Tooth;
By Kit's *Ambrosia does his Fancy tune,*
And hopes to grow more Wise by dint of Spoon.

On a Minc'd Pie a fourth with Fury falls,
Compares it to that fam'd Est'rnal Pauls;
That Nook, *says he,* which does this way extend,
Resembles very much the Western-End;
This the North Porch, and that the side that's South,
Then claps at once the Chanel in his Mouth;
Grinds down the Walls, does in a Passion cry,
Thus shall the Low-Church Triumph o'er the High.

A fifth with Jelly swells his youthful Veins,
Pleases his Palate, and recruits his Reins:
Then fired with Lust he stretches on his Chair,
Cryes, My dear *Cloe,* O! ye Charming Fair:
What Mortal can thy powerful Darts withstand?
My *Cloe* shall have all at second Hand.

A sixth upon the Pile a Sully makes,
And on his Plate a Currant-Tart he takes.
In pow'rful Words that do the Subject suit,
Admires the Flavour, and extolls the Fruit:
To shew his Zeal affirms the grateful Juice,
Excels the Wine that Gallia's *Grapes produce.*

With

With a much richer Colour tempts the Eye,
And stains the Palate with a nobler Die,
Altho' his Conscience tells him 'tis a L———

Bocai, *the gen'rous Master of the Treat,*
Not fix'd to one, picks here and there a Bit:
But left the female Feed, so sweet and fine,
Should rob him of the Flav'rour of his Wine,
A Mutton-Pye would season'd to the last
Bak'd Toy he chuses to restore his Taste.
For kind Bocai, *tho' now he's past his Prime;*
Has been an old Sheep-biter in his Time:
Not only in the gainful Skins a Dealer,
But of the Flesh has been a Fellow-Feeler.

Thus once a Week the great Divan of Wits
Inspire their Fancies with their dainty Bits:
Why not since we in sacred Story find
That one fair Apple first inform'd Mankind:
Why then mayn't modern Pasts grow more Wise
By the Rich Taste of Kit-Cat's *Apple-Pies?*
One Cup of Helicon *the Bards allow,*
Tho' Drank by Coridon *that hands the Plow,*
Will breed no nick Maggots in his Head,
And make the new rais'd Booby write like Mad:
Therefore since such strange Vertues have barren Ground,
Who knows but Kit-Cat's Halliconion *Tarts,*
In Time, may make a Dunce a Man of Parts.

Feed on luxurious Heroes of the Pen;
Poets, tho' next to Gods, may eat like Men:
Some think the Race Divine, so Wise and Good,
Owe all their Knowledge to their heav'nly Food,
And that if we, who move beneath the Skies,
Could once to Nectar *and* Ambrosia *rise:*
One Meal, from Death our fading Lands would free,
And give us Mortals Immortality.

Who knows, but Kit-Cat *Pies may do as well,*
By them already you in Wit excel,
Triumphant o'er the [illegible] [illegible] *Crowd,*
Who tug like Slaves to give your Fame abroad,
Attend your Levees, dread your angry Pride,
Sit [illegible] *beneath,* [illegible] [illegible] *to their,*
And proudly [illegible] [illegible] *and the Town*
The [illegible] *Right* [illegible] [illegible] *and Laug*[illegible]
So Tyrants, when they're too puiſſant made,
Are not alone content to be obey'd,
But will the Subjects Properties invade.

Go on great Wits, since from the Kit-Cat *Board,*
A Poet has been made a mighty Lord,
An Honour to the pregnant Sons of Rhime,
Scarce known before in any Age or Time:
Who knows but by the Dint of Kit-Cat's *Pies,*
You may, e'er long, to Gods or Monarchs rise;
Thus spread your Fame thro' all the World disperse,
Your own [illegible] *Poets* [illegible] *the Deeds rehearse,*
And see your Subjects glory in your Verse.

The Beef-Stake *Club.*

AS refin'd Wits of the *Kit-Cat* Club uſed to feed their Fancies with female Dainties in Reſpect to the *Muſes*, who are always ſaid to be of the feminine Gender, ſo the Martial Worthies of the Beef Stake Club having more Regard to the Strength of Body than the Activity of the Mind, choſe a more ſubſtantial Food that might corroborate their Limbs, and recommend them the better to another Sort of Ladies, who prefer *Mars's* Truncheon to *Apollo's* Harp, and who rather have their Charms commended by the convincing Hugs of a ſtrenuous Lover, than by the fulſome Praiſes

Praiſes of the beſt Poet in Chriſtendom. As the generous Maſter of a plentious Table would rather ſee his Friends give a real Approbation of the Food he has provided by their eating heartily, then for a puny Gueſt to extoll in Words what his pidling ſhews he has but little Fancy for. This new Society of grilliado'd Beef-Eaters firſt ſettled their Meeting at the Sign of the imperial Phiz, juſt oppoſite to a famous Conventicle in the *Old Jury*, a publick Houſe, that has been long eminent for the true Britiſh Quinteſſence of Malt and Hops, and a broil'd Sliver off the juicy Rump of a fat well fed Bullock, where brawny Wine-Porters, and ſturdy Carmen, uſed to ſtrengthen their Backs with full *Wincheſters* of powerful Two Threads, and delicious Slices of the beſt Trainband Food, ſwimming in its own Gravey. This noted Boozing-Ken, above all others in the City, was choſen out by the Rump-Stake Admirers, as the fitteſt Manſion to entertain the Society, and to gratify their Appetites with that particular Dainty they deſired to be diſtinguiſhed by. No ſooner had they fix'd the Preliminaries of their Club, but the Aſſembly met at the Place appointed, that, according to the Cuſtom of ſuch worthy Societies, they might chuſe their Chair-Man, and eſtabliſh a new Project upon a laſting Foundation, accordingly, for a Prolocutor, they choſe an *Iriſh* Comedian, moſt wiſely conſidering that *Bog-Land* Bulls over Beef Stakes were the moſt agreeable Jeſts to add a Reliſh to their Food; and that the Wit of a Bull, when they were knuckle deep in the Gravey of a Bullock's Rump, might prove ſuch fine, thin, airy Sauce to their groſs Banquet, as might help Digeſtion, and propagate Laughter, like a Midwife's Tale at a Goſſiping.

No ſooner had they confirm'd their *Hibernian* Mimick in his honouable Poſt, but to diſtinguiſh him from the reſt, they made him a Knight of St. *Lawrence*, and hung a ſilver Gridiron about his Neck, as a Badge of the Dignity they had confer'd upon him, that when he

he ſung *Pretty Parrot*, he might thrum upon the Bars of his new Inſtrument, and mimick a haughty *Spaniard* ſeranading his *Donna* with Gitter and Madrigal. The Zany, as proud of his new Tingle, as a *German* Mountebank of a Prince's Medal. When he was thus dignify'd and diſtinguiſhed with his culinary Symbol hanging before his Breaſt, took the higheſt Poſt of Honour, as his Place at the Board, where, as ſoon as ſeated, there was not a Bar in the ſilver Kitchen-ſtuff that the Society had preſented him with, but was preſently hanſel'd with a theatrical Pun, or an *Iriſh* Witticiſm. Nor could a Jack a-napes play ſo many Tricks with his Chain, as the merry Preſident of the new Dreſſ did with his Honourable Bauble, and by the dextrous uſe of his Screwtore-Key upon the ſilver Strings of his new faſhioned Theorbo, would tinkle forth ſuch Harmony, that far exceeded the Muſick of a *Black Bird*, when he whets his Bill along the Wires of his Cage. Now the Worſhippers of the Rump having fix'd their Club in a regular Decorum, according to the Scheme their Leaders had projected, Orders were diſpatched to the Superintendant of the Kitchen, to provide ſeveral nice Specimens of their Beef-ſtake Cookery, ſome with the Flavour of a *Sallet* or *Onion*; ſome broiled, ſome fried, ſome ſtewed, ſome toaſted, and others roaſted, that every judicious Member of the new erected Club, might appeal to his Palate, and from thence determine, whether the Houſe they had choſen for their Rendezvouz truly deſerv'd that public Fame for their unmatchable Management of a Bovinary-Silver, which the World had given them. No ſooner were their true *Engliſh* Delicacies, ſo pleaſingly diverſify'd by the ſeveral Ways of Dreſſing, brought up to the Table, but every ones brown Meſs was toſs'd up ſo ſavourly, done ſo exactly, and according to Direction, ſo carefully ſeaſon'd to every Bodies Tooth, that, when their charm'd Appetites gave their Tongues a little Leiſure, there was nothing heard for an Hour together, but ſuch pathetic Speeches upon the

glorious

glorious Occasion, as if they were practising o'er their Rump-Stakes that they might know the better how to prattle in a rum Senate, in Case some unexpected Change should give them the Opportunity. When they had moderately supply'd their Beef Stomachs, they were all highly satisfy'd with the Choice they had made, and from that Time resolved to repeat their Meeting once in a Week at the same Place, and to set themselves up in direct Opposition to the Kit-Cat Club, that the Members thereof might learn to know that substantial Beef, was as prolific Food for a true *English* Wit, as Pies and Custards for a Kit-Cat Beau, or Bonni-clabber and Potatoes for an *Irish* Poet.

Being thus settled to their Minds, the next Time of their Meeting, they began to mend their Constitution, and to add several By Laws for the better Regulation of their new little Common wealth, and for the further Encouragement of Wit and Pleasantry throughout the whole Society: As for Instance, their Chairman they now honoured with the Title of Secretary, and ordered him by a Committee of the whole Assembly, to provide a very voluminous Paper-Book, about as thick as a Bail of *Dutch* Linnen, into which was to be entered every witty Saying that should be spoke in the Society, the Name of the Member to whom the Honour was due, the Day of the Month, and the Date of the Lord, that any of the Society, by a future Retrospection, might presently inform themselves what Time of the Moon, or Season of the Year, they us'd to be most witty in, and for every such Entry a certain Fee was to be paid to the Secretary, that the Perquisites of his Place might keep his Grid-Iron bright, make his Honour amends for the Loss of his Time, and defray the growing Charge of Pen, Ink, and Paper, which were always ready upon a Side-Board Table, that if any musing Member should want to unburthen his Brains of a sudden Flight, he might presently step up and communicate the darling Prodigy to the Board, by Pen and Paper. But notwithstanding

withstanding their sincere Design of presenting the World with a new Cabinet of choice Bulls, Puns, and Witticisms, as soon as they had filled their voluminous Register with Minutes and Memorandums of their pregnant Ingenuity, yet it has so fallen out, notwithstanding the Assistance of Rump-Gravy, that they have not as yet fill'd up the first Page; but however, if the Public will have Patience till their Volumes compleated, they will certainly be enrich'd with the immitable Treasury For the *Grub's Inn* Inspector of all modern Wit, having set up a Printing House on Purpose to carry on the great Work, in which the Club are so very careful, that nothing will be introduc'd, but what shall be truly worthy of Posterity's Admiration, so that every notable Hint, Flight, Dittick, or Epigram that is offered to the Board by its fond Father, must be first put to the Vote, and carry'd by the Majority as an unexceptionable Piece of Wit, before it is permitted to be entered by the Secretary, and that the Reader may have a Taste of their most exquisite Performances, I shall recite some of them that have been stol'n out of their Journal by a false Brother, viz.

On an Ox.

Most noble Creature of the Cloven Race,
Who labours at the Plow to earn thy Grass,
And yielding to the Yoak shews Man the Way
To bear his servile Chains, and to obey,
Those haughty Tyrants, who usurp the Sway.
Thy sturdy Sinews Till the Farmers Grounds,
To thee, the Grazier owes his hoarded Pounds:
'Tis by thy Labour we abound in Malt,
Whose pow'rful Juice the meaner Slave exalt;
And when grown fat, and fit to be devour'd
The Pole-Axe frees thee from the tearing Gourd:
Thus cruel Man, to recompence thy Pains,
First works thee hard, and then beats out thy Brains.

In Praise of Beef.

Of all Provision, Beef's the best
To please an English *Palate,*
Especially a Stake well dress,
And season'd right with Shallot.

Beef swells our Muscles, fills our Veins,
Does every Way improve us,
Strengthens our Sinews, and our Brains,
And makes the Ladies love us.

Stand off ye Veal-Fed puny Beaus,
The brawny Dutchess's cry's,
The Beef-Fed Mortal I espouse,
That yields me large Supplies;

Give me the Spark that Hems and Thumps,
And digs like Slave with Mattock;
The Man that feeds on Bullocks Rumps,
Ne'er fails a Female Buttock.

On a Rump-Stake.

Of all the Parts of noble Beef.
Giv'n by the God's for Man's Relief,
The juicy Rump is still the best
Betwixt the Tail, and horned Crest;
A Stake from thence with whetted Knife,
Cut off by D——y, *or his Wife,*
Salted and pepper'd to the Tooth
Of him that dares to venture both;
Then broil'd and crusty'd o'er the Fire.
What Prince can richer Food desire?
If hungry, no delicious Dainty
On Earth, will half so well content ye:

A Ven-

A Veniſon Paſty's but a Fool to't,
Wild Fowl to th' Pallate is but dull to't:
O Cavaliers! *What fooliſh Fellows*
Were you to ſhew your ſelves ſo Zealous,
In madly burning and deſtroying
The Rump which only wanted broiling;
As if to prove the Proverb true,
When Cock a-hoop, you meant to [illegible]
That a Rump Stake [illegible]
Was always Poiſon to a Fox.

Beef-Stake Rapſody.

Why ſhou'd the Gods to Charm us all so
Such Food that's fit for Carters,
Tho' Lords, we ne'er were bleſt, till now
We feed like brawny Porters.

By Vertue of this noble Stake,
How I could hug my Phillis;
For by my Life, I find my Back
As ſtrenuous as my Will is.

In ſuch Sort of Performances, they us'd to exerciſe their Wits to the Honour of themſelves, and the Advantage of their Secretary, who always had the Senſe to give his Vote in the Affirmative, becauſe, when any Thing is allow'd to be Wit by the Majority of the Aſſembly, there is a certain Fee belonging to their Scribe, for entering it in their Journal, for the Sake of which Perquiſite he is the more willing to play all the Tricks of a Dancing-Bear for the Diverſion of the Society; nor, indeed can any Man of his Faculty boaſt a greater Variety of Qualifications than himſelf, for the Promotion of Mirth among good Company, for he is ſo great a Maſter of Humour and Geſticulation, that, *Proteus* like, he can change his Shape and Mein, and put on any

fume to determine, but at preſent, like *Oats*'s Army of Pilgrims, in the Time of the Plot, though they are much talked on, they are difficult to be found.

Where e'er your pow'rful Muſes ſing the Praiſe
Of good fat Rumps, in your immortal Lays,
There only muſt Apollo *fix the Bays.*

Such ſtrenuous Lines ſo charming ſoft, and ſweet,
That dail ſtrow from your conjunctive Wit,
Proclaim the Pow'r of Beef, *that noble Meat.*

Your tuneful Songs ſuch deep Impreſſions make,
And of ſuch awful, beauteous Strength partake.
Each Stanza ſeems an Ox, each Line a Stake.

As if the Rump in Slices, broil'd or ſtew'd
In its own Gravy till divinely good,
Turn'd all to pow'rful Wit, as ſoon as chew'd.

O! gallant Beef thou mak'ſt the Soldier Fight.
The Rump Stake Poet, like an Angel Write,
And the kind Huſband vigorous at Night.

Thy Juice does not alone our Lives ſuſtain
And ſtuff our Bellies, when our Guts complain,
But fortifies as well the teeming Brain.

Or ſure Apollo's *Sons, theſe charming Sons,*
Who Tune their Lyres, their heavenly Art to ſhow,
Would ne'er adore thy Rump, as now they do.

To grind thy Gravy out, their Jaws employ,
O'er Heaps of reeking Stakes expreſs their Joy,
And ſing of Beef, *as* Homer *did of* Troy.

In a right Choice, we ſhow that we are wiſe,
Who then can blame ſuch Worthies, who deſpiſe,
For noble Beef, *that Childiſh Diet* Pies.

Wits

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] to look pale and lean,
Crack'd [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] with Spleen,
But [illegible] [illegible] Beef, *[illegible] look like Men.*

And we [illegible] [illegible] Time, not only write
Like Greeks *or* Romans, *but like Heroes fight,*
And like Giants give the Fair *Delight.*

[illegible] need no longer [illegible], your Fame secure;
Some Muse at Court, well warm'd with but Desire,
Will teach [illegible] Bards to tune a [illegible] Lyre.

Thus, by Degrees, may you to Honour rise,
From Stakes of Beef, *as some from Kit-Kat* Pies,
Since a [illegible] Pie, the [illegible] of Wit supplies.

Then, of all Days, you have chose the [illegible],
And I [illegible] know a Woman's best Relief
Is found in him that feeds on noble Beef.

FINIS.